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THE DAYS OF A LIFE.

BY "NORAH,"

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Glenshie," "My Young Master," "Revenge
in Theory and Practice," &c.*

Erin, oh! Erin, though long in the shade,
Thy star shall shine out when the proudest shall fade.

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PREFACE.

If the agitation in Ireland were not a living issue, there would be little excuse for weaving these facts together by a slight web of fiction. I have taken imaginary characters to narrate real occurrences, and I have laid the scene in Donegal, because of my love for it. The incidents are taken from Ireland at large.

It behooves every man and every woman, having Irish blood in their veins, to look into this burning question and ask, "Are these things so?" Not only should the children of Erin do this, but all who believe in God, the Father Almighty, and recognize the authority of the Sermon on the Mount, should, in the name of Humanity, in the name of Christianity, ascertain if there is oppression that no law redresses—robbery that law allows—behind this agitation. Is there wrong tolerated in the name of civil and religious liberty, that hardens the heart of one party, and embitters life to another? Do these things exist within the shadow of a motherly throne, and under the ægis of our British constitution? These are questions whose magnitude cannot be overrated.

It behooves those to whom this green Erin is mother

land, without distinction of class, creed, or descent, to enquire into the matter fearlessly, faithfully, asking the question, "Are the Irish people thus oppressed?"

Assuredly, wrong shall be righted, oppression shall cease, justice shall prevail. Let us, then, individually see to it that we are on the Lord's side for the cause of the poor of our people.

NORAH.

THIS BOOK
IS DEDICATED
TO THE
EXILED SONS AND DAUGHTERS
OF IRELAND,
IN THE
UNITED STATES
AND
DOMINION OF CANADA
BY
THE AUTHOR.

NOTE.

The rhymes in this book were written by a local poet, now among the dead, and are inserted here by request.

THE DAYS OF A LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

AN ARRIVAL.

"A health to Donegal,
And her people brave and tall."—*T.D.S.*

THE early spring sun was shining on Lough Swilly and on the little steamboat that was making its usual leisurely trip from Fahan to Ramelton.

There were not many passengers on board. The few cabin passengers were seated on the white benches round the after-deck. They had taken one look first into the smoky darkness called the cabin, and preferred, decidedly, the breezy deck. The deck passengers were grouped forward in the most sheltered places, for the spring winds were fresh, not to say chill. A group of market women were crouching on the deck by the smoke-stack, discussing the merits of their respective wares, and occasionally exchanging a word or a joke with any one of the crew with whom they were acquainted, or passing remarks on the more privileged passengers who were enjoying the full benefit of the wind that was ruffling Lough Swilly. There were two or three merchants who were returning from Derry, a slim young gentleman with a quiet face, and a young girl, who was evidently travelling alone.

This young girl was, unconsciously to herself, an object of some curiosity to the rest of the passengers. She was small, childish looking, with a fair, pale face, regular

features, flossy, golden hair, and a very un-Irish vivacity and restlessness of manner. She had a dainty appearance, as if every article of her attire were specially fitting to her, although a little odd to the eyes that were looking at her. Her head-dress was an oval cap of a dark fur; her travelling wrap was fur trimmed; a little muff and deep fur cuffs completed her costume.

"She's a foreigner, surely; maybe French," said one market woman to another.

"Looks like a Russian, with all that fur about her," said a merchant. "Very young to be travelling alone; wonder who she can be!"

The girl, to whom so many glances were directed, stood at the stern of the boat, as if she enjoyed the breezes that disturbed Lough Swilly, blowing in from the Atlantic, and tossing back in their play the curling hair from her face, while she looked at everything with earnest eyes and eager curiosity. Sunshine and shadow were sweeping across the waters of the lough in great patches, answering to the billowy clouds that sailed through the deep blue overhead. Flocks of gulls, the sunshine on their snowy wings, were darting about in an abandonment of joyousness; while here and there a slim, dark cormorant rose among them like an evil spirit. The waters of the lough, whipped up by the breeze, rose white-capped and broke against the bow of the little boat, that plowed through them unheeding.

The young girl, who did not seem to have a realizing sense of her loneliness, watched the shadows moving over the waves, the patches of cold sunshine, and the sailing gulls, with a face full of enjoyment.

Nature, the great artist, was revealing her beauties to this girl, who had seeing eyes, as she did not to everyone. Where the sunlight touched the lough, she saw how the trembling

blue played into green, like Enid's silken robe, and where the shadows lay, how they paled into grey and slate color, like the dress of a Quakeress or Grey Sister. For her delight were the shadows, hung on the mountain crests, darkening the purple heather and golden blossomed whins. For her, the ruddy light flooded the low lying shores till every tree top was burnished and every window of the handsome houses flashed like a jewel. Bits of sunlight were thrown over the little cabins, nestled in nooks and crevices of the mountains, till they flushed into sudden beauty. The same smiling rays crept over the little fields and illuminated the record of patient toil that had won them from whins and heather and checked them into squares with green hedgerows.

Well does Dame Nature know all the secrets of the stubborn toil that forced these cultivated fields to creep up inch by inch over the face of the mountain, until they are hung up higher than the gardens of Babylon. She knows the indignant opposition she offered to having the bones of the hills laid bare, the purple vesture of heather and the saffron robe of whins torn from the bosoms of the sentinel mountains that guard the lough ; but the tartan of hedges, the smiling green of cultivated fields, have reconciled her to the change, and she flings the sunlight over them as a message of peace.

The little boat, with much snorting and puffing, works herself along. The landscape changes like a moving panorama. The boat rests a while at the wharf at Rathmullen, transshipping passengers and freight in the leisurely manner that disdains hurry, and then steams off to more distant Ramelton.

The young girl watches everything with observant eyes, and is watched in turn by her fellow passengers.

"I wish I knew what those are," she said, softly to herself, looking at the forts grinning at one another from each side of the narrowing waters.

"They are forts," said a voice at her side.

She turned quickly. The speaker was young, dark haired, dark eyed, dark complexioned, and unmistakably a gentleman.

"They are forts," he said.

"What are they for?"

"They are not for anything at all; they never were of any use."

"Why were they built then? They must have cost a great deal of money."

"They did cost a great deal of money, more than you can imagine, and they are of no earthly use. They were built in one of those periodical scares to which this country is subject."

"Money must be plentiful in Ireland."

"For some purposes it is plentiful—such as this, for instance," waving his hand at the fast receding forts.

"Indeed! Why are the beautiful houses all along the coast on the low land, and all the wee cottages sprinkled over the mountain side, do you know, sir?"

"The 'wee' cottages were once on the low land, for the common toilers reclaimed all the land here; but when it was reclaimed they were put off lawfully, and driven to the hills, the better-off class taking their places."

"Lawfully, did you say?"

"Yes, lawfully."

"Your laws need altering. I thought Britain was the justest nation on the face of the earth. If what you tell me is so, she would need to lower her theory or bring up her practice to the same high standard."

The young girl turned away and walked slowly to the stern of the boat, and stood there watching the receding forts and the varying prospect, out of which the brightness was fading with the departing sun.

A little more snorting and struggling and the boat touched the wharf in Ramelton. The young lady looked enquiringly around, as if she expected some one to meet her.

The young gentleman who had enlightened her about the forts at Rathmullen approached, and, raising his hat, enquired if he could be of any service to her.

"Yes, thanks," she answered readily, "I want a conveyance of some kind to take me to Mr. Alexander Livingstone's residence. I am his niece. There is some mistake or some one would be here to meet me."

The gentleman procured a car, and while it was being loaded, secretly joined in the astonishment of his fellow passengers at the quantity of luggage that the little lady claimed as hers.

It was no easy matter to get all loaded on one car, and reserve a seat for the small owner and standing room on the footboard for the driver. It was done, however, and the strange young gentleman, lifting his hat, again bowed good-bye as she was driven away down the narrow street. He stood looking after her for a moment, wondering much who she was, and how she came to be travelling alone.

Meanwhile the carman drove carefully down the somewhat steep and narrow street, across the bridge, and drew up at a gate leading to a roomy cottage on a height overlooking the Lannon Water. This cottage—with its ivied gable end, and front crept over with roses, that in their season would be heavily laden with bloom—its small bit of ground that afforded a shrubbery of lilac and laburnum, laurel and rhododendron, pushed into corners—its few

flower beds, abounding in all the common country flowers, but only showing now the starry snowdrop, the golden crocus and clusters of fair Lent lilies as a promise of what they would do by and by.—was a story and a half high, and was evidently low from choice rather than from necessity, as all the surroundings indicated plainly that it might have been higher if it liked.

The young lady got off the car without assistance ; indeed, the carman never thought of offering any, being engaged in holding on the trunks and looking to the horse.

Not seeming to miss the assistance that was not offered, she alighted, looked around with an earnest gaze of admiration, tripped up the walk, and knocked at the door.

"She's a little crature, something like a doll and something like a burd. I wonder who she is !" said the carman to himself.

In the sitting room of the cottage, Mr. Livingstone was reading a letter to his wife and two daughters :

"Since my little daughter has been motherless the desire has become stronger to send her home to you and have her educated with your girls. She is too womanly for her years, through living so much alone and being her mother's almost sole companion and tender little nurse. She has read and pondered too much, until she is an old fashioned little thing. I would like her to become careless and girlish among your girls, and enjoy the pleasures of a deferred childhood. Not that she is sad, for she is as lively as a kitten, but she is too much inclined to think and act as if she were quite grown up. She was the greatest comfort to her mother through her lingering illness. Send her to school with the girls. I think she will take kindly to Mrs. Binns' interminable fancy work, and learn Lindley Murray and Magnall's Questions, how to make a courtesy properly, and

all the other rules of old fashioned politeness, if they are not left behind now with the dead years. I intend to wind up my affairs in a year or two, so far as to leave my business with my boys, and then I will go over after my pet lamb myself. I have got a good opportunity of sending her in charge of a family across the ocean; they will be with her as far as Derry, where I hope you will meet, and take charge of, her."

"The worst of it is," said Mr. Livingstone, folding up the letter, "the mail has been delayed and the *Constitution*, on which my niece sailed, has made an uncommonly quick passage and arrived in Derry yesterday—so the paper says. She must have arrived as soon as the letter that tells of her coming reached me. Very likely, she will remain at an hotel with the people with whom she travelled, and wait for me there. I must go to Derry by the morning boat."

The door opened and a remarkably beautiful young girl came softly into the room, saying, "Uncle, there is a car, with a pyramid of trunks on it, at the gate, and a young Esquimaux, or a seal, or a bird, or something, is flitting up the walk."

"Our cousin from Canada," said Dinah, the second daughter in years but the elder in every other respect. "I do not think, father, that you need go to Derry in the morning. I do believe that here she comes."

It was not a timid knock, but a quick, peremptory one—the knock of one accustomed to be attended to—that sounded on their ears. Dinah went to the door and brought in the visitor, who took a tiny, gloved hand out of a muff and laid it in Dinah's, saying,

"I am your cousin from Canada," at the same time giving her a quick little kiss.

"It is our new cousin," said Dinah, joyfully.

"Thanks to the art of photography," said the little lady, "I think I know you all," and she named them and kissed them all, including Mr. Livingstone, who was unaccustomed to such caresses, but rather enjoyed it, nevertheless.

"How did you get here?" said her uncle; "you are very young to be travelling alone."

"Oh, I got here very easily, indeed. Everyone was kind to me and directed me in the way I should go. It was pleasanter to come on and rest here than wait at a dreary hotel in Derry. You must make room for me among you," she added, in her sweet, caressing voice, turning instinctively to Mrs. Livingstone, who answered,

"It would be a small house, indeed, that could not find room for a winsome lassie like you, among your own kith and kin."

Evidently, the little lady had made a good impression, for her aunt spoke with moistened eyes.

The beautiful young lady, who had come into the room with the news of the arrival, stood in the background, quietly regarding the stranger, whose quick eyes soon discovered her, and looked the enquiry, "Who is this?"

"This is my niece, Matilda Simson," said Mrs. Livingstone, in answer to the look, drawing her forward, "the only daughter of my brother, the minister at Partglenone."

The stranger looked at Miss Simson with surprised admiration, until she blushed under the look, and said,

"We are as good as cousins, are we not? Let us be cousins all through."

Miss Simson bowed her stately head and was kissed like the rest, and returned the kiss more warmly than was usual to her, and so the compact was sealed.

The hired man was called to take the trunks up to the guest chamber. He thought aloud that there was a mighty

heap of luggage for one girl to carry round with her, and she such a small one, too. Before the young lady was a week at the cottage, this same "boy" was her most devoted servant, and was sure that everything she did was right, and everything she had was a distinguishing mark of her superiority over other people.

While the "boy," Patsy Murray, disposed of and wondered over trunk and valise, bag and satchel, kind hands helped the little stranger off with her furry wrappings and got her into the cosiest chair by the bright coal fire.

Her quick, bright eye took in all the details of the sitting room at a glance—the pictures on the walls, mostly school drawings done in pencil—the bookcase in the recess by the chimney—the capacious arm-chair by the fire side, evidently Mr. Livingstone's seat of state—the ample sofa of ancient pattern, that would make a more comfortable bed than a berth at sea—the easy chair and work-table at the window, the throne of the house-mother whenever domestic cares of a more stirring nature left her time to sit down on it: a comfortable, homey, snug room of the Puritan type—everything plain and useful and but little adornment of any kind. The family, she noticed, were all taller than common, except one daughter, and all had thoughtful, intellectual faces. They had the appearance of being shrewd, as betokened a people who could make good bargains and knew exactly where their own interests lay; and also of being reflective, as marking people that pondered a good deal, and if they thought in a narrow range it was as clearly and conscientiously as their limited vision allowed.

She noted also the penetrating blue eyes possessed by her aunt, and how they looked out at her from under arched brows that reminded her of pictures of Lady Blessington. She looked at the resolute mouth and decided chin.

and settled in her own mind that this mother was accustomed to be obeyed by all her household. She cast a swift glance at her uncle, mentally comparing him with her father, and thought him more repressed, a little sterner looking, as if he thought a good deal, and as though the weight of thought had given him the habit of bending his head forward and brought wise wrinkles about the corners of his eyes. He had grave, kind eyes, that inspired trust in him at once.

"You must not feel yourself a stranger among us," said Mrs. Livingstone, in her motherly voice, to the stranger, who was so small and fragile looking that she appeared to her like a foreign bird that had fluttered into the home nest.

"You will not let me feel myself strange," she said, with a bright, upward look; "I feel very much at home already."

The hundred thousand welcomes were all in Rath Cottage for the relative from over the sea, for her father's sake first and then for her own.

"She is not like my brother; she must favor the mother," said Mr. Livingstone.

"Her mother must have been everything that is lovable and sweet," replied his wife.

The new arrival did make herself at home, and never seemed lonesome or strange. Her natural homesickness was wept out at night in the privacy of her own chamber, often leaving a tear-wet pillow in the morning—but no one would have imagined that, to see her bright face among the rest in the morning light.

She had known nothing but petting and indulgence all her life—being that kind of person that people naturally desire to pet. In some things she was as childish as her years (she was only fourteen)—in others she had a quaint womanliness that would have done credit to any age.

She was a clever little person, full of life and endeavor, and had a talent for helping and learning to help. Naturally she soon had the freedom of the kitchen and dairy, and charmed Mrs. Livingstone with her helpful ways. She was like a sunbeam in the house, and brightened up the rooms with quaint rustic devices that breathed of Canadian backwoods. There was beauty of the communicable kind in her finger ends—everything she touched was the lovelier for it. She was soon a sort of ruling power in the cottage—could get favors from her uncle, wheedle her aunt, order round Charlie, her cousin, and Patsy, the servant, and reigned over Roseen, the maid, as absolutely as any queen.

She was a young lady of resources, and whether in the kitchen, swallowed up in a big apron, cooking some trans-Atlantic delicacy, or in the sitting room getting up a marvel of fancy work to ornament the best parlor, seemed by intuition always to take the shortest and handiest method of accomplishing her object.

She had faults, too, in the eyes of her admiring relatives. She was unreserved in stating her opinions; would bring them out and maintain them against all opposition. Lacking in reverence towards her superiors in station and wisdom, she had not the docility of mind to accept opinions with which she was not agreed; and did not respect the minister's opinions more than another's, if she happened to differ from them. In short, she felt herself as independent in thought as if she were a citizen of that free and enlightened republic that lies on the borders of Canada. All the world seemed free and equal in her eyes; they were all fellow human beings—she respected them all—felt akin to them all. She was not long there until she was familiar with all the struggles, trials and resources of the two washerwomen, Mary O'Neil and Rose Heney, who sometimes

worked at their calling at Rath Cottage—better, after a few weeks' sojourn, than her cousins, who had known them all their lives. The mother said her faults were the faults of her country and of a too indulgent bringing up ; her pretty ways and goodness of heart were all her own. She had an open little purse—a tender little heart—a habit of treating all mankind simply as human beings, without seeming to be able to make any distinction of class or position ; and an exasperating way of defending her opinions by quoting verses from the Sermon on the Mount, which she persisted in construing as literally as possible.

She had created a sensation on the Fahan boat, having been taken for a mysterious foreigner. It was a relief to the minds of the inhabitants to know that it was only Wm. Livingstone's daughter from Canada, come to Ireland to stay with her friends.

CHAPTER II.

THE SHOPKEEPER AND HIS FAMILY.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."—*Burns*.

Alexander Livingstone, to whom the stranger from Canada had been consigned, was a shrewd, quiet, God-fearing man, who kept a shop and the postoffice in the same building, in the bonnie town of Ramelton, on the Lannon, where it flows into Lough Swilly. He had good business talent, and although close at a bargain had patience with any one in difficulty, and did not worry a man when he knew that he could not pay him. He had faith in the native population of the Donegal hills as a grateful people, who struggle hard to show that confidence in their honesty is not misplaced. In right of his wife he became possessor, at a fair rental, of the cottage by the Lannon, where the family lived, and the few fields attached. While he attended to his shop and prospered, his wife managed the fields, and trained up her children in strict adherence to the Scottish Kirk. Both were thoroughly Scotch and intensely Presbyterian. They had that firm attachment to Kirk and Covenant that marks the transplanted Scotch on Irish soil, modified in their case by that overflowing kindness which Erin imparts to son and daughter, manservant and maidservant, and to the stranger that comes within her gates.

Alexander Livingstone had stayed and prospered in Ramelton; his brother had emigrated to Canada West, where he had succeeded well in life. He married an American

lady, and out of a large family there were living three sons and one daughter—this same Ida who had now come home to be educated in Ireland. The arrangement had long been thought of, because she had inherited the very delicate organism of her mother, and it was hoped that Irish air and Irish fare would nourish her into robust health.

She was welcome to the hearts and home of her uncle's family ; but Mrs. Livingstone, a firm believer in predestination, would not believe that any human effort could avert what was to be. She received her niece with additional tenderness because she thought her foreordained to an early grave. She had lost children herself, had wept over little graves in the burial ground on the hill, and was at present sore of heart over the parting with her first-born, Alick, who had gone to Australia, where she had a brother living, to start in life for himself.

"He was like the apple of my eye," said Mrs. Livingstone to her niece, "but I had to part with him."

"Why did he go when it was bringing such grief to you, aunt?" said Ida, with ready sympathy.

"His going away was a great trial, no doubt, my dear ; but I wished him to go for his own sake. If his cousin, Matilda Simson, could have been kinder to him, he might have lived contentedly in the country where he was born, but she could not and it was better for him to go. I do not feel hard to my niece for this ; I am not so stupid. I know well that what is designed will happen in love as in everything else. I like to have Tillie here and to make much of her, so that she may not imagine we feel hard to her or blame her for Alick leaving us. Besides it is pleasant to have the house brightened up with young girls."

"I do not blame cousin Alick for liking Tillie ; no one could help doing the same," said Ida ; "she is the loveliest

girl I ever saw. I never saw beauty like hers, even in pictured saint or angel."

"Yes, she is a lovely girl. I doubt if there is one more beautiful in the province of Ulster, or indeed in all Ireland."

"Her complexion is one of her greatest charms, to my eyes," said Ida; "it is as dewy and soft as a lily leaf and polished as the lining of a shell. And then she is so tall and dignified. I thought at first that her eyes were black, but they are violet—'the darkest pansy'; and her hair, which I thought was black, is dark brown and has gleams of gold in it sometimes, as if the sunbeams got tangled there, and it ripples and curls about her low broad brow. I wonder why she brushes it back so severely and knots it up at the back of her head. It becomes her—everything does—but I was surprised the first time I saw it let loose, when it fell like Lady Godiva's in a shower of rippled ringlets to her knee. The poise of her head, with its heavy coronal of hair, is something queenly—it sits so regally upon the soft white throat. Oh, she is bewitchingly lovely."

"You are an enthusiastic little creature," said Mrs. Livingstone, "but I like to see girls admire one another. Alick thought all that too much for his peace. My niece, I think, takes Alick's disappointment too much to heart, for she always seems to have something on her mind. She is young, my dear, too young to know her own mind, and the kindly years may bring all right between them yet."

Ida, in her little wise head, thought this unlikely, but she said nothing and at once changed the subject.

"It is strange to be here, aunt, among you all, feeling so much at home, and a few weeks ago we knew so little of one another. I often longed to see you; now that I am here I cannot help wishing for papa and my brothers, especially Davy. He is the youngest, you know."

"You never had any sisters?"

"Yes, there were little sisters, three of them, who died when babies, before I was born, and a little brother also; then I came to comfort mamma. And then mamma slipped away from us after them; we could not keep her, do what we would," said Ida, with a piteous little quiver of her lips.

"No, dear, you could not keep her, for the Master came and called for her. She is not far away—heaven is nearer than we think; and then, dear, consider that she is in the presence of the Great King."

"I do not often speak of mamma. I know it is well with her; but I cannot bear to speak of my loss—it takes all the bravery out of me, and I must be brave for father's sake. I am the only girl he has."

Mrs. Livingstone looked with tenderness at the young girl, almost a child, with her small pale face and brave heart, and wondered at her.

"You are like your mother, I suppose," she said, "for you do not favor the Livingstones."

"Yes, I am like mamma, and that is the reason papa is afraid that I will grow up delicate. Shall I go to school soon, aunt?"

"Not very soon; you must visit with us and get acquainted and feel at home first."

"I feel at home now; I never felt otherwise."

"I am glad of that, my dear; but you must have a good rest and get some Donegal roses into your cheeks."

"Where shall I go to school, aunt?"

"You will go with Dinah and Tillie to old Mrs. Binns's Seminary at Belfast. That is your father's wish. It is a school my brother, the minister, recommends, and I have the greatest faith in his judgment. The three girls have been there for some time. Bessie, I think, will not go

back ; she is a fair scholar," and Mrs. Livingstone brought out various specimens of fancy work to convince her niece of the accomplishments of her cousins.

"I was at this school myself when I was young," said Mrs. Livingstone. "Matilda's mother and I went there, when Mrs. Binns commenced first, and it has been steadily improving. I learned to talk a little French, when I was there," she continued, willing to speak of the capabilities of her *alma mater*, "but I have forgotten it, and also to play upon the piano, but I never touch it now—so much is left behind with the years."

"I would not like to leave anything behind me that I once took pains to learn," said Ida, with her decided voice. "I learned French from mamma—she was partly French—and I speak it nearly as well as English. It is easy to learn a language when you learn it as a child ; it must be much more difficult to learn it from books, and of course easier to forget it. Besides, you do not require to use it here very much ; in Canada it is very useful."

"I do not pretend to be a learned lady," said Mrs. Livingstone, in a slightly hurt tone. "To be acquainted with the Bible and the history of Scotland and Scotland's Kirk has been my great ambition."

"I would like to study that, too," said Ida quickly. "I know I have much to learn, and I mean to apply myself to do it. It was merely the accident of mamma knowing French that made it easy for me to learn it."

"There is nothing more important, my dear, than a knowledge of the history of the Kirk, its struggles and successes, its trials and triumphs. That is what makes Scotland a great nation. Many a time it has delighted my heart. It ennobles the mind to study its every movement in its march down the ages, and to feel a personal interest in its

fighting and suffering, its enduring and triumphing. I am as proud as any heir apparent, of the privileges I have inherited from a long line of ancestors—true soldiers of this church militant. It is not my way to boast, but one of my forbears was that minister Welsh who married Elizabeth Knox, the great Reformer's daughter, that brave lady who shook her apron in the face of our sapient James the First."

If Mrs. Livingstone had been inclined to think that Ida was parading her knowledge of French against her forgetfulness of it, her self-complacency was restored by Ida's close attention to her praise of Scottish history and the glory of the Kirk, and she was completely satisfied when she said :

"I wish I knew as much as you do, aunt ; I am sure you were a very clever girl when you were at school."

"I do not want you to think I was in any way an uncommon child, Ida," said Mrs. Livingstone. "I grew up helping my mother, went to school, sewed my sampler, and was daft after play like other children ; and if I learnt much of Scotland's heroes and martyrs, it was partly owing to my brother, the minister. He was learned and wise, and had great influence over my mind. As for you, my bairn, it will be best for you to think of growing strong for a while."

So Ida did not study books, but studied those about her. The results of her observations at this time are contained in the following letter to her brother in Canada :

From Ida Livingstone to her Brother Davy.

"DEAR DAVY: Do you miss me at home? This is the thought in my mind morning, noon and night ; but oh ! Davy, most at night, when sleep will not come ! I think of you all—I see you all so plainly that I fancy I could touch you with my hand. Sometimes I stretch out my arms to papa before I recollect myself. But I will drive away

loneliness by writing long letters to you. It will be a little like the comfortable chats we used to have on the mossy seat under the pines. I will not bother you about the sea voyage. It was just continual sickness, as oppressive as the darkness in Egypt; tossings that convinced me of the power of the mighty deep; glimpses of heaving waves, rising up against us in wrath, breaking in foam and sliding away; gulls in flocks, porpoises in shoals, and flights of Mother Carey's chickens. Before I got well accustomed to sea sights and sounds, there was a cry of land, a searching of innocent trunks for the tobacco and Florida Water that were not there, a sail up the Foyle, with the castle rocks of Magilligan on one side, the ruins of Green Castle on the other, an uncertain sky over all, and I found myself in Derry and no one to meet me there. I concluded that uncle could not have received father's letter in time, and so there was nothing to be done but to get to the end of my journey as soon as possible. I stayed that first night of my arrival at Derry in a hotel, and wondered that the bed kept its four legs quietly on the floor, and did not rear up and shiver and stagger, like a berth at sea. Next day I got to the small steamer that plies between Fahan and Ramelton, and crossed Lough Swilly, when a jaunting car took me to my uncle's door just as they had finished reading the letter that announced my coming.

"I cannot say that I altogether relished my first ride on the national conveyance. It was harnessed up very high in front, and the seat sloped down so much that I was afraid of slipping off. Appealing to the driver if there was any danger he said, 'No, men, not unless you're drunk.' I said no more.

"I can scarcely describe how strange, and quaint, and beautiful uncle's house appeared to me. The front garden

is simply delicious ; the flowers, most of them strange to my eyes but familiar to my heart through song and story, are a continual feast to me. There are some fields attached to the house, and I like to walk through them and along the hedgerows. The wild flowers are most abundant. I feel the truth of Campbell's lines :

"Ye wildings of nature, I dote upon you ;
The earth teems around me with fairy delight,
And daisies and buttercups gladden my sight,
Like blossoms of silver and gold."

The whole country is so beautiful ! The moist air, breathing of the sea, is a continual pleasure. There is a pasture field as full of daisies as the heavens is of stars ; they go to sleep at night folded into a white point, and look up to heaven all day long. The banks are matted with primroses, green ivy is clinging and crawling everywhere as if it had run wild with delight. The lilacs are out in spikes of white and faint purple ; the laburnums are hung with golden chains of blossom ; in short, the world of Donegal is ablaze with spring flowers.

"Thanks to the photographs we had at home, I knew each one of our relatives at once. They would be to me really nice people, even if they were not relatives. Aunt is a happy mixture of the *cead mille failthe* and the Shorter Catechism. Her wisdom comes from Proverbs, her thankfulness from Psalms, and she practises her share of the New Testament as interpreted by a warm Irish heart. I notice, Davy, that though the New Testament Christianity is very broad and deep, people individually get only as much as they are able to take out of it and make their own by use. I like the modifications that the Donegal atmosphere has imparted to aunt's theologically Scotch nature. One of her first enquiries of me was if I had learned the Shorter

Catechism. You may be sure her own children are all well drilled in it, and in the Bible and the history of Scotland. Strange to say, they know very little of the history of the land they live in, except about the Siege of Derry and the Battle of the Boyne. Their hearts go back to Scotland as if they were only temporarily staying here and were not natives of the place. Is not this surprising?

"Dinah is a fresh edition of her mother. The same aptness in quoting Scripture, the same staid kindliness, the same penetrating blue eyes and golden brown hair. Brown hair seems to be native to the Donegal hills, for it is the prevailing color, and the transplanted Scotch have cribbed it, as they did everything else that belonged to the people.

"Bessie, the other sister, who is older but looks younger than Dinah, is fresh and fair, her face like an apple blossom, her eyes like the bell of the lint.

"There is a cousin of theirs visiting with them, named Matilda Simson, who is the most beautiful girl I ever saw. I often sit looking at her to find out where her beauty lies, but I am as much puzzled as the Philistines were in trying to ascertain the secret of Samson's strength. (That comparison is Dinah's.) However, she is simply perfect.

"Where her beauty most brightens I cannot discover, In lip, cheek, or eye, for she's lovely all over."

"Uncle is a man I like. He is one of those men, like father, that you trust at once. He is very quiet; but I do not need him to tell me that I am welcome—I know it without that and am satisfied.

"Charlie reminds me of you. When I am overpowered by the goodness of the rest of the family, I turn to him, although he is no wiser than myself. It is a relief to run off with him into the lanes and fields. He shows me birds' nests, and tells me the names of the singing birds, so that

I know a lark by its song when I do not see it, and the thrush and the linnet, already.

"There is another brother, called William, after father ; he is in a situation in Dublin.

"Aunt is of opinion that I form acquaintances too readily. I do like people, and take an interest in them ; so I must not forget to mention Roseen, aunt's servant maid, who is a plump, rosy faced, brown haired girl from the hills, a widow's daughter. She is called Roseen because she is but a little rose. Of course she has a lover ; you would not wonder at that if you saw her. Unfortunately she is a Catholic and her lover a Protestant and an Orangeman. It puzzles me how things do happen so contrarily. Roseen's mother was an O'Doherty before she became Mrs. Darrell, and of course is of 'grand ould blood,' and as proud as can be, although she is of the peasant class. She would as soon see Roseen at the bottom of Lough Swilly as married to a heretic, especially to one of the Orange color. The lover's people have the dominant feeling strong, and would think it a disgrace for their son to marry a Catholic. How it came to pass that they met and fell in love in spite of these barriers, is a mystery to me. As Burns sings :

"Love will venture in where he daurna weel be seen—
Love will venture in where wisdom ance has been."

"Jimmy Dunlop, the lover, wishes to cut the knot of the difficulty by marrying Roseen right away and emigrating to America. Roseen will not forsake her mother, whose rent swallows up the most of her wages. Patsy Murray, the servant boy, is not in love. He is also a widow's son, and he declares that his mother is sweetheart enough for him. She has a hard landlord, one of the new kind, and finds it difficult to pull ends together so as to meet, and very often

they wont meet. Mary O'Neill and Rose Heney, washer women, who work at times for Aunt Livingstone, are both widows. Ireland is like Israel in this respect, there are many widows in it. (I am quoting Dinah again.) Mary O'Neill has eleven children to bring up, or drag up, or let tumble up, on her sixpence a day—the little sixpence she calls it. I know a good many poor people, and I hear from them the particulars of their daily struggles to pay the rent. Dear me, how they do scrape and pinch, save and sell, work hard and stint themselves, to gather up that dreadful rent. It is paid half-yearly, and is called 'gales' of rent. A high gale it is and blows their savings away faster than they can scrape them together. Then the taxes are awful—'cuts' as they call them—which come after the rent like locusts after hail, devouring everything that is left. It is a hard struggle for life. When a tenant fails to pay the 'gales' and 'cuts,' he falls out of the ranks and disappears in the workhouse.

"I must stop now. I am drinking much of the milk which is the essence of the rich Donegal grass that grows in a glorious valley by the Lannon side; take daily exercise, walking more than I ever did before, and it is over the tree-crowned hills about Ramelton; and have formed many acquaintances amongst God's poor, as mamma used to call them. Tell papa not to miss me too much, and to think of me as well and happy.

"Your loving sister,

IDA."

CHAPTER III.

THE EARL OF DANE CLERMONT.

"Still is his name of high account."—*Scott.*

"To-morrow is the day the Earl comes home," said Mrs. Livingstone to her daughters. "You had better take the croydon and go over to aunt Featherstone's and see the rejoicings. It would interest your cousin and you would enjoy it yourselves."

"It would interest me now to know what the rejoicings are about," said Ida, turning to her aunt. "What does it mean? What is all the fuss about?"

"The Earl of Dane Clermont, who owns a large estate near here, is coming home. The day he comes is always an occasion of high rejoicing among his tenants, for he is very popular, being considered one of the best landlords hereabouts."

"Does he not live on his land among his tenants?"

"Oh! no, my dear, he cannot do that, for he has two other large estates in the west and south; and, besides, he is often abroad. He is here only sometimes."

"My father says it is not right to have a monopoly of land—that it is bad for any country. One man should have only what he can use for himself," said Ida earnestly, "or else some one comes to want."

"That is not the way here, lassie. One man owns a great deal of land, thousands and thousands of acres; but then he lets it out for others to work it. The Earl of Dane Clermont is a kind, just, considerate, and even indul-

gent landlord ; one who encourages everything that is for good, and gives employment to a great many working people. You four girls would enjoy the trip, and could see the sight from aunt Featherstone's. After tea there, you could drive home in the twilight."

"Is Mrs. Featherstone my aunt, too?" Ida enquired.

"She is my aunt," said Matilda Simson, smiling ; "I divide her with the rest."

"Mrs. Featherstone's sister was Matilda's mother," said Mrs. Livingstone, "but my girls call her aunt and feel towards her as if she were."

"We are going off pleasuring and sight-seeing on your account, Ida. Mother says that pleasure is the spice of life and will not do for steady diet," said Bessie Livingstone, laughing softly. "We are in the habit of making a little of it go a long way."

"You relish it better because it is spice and not diet," said her mother. "You will all enjoy the trip just as much as Ida ; and, to join business with pleasure, see if aunt Featherstone can spare me a crock of her butter. I am afraid I may be short. You will undertake that, Dinah, and manage it so as not to allow your aunt to think that want of domestic economy made us unable to manage with the home supply. It will not do to let our housekeeping be disparaged."

The girls were up with the lark in the morning to get certain duties done before leaving for their drive. Ida flitted about as gay as a butterfly and as busy as a bee.

It was a pleasant, moist day. There had been rain during the night and the grey skies wore that undecided look that might clear into sunshine or drip into rain at a moment's notice ; but it was a pleasant day for all that, and so thought the peasants who trudged into Ramelton to do

their trading, and greeted one another with, "it is the blessed day, glōry be to God."

The air was like new wine ; it was gladness to drink it. The trees were airing their spring suits, shaking them out in the soft, warm breeze, as if they were proud of them. Every tint and tinge of green was spread out before the eye, from the tender shade of the young beech leaves to the glossy color of the ivy and the rich emerald of the grass.

"I can understand now why the emotional Irish people say 'glory be to God,'" said Ida Livingstone, looking on the landscape. "I feel like saying it every time I look around. I am sure I feel it in the air, and hear it in the birds' songs ; even the crows in the rookery on the ridge caw it to one another. It is abroad everywhere and the people cannot help giving it voice."

"It is one peculiarity of Irish eyes," said Matilda Simson, from her seat in the back of the croydon, "that they never tire, or get sated, with the beauty their country spreads out before them. Owing to the fitful changefulness of 'dear Erin, our mother,' her skies are clothed in a continuous uncertainty—like those of a petted child, her smiles melt into tears and saucy pouts vanish in sunny laughter. That has its effect, I suppose."

"No native eyes could admire our landscapes more than Ida does," said Dinah, who was driver, flourishing her whip. "She goes into raptures with true Milesian enthusiasm."

"We should feel as glad as spring," retorted Ida, "and if that is being Milesian let us be out-and-out Milesians."

"We had better stop at the Salmon Leap, to see if they will leap up in a fit of Milesian joyfulness," said Bessie. "They might do it to please Ida ; and convert themselves into a silver bow as they flash over the Leap."

There was a pause at the Leap, but no fish rose, "out of sheer perversity," said Dinah.

"Do look at the primroses!" exclaimed Ida. "They completely cover that bank. See there! they are in a perfect mat. And the ivy, cousin Dinah! In Canada it is nourished in pots like a geranium; here it covers houses and walls, and runs through the hedges, up the trees and along the branches. See there! it is all over that bank; it has run wild with joy! Do stop, Dinah, and let me out to get some primroses and ivy sprays, and I will make ravishing bouquets."

Of course Dinah stopped, and Bessie and Ida got out, Dinah and Matilda Simson remaining in the croydon. Ida went into ecstasies among the flowers—every word a note of admiration—and truly all nature was most beautiful that day. Suddenly she became quiet; her eye had caught a glimpse of two young gentlemen coming forward. One of them she recognised as her fellow passenger on the boat from Fahan.

"Who is that?" she whispered to Bessie.

"Oh! that is only John Coldingham. He is in the Earl's office; we have known him since he was a boy. He used to stop at our house when he went to school in Ramelton. Father thinks a great deal of him."

"Do you mean the dark haired one?"

"No, the fair one. I do not know the dark one, I think—yes, I do—I saw him at Portglenonè once—his name is Butler. Perhaps he is the new office clerk."

While the girls were thus talking, the young men came up to the croydon. They heard Mr. Coldingham introduce his companion as Mr. Butler, his new chum at the office. He then came over and joined the flower gatherers, and Bessie introduced him to her cousin.

Ida glanced at him, and liked him at first sight. He was a tall, fair haired young man, with a true, honest face, and a quiet, kindly manner. He went into gathering primroses with great earnestness of manner, having many questions to ask Bessie about their health at home and the news from Alexander in Australia.

Mr. Butler stood by the croydon, his eyes following his companion, who was with the girls among the flowers, as if he would like to join them. Matilda Simson had claimed him as an old acquaintance, on his being introduced; after that neither of them seemed to have anything to say, indeed Mr. Butler looked as though keeping silence for evermore would be no hardship to him.

"Why are you not also gathering primroses, Miss Simson?" he asked, eventually.

"I admire them growing," said Matilda, lightly, "and not having the usual amount of Anglo-Saxon destructiveness, and no desire to appropriate them, I can admire them and let them be."

"Flowers bloom to be gathered," he replied. "I should think they would relish being plucked by fair fingers."

Miss Simson did not reply, and the shadowy smile died out of his face. Then addressing Dinah, he asked:

"In what direction are you driving, Miss Livingstone?"

"Round by Dane Clermont," she answered.

Matilda turned in her seat and said, with some deliberation: "We are going to visit my aunt, Mrs. Featherstone, who lives on Dane Clermont Bay, and we expect to witness the rejoicings over the coming home of the Earl. Our cousin, who comes from Canada, where Earls do not flourish, will be interested in seeing how we honor them here in Donegal."

Ida came along, with her hands full of primroses and ivy,

leaving Mr. Coldingham and Bessie to follow at their leisure. Miss Simson introduced Mr. Butler, when Ida acknowledged his kindness to her on the day she landed at Ramelton. Then, referring to the conversation that was going on when she came up, Ida enquired :

“How do they receive Earls in Donegal, Mr. Butler?”

“Ask Mr. Coldingham—he is a native,” he said, turning his bright, dark eyes on Bessie and Mr. Coldingham, who were coming along, their hands full of primroses. “There is a question asked that you must answer, Mr. Coldingham. Miss Ida Livingstone wants to know how they receive Earls in Donegal. How do you do, Miss Bessie?”

Bessie had a pretty, shy way of looking down, or away, when spoken to suddenly, that became her very well. She seemed glad to see Mr. Butler, yet shy under his glance, for she blushed deeply as she gave him her hand without speaking, except an inaudible murmur, and then looked away, Mr. Butler’s eyes following hers wistfully, while Dinah glanced at her sharply. It took more courage than Bessie possessed to encounter Mr. Butler’s luminous dark eyes.

“You have not answered Miss Ida’s question, Mr. Coldingham,” persisted Mr. Butler; “how do they receive Earls in Donegal?”

John was sorting flowers for Bessie, and answered carelessly: “They receive the Earl of Dane Clermont with great enthusiasm; they even take the horses from his carriage and draw him home themselves, and they rejoice with bonfires and fiddling and dancing.”

Ida and Bessie were assisted into the croydon again by Mr. Butler, while John was sorting the flowers and speaking of the honors paid to the Earl. Dinah took up the

reins to drive on, and as the gentlemen took their leave, Mr. Butler said to Ida :

"Do not forget about the Earl's reception, Miss Ida ; the custom is to take out the horses and put in asses."

"That young Butler is a radical, or a rebel, or something of that sort," said Dinah as soon as they were out of hearing.

"Oh, dear, no," said Matilda Simson, "he is nothing so dreadful as that. He was in the bank at Portglenone when we got acquainted with him, and was quite popular there. He has some inconvenient ideas, and is also a little poetical, but I think those are the worst features in his case. Papa thinks he is very intelligent, although he used to regret that he had not a disciplined mind."

"I think," she added, with an amused smile, "that papa labored with him to straighten out the knots in his ideas, which are rather hopelessly entangled, but with little success, I should say, to judge by his calling enthusiastic tenants donkeys."

"I don't care about his ideas," said Ida, "but I like his appearance. He looks dark and mysterious, like a corsair, or something dreadful, and then he has splendid eyes."

"Yes, he has fine eyes," assented Matilda, with a smile, "like sunshine in a shady place. He can be very entertaining when he chooses, although he does not often choose, more's the pity. I declare, Dinah, you must not let loose your prejudices against him, because he is very nice. Why, the Adams girls and all the eligibles of Portglenone were pulling caps about him. Was he not Poet Laureate and Lovemaker General to the Valley of the Bann."

"Well," said Dinah, "I stick to my opinion ; he is a dangerous radical, whether the Adams girls pull caps for him or not."

"We shall know him hereafter," said Ida, with mock gravity, "by the title of the Knight of the Lustrous Eyes and Radical Opinions. I hope that good, reliable Mr. Coldingham will bring him along when he comes to uncle's, so that we shall meet him again."

"You need not be afraid of not seeing him," said Tillie. "He always turns up when you least expect him."

"I shall be glad if he does. He was on the steamer when I came across from Fahan, and he was very kind—called the car, and all that."

"Any gentleman would be kind under such circumstances, and Mr. Butler is a gentleman," said Tillie.

"If Ida had known John Coldingham all her life, she could not have described him better than in those two words, 'good and reliable,'" said Dinah.

Bessie did not join in the talk, but sat silent and preoccupied, with a very happy face, absently sorting the primroses and mingling them with sprays of ivy.

"What are you thinking of, Bessie?" asked Dinah.

Bessie looked up from her flowers, at which she had been smiling as if there was a sweet secret between them.

"I am thinking of nothing at all, like my countryman," she answered.

Dinah had taken a prejudice against Mr. Butler, and sat musing over his wistful looks and Bessie's happy silence. In her present frame of mind, he was the last man she would have selected as an admirer for her sister, and his looks certainly expressed admiration.

Driving through the little town of Dane Clermont, Dinah pointed out its prosperity to her cousin, the houses that were being built and those already completed, and drew her attention to a two-story house, well finished, that belonged to John Coldingham.

"He is wise," she said ; "this is how he invests his savings, by the Earl's advice. The Earl gives every encouragement to tenants to improve their holdings, and takes a real fatherly interest in his people."

"It is all very well, and much to the Earl's credit," said Ida, "but it is ever so much better in Canada, where the people own the land they live on and do not need any lord's encouragement or permission to thrive."

"Of course," said Dinah, in a tone just a little ruffled by the want of appreciation of the good deeds of her favorite Earl, "things are different in a new country, where land goes a begging, as it were ; but I am sure we have many advantages over any new country."

As they drove by Dane Clermont Bay they met some of the tenants going to welcome the Earl, dressed in their Sunday best, with "nate" bits of sticks in their hands ; while seated by the roadside were a few of the elders, enjoying a *shough* of the pipe, and waiting for the Earl to pass that way.

"I must say," remarked Ida, "that to my Canadian eyes, the best clothes of these tenants have not a very gay and festive appearance."

"Why, they are quite clean and decent," said Dinah.

"And well patched, which, of course, is better than being duddy and ragged," said Matilda. "But here we are at aunt Featherstone's, and there is the irrepressible Watty waiting to open the gate for us."

Watty, Mrs. Featherstone's eldest hope, was of the harum-scarum order, but just now was on his good behaviour, on account of the Canadian cousin, whom he was eager to see.

Mrs. Featherstone, tall and stout, rosy and good natured, with comfortable self-complacency, stood in the porch to receive her guests, the woodbine that covered it framing

her like a picture. She had been something of a beauty in her day, and still retained the vestiges of it. "The Seatons were all strong and good looking," she would say of her people.

There was a warm welcome for the four girls, with additional kindness put in for Ida's reception, because she was the greatest stranger.

"Will you come in now, or are you afraid of missing the hauling home, and thinking of going to 'the point' first?" she asked.

"The point" was the best place from which to see the procession.

"I think it is better to see the show first and make sure of it, aunt," said Matilda Simson.

"Well, then, go along with you. Go through the pasture, as it is the nearest way. After the Earl passes, Watty, take them through the plantation, by the little gate, to the old ruin near the castle, and they will see the grand entrance from there, and even hear his lordship's speech. I may go down myself, as I like to see his bonnie face:

'It's like a king's face—
It gives grace,'

as the old Scotch rhyme says."

They walked leisurely down the lane and across the daisy-clad pasture. Watty soon got the better of his shyness, which was altogether owing to Ida's presence. In truth he was not come of a race, or at an age, to be greatly troubled with bashfulness.

"If we had only known in time we might have gathered the neighbors and welcomed you like the noble family next door," he said to her a few minutes after they left the lane.

There was no house between Featherstone farm and Dane Clermont Castle, and Watty, with characteristic impu-

dence, claimed the popular Earl as his next door neighbor.

"You had plenty of time, Watty," said Tillie, "and why did you not arrange a grand reception for the noble American lady, as Rose Heney calls her."

"It could not be done," said Watty; "all the people were bespoke for the procession that escorts our neighbor home."

"You are young and strong, and might have drawn us yourself; old Jack would have been willing to give up his situation to you," retorted Bessie.

"Never mind, Watty," said Ida, "let Jack do the drawing; do not be coaxed to put your head into a collar to draw anybody. If you only heard Mr. Butler's opinion of this way of welcoming great people!"

"What did Butler say? He's the new man at the office, isn't he?"

"Yes. He says that the people who escort the Earl home take out the horses and put in asses," said Matilda. "Ida's advice is just this: do not make an ass of yourself for anyone."

"I would not mind a bit being called an ass if I were drawing you home, Empress Maud," said Watty, stoutly.

"For shame, Watty, the greatest honor to the greatest stranger; besides, you will make us all very jealous," said Bessie.

"Don't get offended, Beshen," Watty rejoined, using a pet name he had invented for her himself,

'I admire you all,
Lean, fat, short and tall,
One after the other, to please you, dears.'

Bessie made an attempt to box his ears, and succeeded in hurting her own hand; then Ida and Bessie chased him across the pastures, leaving Matilda and Dinah to follow at their leisure.

They had come in sight of the lofty towers of Dane Clermont Castle when they noticed Mr. Butler and Mr. Coldingham coming up the slope from the castle. Mr. Butler turned round and stood, with folded arms, looking back at the Earl's beautiful home.

"Why, there's Mr. Butler and Mr. Coldingham," said Ida, stopping in her race, and turning back to join Matilda and Dinah.

"I rather thought they would turn up again," said Matilda, carelessly. "It is an idle day in the office, and, besides, Mr. Butler has the reputation of being able to appear whenever he likes."

John Coldingham noticed the girls and drew Mr. Butler's attention to them, and they soon found a place for crossing the hedge and joined them.

"It was such a temptation to get over the hedge, when we saw you here," said John Coldingham, apologetically.

"We are glad to have you join us," said Dinah. "We all seem to have a roving commission to-day."

"Yes, it is an idle day with us," returned John, "and one likes idleness once in a while. Suppose we walk up a little farther towards the turn, and see if they are coming yet; the Earl is later than usual to-day."

John Coldingham joined Bessie, Ida and Watty, who were hurrying in that direction, and Mr. Butler followed slowly, with Dinah and Matilda Simson. Outside of the hedge, some men, sitting on the ditch at the roadside, were praising the Earl. Ida stopped to hear, and the others joined her.

"He has been the best of good landlords to me," said one, in a piping, quavering voice.

"He is a good landlord," responded a companion. "He never pushes a man when there is no use in pushing him;

he never punishes him because he can't work a miracle, to raise money out of nothing."

"The ould families have more heart in them than these new men, that come in under the Estates Court," said a third.

"His lordship has come to me," said the piping voice, "when the rent was due, and prices down to nothing in the market, and said to me: 'Don't sell just now; hold on a while, prices are low; there are signs of a rise, wait for it; don't trouble about the rent, I'll wait.' I call that good, now. I'd break my back to keep a man like that from losing a halfpenny by me."

"He's a different man from Mr. Sinclair, the new man beyant. He never believes a poor man's word, or that he can be in a pinch, and must have his rents, good season or bad, high prices or low, and, God be good to us, he has most doubled the rents all round. My uncle lives on his land, and his howldin is purty high up the mountain. The rain and the hail spoilt the most of his corn last year, and he hadn't the seed to the fore after the harvest, let alone anything for his work; but he had to pay up all the same or quit. He sold the praties out of the childer's mouths, for fourpence the hundred, and, besides, the pig, a cow, and a yearling, had to go chape to make it up. God only knows how he'll meet the next gale, wanting the cow and the heifer that would be coming in. The Earl, God bless him, never crushes a man like that."

"He never does," assented one, "and he never loses by it. He knows when a man's as honest as steel, and will do his utmost to pay him to the last farden, an' what can man do more? He knows he'll lose nothing by waiting, but gain by it, and yet he's a good man, for he does wait, and doesn't crush a poor man if he is misfortunate."

Dinah was glad that Mr. Butler heard the tenants praise the Earl, as he would learn that Dane Clermont was worthy, as compared with others of his class, of the enthusiasm that drew his carriage home. She had taken it into her head, from his fling in the morning at the people as asses for doing so, that he was prejudiced against the Earl, or perhaps prejudiced against all rank. Neither seemed right to her, especially when he was in the Earl's employ. An employee, she argued, should believe in the class that employs him. With thoughts like these in her mind, she turned to look at him. He read her thoughts, and with a laugh in his luminous black eyes he said :

"Every one hears that part of a discourse that interests him most. You hear the praises of the Earl—I hear the struggles and the patience of the poor."

He stepped up to the hedge and looked over, the girls doing the same. The speakers were old men, whose dress was very clean and wonderfully patched. Tillie glanced over and then walked on after the rest. Mr. Butler looked after her with a strange, pitiful smile, as if he were sorry for himself, and then turned again with set lips to look at the old men, who, like the King of Spain, were marching up the hill in their well worn corduroy breeches and swallow tail coats, to turn like him and march down again. Thin, withered old men they were, who looked as if life had been rather much for them, and they had wilted under it. The one who had praised the Earl so highly was as thin as a lath, and seemed to require the stick he leaned upon to prevent his being blown away. He was patched from head to heel, in an artistic fashion that could not be copied. The other, better clad, was one of those oracular old men who abound in the North, and who are held in honor by their neighbors for their wisdom. He was conscious of it, and

walked with a knowing bend, as if the knowledge he carried was a rather heavy burden and yet was something to be proud of and carried very carefully, like a full cup, lest it should be spilled.

"I don't think those fellows have much left when the Earl gets his share," said Mr. Butler. "Shall we follow the rest and see the conquering hero arrive?"

The carriage was coming now, drawn by a crowd of men all dressed in their best—a picturesque variety of rather poor garments.

"It is a pity, Miss Livingstone," observed Mr. Butler to Dinah, "that love and loyalty are not as useful articles as cursing."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Dinah.

"The good book speaks of some one clothing himself with cursing; now if this love-loyalty were as useful, there is enough of it here to clothe the whole crowd in new suits."

"So it does," retorted Dinah, "figuratively speaking."

Although this was said with a triumphant air, she felt the sarcasm in his voice, and in spite of her growing dislike to him she could not help acknowledging to herself that life yielded a scanty reward for their toil to this crowd of loyal people.

"You have missed the best part of the show," said Watty, running up, while Bessie and Mr. Coldingham followed more leisurely. "We saw them unharnessing the horses. It was fun to see a dozen men pulling at one strap, or trying to undo a buckle, and not succeeding; and to see the coachman—such a superior creature—telling them to stand back and wait, and he would unharness them himself. But they would not stand back and they would not wait."

"Watty was watching with all the eyes he had," said John Coldingham, "but he does not know yet who unharnessed the horses."

"Or harnessed up the asses either," said Watty, with a grin at Mr. Butler. "It is done, though, and here they come."

The Earl, whom the tenants were thus honoring, was tall, white haired, singularly handsome, and had a soldierly appearance that became him well. It was not without reason that he had a military bearing, as he had been an officer in his youth and had served with distinction under Wellington in the Peninsular War. His son and daughter sat in the carriage with him. The son, Lord Roland Denison, was an officer now, as his father had been before him. He also was handsome, but had a haughty, impatient look. The daughter, Lady Harriette, without having the beauty to any conspicuous degree, seemed to have the haughtiness of her brother intensified.

Here they come! the people cheering; the Earl smiling and bowing on every side, as courteous as an Earl can be! Lord Ronald nods here and there, as he catches sight of a familiar face in the crowd, and Lady Harriette looks round her with calm-eyed disdain.

"The crowd is certainly not overly well dressed," said Dinah to herself, "but they are working people."

They were people that she knew by sight, some of them customers at her father's shop. Never before had she noticed how poorly clad they were, nor would she have observed to-day but for the unpleasant remarks of Mr. Butler. She thought of this with some secret impatience.

"What a brilliant variety of corduroys," remarked Ida. "There are many colors, or rather many shades of one color, and they are in every stage of well preserved decay."

This sort of dress may be picturesque, but it is scarcely comfortable. Those coats look as if they had seen centuries of service, while the hats are more ornamental than useful. What weather-beaten faces some of those old men have !”

“The faces have not got as much care as the hats,” said Mr. Butler.

“The signs of hard work on face and hands are to their credit,” said Dinah.

“It is not to some one’s credit that with all their hard work they are not able to renew the corduroys a little oftener,” said Mr. Butler.

“You are blaming Providence,” retorted Dinah.

As the carriage rolled past where they stood, the Earl saw the young ladies, who happened to be standing on a knoll inside of the hedge, while John and Mr. Butler were lower down and screened by the trees. He raised his hat and honored them with one of his finest bows. Lord Roland lifted his hat also, and favored Tillie with a stare of undisguised admiration. Lady Harriette looked haughtily unconscious.

“I saw that lady at Portglenone with the castle people ; she was counted handsome,” said Tillie.

“She is not so handsome as the Earl, or her brother,” said John Coldingham, “but she’s handsome enough, and proud enough, I should think.”

“Proud !” said Mr. Butler. “She has inherited all the pride of the Duchess of Buckingham, who refused to go into heaven if her footman was admitted by the same door, and would not have any religion suited to the case of common wretches.”

“She may have pride enough to do the whole peerage,”

said Tillie, "and it will not do us any harm. By the way, Mr. Butler, are not these great people related to you?"

"They are distant relatives," said Mr. Butler, with a comic smile.

Bessie, Ida, and Watty had gone down towards the castle, and the rest now followed them. Entering the grounds by a side gate, they followed the path through the plantation and reached the old ruin, of which only a couple of arches were standing, before the procession, which followed the grand avenue that wound in and out by the shores of the bay, dashed up with the Earl.

Dane Clermont Castle sits on a long, low promontory stretching out into the bay, and raises its grey towers under the shadow of mountains purple with heather. The bay here has many grassy islets, and on the other side wild mountains rise in bleak loneliness. It is not an ancient castle, but is built after an ancient plan, as it is the fashion for castles to look as old as possible. From the ruin could be seen the grand entrance, with its flanking towers—the massive front, with deep set, arched windows looking out of a covering of ivy—a great round tower, whose windows were narrow and donjon looking—a square battlemented tower, looming up from behind—and many slender turrets, rising skywards in picturesque confusion.

"What a beautiful, romantic home!" exclaimed Ida. "I would rather like to be an Earl's daughter, and live in such a delightful place, and roam at will in these grand old woods."

"Have you not plenty of woods as fine as these in Canada?" asked John Coldingham.

"Oh! yes, we have hoary old woods, grand and delightful, but they do not surround castles—they are only 'the forest primeval.' Our trees are not so rich in foliage as

these—they have not more than one leaf where these have ten. I suppose it's owing to the wet climate. These grounds are very lovely, and if ever the pride of possession is excusable it must be here ; looking on this beauty with the eye of an owner must be rather pleasant."

"You can drive five miles from here and not get beyond Dane Clermont *demesne*," said Dinah, "and this is only a small part of the Earl's property. He has a large estate, with castle, park and pleasure grounds, in the West, another in the South, and he may have more property for aught I know."

Dinah wished to impress on her cousin a proper conception of the Earl's greatness, as a possessor of so much territory.

"He owns a great deal too much for one man ; the division is most unfair to the rest. But it must take a great many people to keep these beautiful places in order," Ida answered.

"Yes, it makes work for many a poor fellow," Dinah assented, complacently.

"Have you any such parks and pleasure grounds in Canada?" enquired Mr. Butler of Ida.

"Not in private hands. I never saw any one rich enough to create this beauty and to keep it beautiful."

"You see," said Mr. Butler, "in your country land is cheap and men are dear ; here, land is dear and men are cheap."

"To hear you, Mr. Butler," said Dinah, "one would suppose that you were an enemy to the owners of great possessions."

"You mistake me, Miss Livingstone, I have neither dislike nor envy towards the rich ; but my sympathies are with the poor of our people, I acknowledge."

"The poor are happier than the rich, Mr. Butler ; there are many happy hearts in that crowd."

They dashed up as she spoke—laughing, cheering, hallooing.

"They are noisy enough to be happy," he said.

The carriage was drawn to the grand entrance, where the Earl and his companions alighted. Lady Harriette would have entered at once, had not a motion of the Earl's hand detained her. He made a short speech, standing on the steps at the castle door, his son and daughter on either side of him—a speech replete with good feeling and good taste, that touched the hearts of the tenants, as he knew it would.

There was an indescribable charm of graciousness and kindness, blended with dignity, in the Earl's manner, that, added to the beauty of his handsome face, made him a very fascinating Earl indeed. His smile, displaying what the Irish call laughing teeth, had a witchery about it that few people could resist ; and it was said by other landlords that the Earl of Dane Clermont could deny more graciously than they could grant.

Of course, his speech was received with tempestuous cheering and the throwing up of fragments of hats in an abandonment of glee by the young enthusiasts, while shouts of "long may you reign" rose above the chorus.

The speech over, and every one impressed with the Earl's goodness and condescension, the noble family withdrew into the castle. The people at once dispersed to kindle the bonfires they were to dance around, to the music of fiddles the Earl paid for, and to drink his health in the liquor his bounty had provided.

There were sonsy, fresh-faced lasses among the crowd, with no covering on their heads but their shining hair ;

there were decent, homely women, in white caps and cloaks, but the largest part of the crowd was composed of men and boys.

"They seem glad and gay, light-hearted and happy, old and young of them. Their spirits are at holiday pitch, like children let out of school," said Ida.

"I have heard remarks like that before, but it was applied to slaves, and to my mind there is something slavish in this whole performance," said Mr. Butler.

Coming back leisurely they overtook Mrs. Featherstone, who, as well as the rest of them, had been feasting her eyes on the handsome face of her favorite Earl and her ears on his honey-sweet words.

John Coldingham introduced Mr. Butler to Mrs. Featherstone, and in her large hospitality she urged them both to stay to tea. They declined, although she told them she was sure they would like to stay. She complimented John on the fine house he had built at Dane Clermont, and asked him if it was true that his lordship had rented part of it for a land office, jokingly reminding him that it was time he got married and occupied it himself. Big John Coldingham blushed like a girl, especially when the lady, as an inducement to stay to tea, offered to give him his choice of the four girls.

"I do hate this teasing," said Dinah, in an aside to Matilda Simson; "it is common enough, but I detest it."

"Where is the harm?" said Tillie, absently.

Not to be tempted even by Mrs. Featherstone's too generous offer, they took their leave, and started down the Dane Clermont road at a great pace, while the rest turned up to the house with Mrs. Featherstone.

CHAPTER IV.

AN EARL'S WELCOME HOME.

"And now the sound of joy, the beat
Of music and of dancing feet."—*Moore.*

Dinah lingered behind with her aunt, to do her mother's errand. It seemed a simple matter, but nevertheless required careful management. There was a sort of rivalry between Mrs. Featherstone and Mrs. Livingstone in house-keeping affairs, so that it was necessary to the family dignity to convince Mrs. Featherstone that there was no evidence of a lack of economy in the fact that they had found the home supply of butter insufficient.

"Father sold one of the cows," explained Dinah, "and he has not replaced her yet, and the remaining cow is but a poor milker, so mother thinks we may be short."

"I could make one cow's milk supply your family with butter quite easily, and have an abundance of it, too," asserted her aunt.

"Not with father's fondness for cream," interposed Dinah. "He believes it to be a preventative of consumption, a disease that runs in his family, and he insists on plenty of cream being used in the house. It is cheaper than doctor's bills, you know."

"I would not tolerate a consumption of cream in fact, to prevent a doctor's bill in fancy," said Mrs. Featherstone, severely.

Dinah saw she was on the wrong track, and was not bettering matters, so she turned to the use of a little flat-

tery—or, as she explained it to herself, to the using of truth as flattery—telling her aunt that her mother being difficult to suit, and her butter coming up to the standard as none else in the country did, she hoped she would make an effort to fill a crock for her, especially now when they had an inmate from over the sea, who would require to be taught what real Donegal butter was.

Mrs. Featherstone liked to hear of her own perfections, not that she had any doubt of the matter, for she had inherited a smiling self-sufficiency from ancestors who did not require to use the prayer, "Lord, help us to hae a good opinion o' oorsels." If Mrs. Livingstone rightly appreciated her butter, and if a stranger was to be educated into the knowledge of what the best butter was like, then Mrs. Featherstone would strain a point to fill that crock, even at a little inconvenience. The butter question happily settled, and aunt Featherstone in the best of humor with herself and the world at large, her guests were marshalled into the back parlor, which looked towards the castle, where the tea table was spread with a bounty natural to Featherstone farm. The bonfires were beginning to blaze on the hills as they sat down to tea. The slim cakes and milk scones were excellent ; for Scotch short bread Mrs. Featherstone was famous ; her translucent gooseberry jelly was the pride of her heart ; her butter was unequalled all the country round, she fully believed, and really it justified her boast ; while the cream suggested that nothing but first-class butter could possibly be made of such material.

"This butter would be called gilt-edged over in Canada," said Ida.

"Do you think our butter as good as what you have in Canada ?" asked Mrs. Featherstone, getting out her fishing-line immediately.

"Better, I think," Ida admitted ; "there is a deliciousness in the butter here that excels anything I ever tasted before. It is the richness of the grass, I suppose."

"And the skill of the maker," said Mrs. Featherstone, determined not to let the compliment pass unappropriated.

"You are very candid, Ida," said Matilda. "Will you admit that we can beat you in everything?"

"No, indeed!" said Ida ; "we can beat you in the appearance of our people. I wish you saw a crowd of Canadian country people in their holiday attire. I saw homespun on one or two of the crowd to-day, and it did look good, but too many wore patched corduroys. I don't like to see working people patched and duddy, nor do I like to see men bowing and scraping to a mortal like themselves, as if he were what the Duke of Argyle is said to be to the Highlands. I declare, I could not help thinking to-day of what I have read of the worship of Juggernaut, when I saw them drawing the Earl's chariot."

Ida never noticed that Mrs. Featherstone was annoyed at her words, but that lady put the matter off by saying that "every country had its own customs, and that people aye liked their own ways best."

"But, Mrs. Featherstone," said Ida, quite carried away by her own thoughts, "in Canada farmers work for themselves, and have the profit of their work as a reward for their toil ; here they seem to work for others, not having enough left with which to clothe themselves decently, as Mr. Butler said to-day."

"Hoots, lassie !" said Mrs. Featherstone, relapsing into broad Scotch in her annoyance, "you are too young to bother your head with sic havers ; and Mr. Butler is thinking more of the ladies' eyes than poor men's corduroys, I'll wad a groat. Mind this, my bairn : every country has its

own ways, and if the people here would only let whiskey alone, and use honest thriftiness, they could make and save, enjoy and have, here as well as anywhere, as many of them do."

Ida now noticed that she had hurt Mrs. Featherstone's patriotic feelings, so she became suddenly silent and ill at ease, and the conversation drifted into its natural channel of praising the Earl and the Earl's doings. The improvements all over the estate, and the new houses built and building at Dane Clermont came in for their share of praise.

"My good man's far-away cousin, Davy Lowry, has put all his savings into a street of houses that he means to rent, all but one for himself. Willie Cunningham, at the edge of the town, has put up a grand new farm house. Every one on the estate seems in the way of well doing," said Mrs. Featherstone.

"The times are very good," said Dinah. "Mother says it is like the seven plenteous years."

"Well, Dinah, you are cut after your mother's pattern. Scripture thoughts come easy to you," said Mrs. Featherstone. "I hear," she continued suddenly, "that John Coldingham is to be seen making his way up to your father's pretty often, Dinah. Which of you is it he is going to see? He is a fine young man, and his house is the best finished and most stylish that has yet been put up in Dane Clermont."

"He is not going to see either of them," said Matilda Simson, with a mocking smile. "John has more taste; he comes to see me."

"You are the bonniest, and you know it," said Watty, who, with his chin on his hands, was leisurely studying her face with serene approval.

"They are all bonnie enough, with a blessing," said Mrs. Featherstone, looking fondly at her niece. That she had no daughter of her own was a great trial to her. "I would not be ashamed to own any of you for my daughter, as far as looks go," she continued. "If Tillie were bonnier than she is, she would come honestly by it. Her mother, my sister Mary, was the most winsome lass in the North—too lovely to live—in person and in mind, and Heaven claimed its own. Though I cannot say that you are as handsome as your mother, you are bonnie enough, with a blessing; but I sair misdoubt if you are as douce as she was, although you are a manse bairn."

"Why, aunt, I'm surprised at you!" said Matilda, gaily. "I expected you to notice that douceness was the shining feature of my character. Why, father, who is not of the observing kind, says often, 'you have your mother's douce ways, my dear.'"

"Fathers have a trick of thinking their geese swans," laughed Mrs. Featherstone.

After tea, they wandered out into the garden to see aunt's flowers, especially some choice plants that were a gift from the castle gardener, who had the Earl's orders to divide with any of the tenants who had a love for flowers.

The sun was slipping down into his golden bed beyond the mountains, and the fringes of his gorgeous coverlet streamed across the bay, transforming sky and water into one magnificent expanse of glory, and lighting up the purple tips of the heather on the mountain side.

The bonfires were blazing on the hills, the fiddlers were giving forth merry music, and the wild shrill notes of the bagpipes came sounding on their ears above all the rest.

"That is old Bob Martin," said Watty; "he has the only bagpipes in this part. Look at the shadows between us

and the fires—the dancing has begun. Come over, girls, and look on, just for a while. Mother, mayn't they come? Do say yes, mother. You might come along yourself to take care of them."

Seeing eager curiosity on Ida's face, Mrs. Featherstone hesitated. Watty coaxed, then Ida helped him, and at length she consented. No sooner was permission given, than Watty started off with Bessie and Ida, Mrs. Featherstone and Dinah following.

"Where is Matilda?" asked Mrs. Featherstone, looking round.

"Gone on with the rest, aunt," said Dinah.

They came upon her at the turn of the hill, standing all by herself looking to the west, where the purple clouds parted and a flood of golden glory streamed out between. She turned as they came up.

"Look, aunt," she said, "is not that like a pathway up to God's holy throne?"

"We thought you were gone on with the rest," said her aunt.

"I stayed to look at the sunset. I will go on now with you," she said, quietly.

Mrs. Featherstone felt a chill. She never did like to see girls standing wrapped up in maiden meditation. According to her theory, they were either in love, or in the first stages of consumption.

"I thought you were gone on with the rest," said her aunt; "I had no idea that we should find you gazing at the sunset."

She looked narrowly, even anxiously, at Matilda. Her mother had died of quick consumption, long, long ago, when Tillie was so very little that all the neighbors and the elders of the church thought her father would surely marry

again. Few knew how much of the brightness of life went out for the minister at that time; how his life seemed to him like a book read through, clasped, and put away in a closed grave. Certainly Mrs. Featherstone never entered into the sacredness of the minister's grief, but she remembered her own, when her sister, who was inexpressibly dear to her, and whose beauty was a proverb in the country, slipped into the grave in early womanhood.

Dinah brightened under her aunt's anxious gaze.

"There is no command against gazing into the west at sunset time, is there, aunt?"

"No, no," said Mrs. Featherstone, in a slightly relieved tone, "but there's no use in any one but a poet wandering off by themselves to grow melancholy gazing at anything."

Matilda laughed. "Do not fear for my falling into poetry. It is the last disease I am likely to take," she said, as they sauntered leisurely along to where the dancing was going on, fast and furious, around the bonfires.

"Hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels
Pit life and mettle in their heels,"

quoted Tillie, in a merry tone, that scattered the last vestige of her aunt's anxiety to the winds for the time being.

The first group of merry-makers they came to were watching the enthusiastic dancing of an Irish jig. Mrs. Featherstone, with her party, intended to stop far enough away to remain unobserved spectators; but Ida pressed nearer, in company with Watty. She had never seen an Irish jig danced.

"There's John Coldingham and Butler," said Watty to her, in anything but a whisper. "I don't wonder at Tillie saying that they always turn up."

They were there, and were the first to notice Mrs. Feath-

erstone's party, and came to join them, while the peasantry set up a cheer of delight.

"Yer welcome, Mrs. Featherstone ! It's yerself that's as good a neighbor and as tender hearted a woman as is in Donegal," said one enthusiast.

"Three cheers for the Ramelton roses," said another, noticing Dinah and Bessie, and feeling very much obliged to Mrs. Featherstone just then.

"Hurrah for the purty little girl from over the say !" was a compliment for Ida.

"Good luck and a good husband to the purtiest girl in the seven counties !" greeted Matilda Simson, when her loveliness came into the glow of the firelight.

"They are all our neighbors, the kindly creatures," said Mrs. Featherstone, apologetically, to the girls, "and your father's customers, Dinah, and they are complimented to see us here, coming so familiarly in among them, instead of remaining spectators at a distance."

"That is Jimmy Dunlop, Roseen's lover," whispered Bessie to Ida, as a tall, dark eyed young fellow cut into the dance, compelling the light-haired lad, who was dancing, to give place to him. "His partner, the tall girl, is a cousin of Roseen's, one Nancy Doherty. She does not live about here, but up on the hills. She must be down here with her aunt, Roseen's mother. She's a good dancer. And if there is not Roseen, herself ; how did she get here, and how could mother spare her ?"

However she got there, it was Roseen, plump and brisk, and as rosy as her namesake, who stepped up now and cut out Nancy Doherty. Every one there knew that this couple were lovers, against the wish of his family, and many a remark was made on the "darling, purty couple they were, good luck to them."

"Jemmy Dunlop luks as if he had thrown care to the dogs for this night," said one.

"She's as swate a little girl as stands on the hillside," said another.

There was a laugh and a cheer when Mr. Butler cut out Jemmy and set to Roseen, with fun laughing in his shining eyes. The cheer and laugh were doubled when Bessie, entering into the spirit of the fun, cut out Roseen and took her place.

"Sure, they'd make the purtiest pair from one end of Ireland to the other," was a remark that passed freely from lip to lip.

They did not dance long till John Coldingham cut out Mr. Butler, and went into the dance heartily; but when Mrs. Featherstone interposed her portly person between John and Bessie the delight was unbounded, and cries of "long live the big mistress!" rose on every side. "Isn't she the good dancer!" "She's as light as thistle down, for all her heft!" "Isn't she the agreeable woman entirely, to join in a bit of fun that way, all as one of the rest of us," were some of the cries that greeted Mrs. Featherstone's flattered ears. "An' Mr. Livingstone's daughters, too," said one, afraid they should be overlooked, "an' sure, if they're not castle quality, they're the best of commonality."

"Dinah, I'm sure we ought to go home," said Tillie, in an anxious whisper. "Aunt is alone and will be anxious about us. I'm sure she did not expect us to come up here. I think some of the castle people are coming up this way."

"Fun carries away the best of us, once in a while," said Mrs. Featherstone, wiping her brows. She heard the whisper, and her quick eye caught sight of Lord Roland Denison coming up the hill from the castle. Gathering up her

nieces, she beat a retreat down the hill towards their own place. Mrs. Featherstone joined in the dance partly to please her neighbors and increase her popularity; she retreated, to save her dignity and shield her nieces from observation, before his lordship could come near enough to tell who were there.

The two young gentlemen from the office were also missing when Lord Roland appeared among the dancers. In fact, they had gone over the hills with the girls. Dinah's motherly feelings were on the alert, because Mr. Butler walked along with Bessie; but her anxiety took another direction when she saw Mr. Butler slip a letter into Matilda's hand at parting.

They drove home by the waters of the bay, all its splendors faded under the grey twilight, and through Dane Clermont town, where they joked among themselves, as girls will, about the need of a mistress for John Coldingham's new house. Ida asked Matilda if she felt fore-ordained to reign there. Tillie replied that she felt something mysterious, which might be the shadow of the coming event, and suggested the prudence of preparing wedding presents. Amid the laughing and joking, Dinah sat silent, thinking of Mr. Butler, his queer opinions, his evident admiration for Bessie, and the mysterious letter he had slipped into Tillie's hand at parting.

Much as Dinah believed in predestination, she would not have liked to acquiesce in any foregone decree that would have brought Mr. Butler any nearer to her. He was of a kind of people different from what she had been accustomed to, and an antipathy to him seemed to have taken possession of her mind; yet if she had been called on to give a reason for disliking him, she would have been unable to do so. One thing she was sure of: she would

not be content to think that it was designed he was to be her brother-in-law, or her cousin-in-law. It provoked her more than she would care to acknowledge that he would keep intruding himself into her thoughts, when there was no earthly reason why she should think of him in that connection at all. What could he possibly be to her, or to them—a mere acquaintance of a day ; still he seemed to have got into her mind and to be determined to keep his place there.

"Do you know what Mr. Butler was telling me to-night, Matilda?" asked Bessie.

"It would be hard for me to tell," said Tillie, lightly.

"The Dane Clermont congregation has given your father a call."

"Father had some expectation of that kind before I came away, but I did not know that it was an accomplished fact. I suppose, from what father said, that he intends to accept."

"Of course he will accept, and then we shall be almost neighbors. I am so glad."

"I shall be very sorry to leave Portglenone ; I was very contented there. My mind shrinks from the thought of coming to Dane Clermont, although I am very glad to think that I will be nearer to my relatives. I have a nervous dislike of what the Americans call pulling up stakes, or moving. I remember when I was a little thing how I fretted and cried after we left Mayo to come to Portglenone. I still feel a longing after western woods and waters that were once familiar to my childish feet."

When the girls got home, and Patsy had taken the horse, and Mrs. Livingstone had reproved them for staying so late, Dinah went to see after the supper of milk stirabout,

which regularly made its appearance before bed-time at Rath Cottage.

The three girls declined supper and went upstairs. Ida said :

"Supper is impossible after Mrs. Featherstone's tea and trimmings."

"How did Roseen come to be up on the hills, mother?" Dinah asked.

"Jimmy Dunlop came for her to go up for the dancing, and I let her go on condition that she would stay at her mother's till morning," said Mrs. Livingstone. "I like to give Roseen a little pleasure when I can. She is a hard-working girl, biddable and kindly, and as honest as steel."

"She'll make a very good wife for Jimmy Dunlop," said Mr. Livingstone. "It's a pity that there's a difference of religion."

When Dinah followed the girls upstairs, she found them all in one room enjoying themselves after the manner of young girls. Tillie had the dangerous gift of mimicry, but it was seldom, and only in strict privacy, that she exercised it. Dinah found her busy entertaining her audience of two with her peculiar talent. Ida was perched upon the foot of the bed, and Bessie was at the looking-glass, brushing out her light brown hair, while Tillie was in the middle of the room, performing. Her mimicry was dumb show, perfectly silent acting, and the changes she could cause her features to assume were something astonishing. When she drew herself up and threw out her breast, with a mixture of dignity and condescension, and, with a little exaggeration, went over the actions really employed by Lord Dane Clermont at the Castle door, they did not need the charming little speech to recognize the benevolent Earl. She gave them Lord Denison's slightly supercilious

copy of his father's manner, Mr. Butler's dramatic attitude while gazing at Dane Clermont Castle, with folded arms, and all the variations in her aunt's manner, her pride in herself and her housekeeping, her fussy hospitality, pressing on them every choice thing on her table, and her eager look of questioning curiosity over their matrimonial destiny.

"Give us a little more Butler," said Ida, from her perch. "I like Mr. Butler excessively."

Tillie silently assumed Mr. Butler's manner when he said, "The Earl of Dane Clermont and I are distant relatives," and she had no need to repeat the words—the attitude suggested them.

"I admire Mr. Butler excessively," said Ida, jumping down from her perch. "I feel sick, sore, sad, and sorry, as Rose Heney says, that I was not favored by fortune with having a letter handed to me by that shapely brown hand, in such a delightfully secret manner. There was an air of desperation about the action that is above imitation. It said plainly, 'Here, cruel fair one, is the offer of my hand and my heart. Refuse this offer, trample on it if you are callous enough. I am reckless, I care not who sees my love and my despair.'"

It was ridiculous to see the little one putting on the high tragedy air supposed to befit Mr. Butler when delivering these sentiments.

"That is what he said, in effect, Miss Tillie, when he delivered that mysterious communication," said Ida, getting back to her perch.

"Oh! the paper he gave me," said Tillie. "It is such a pity to destroy an infant romance. I had forgotten it, but I suppose I shall have to read it publicly for the benefit of the rest."

"Sacrilege of the basest kind," said Ida, pretending to look horrified.

"It is unfortunately a company concern. Bessie has a share in it, and I cannot lay any special claim to it. It is a remembrance of one evening when Bessie was at our place last September, when she made the acquaintance of our dark hero. Bessie, Sallie Adams and I went boating with Mr. Butler for about an hour or so, and he has been celebrating the event in verse. As we have not seen him since, he takes the first opportunity of submitting this production to my critical eyes, according to standing orders. I should not wonder if he went for it purposely before coming to Dane Clermont. Here it is ; listen, all of you :

SAILING DOWN THE BANN.

"Well and truly I remember
That sweet eve of eves,
When in mellow brown September,
'Neath the willow leaves,
Three fair northern girls, assisted
By me, rhyming man,
Floated idly as we listed,
Sailing down the Bann.

"Derry's meadows on our starboard,
Bright with grain had grown,
And away upon our larboard
Smiled dear Portglenone ;
While the stream so gently bore us
Far as eye could scan,
Coot and gull swept on before us,
Sailing down the Bann.

"Beauteous was the verdure scattered
O'er the river shores,
Gleeefully the damsels chattered,
Tugging at the oars—
For the poet—do not shudder
At the ungallant plan—
Smoked his weed and held the rudder,
Sailing down the Bann.

"Soon in soft and joyous cadence,
As we swept along,
Burst there from the merry maidens
Many a tuneful song ;
And along the path the mowers,
Brown with solar tan,
Came to watch my dainty rowers
Sailing down the Bann.

"Gaily went the boat careering
O'er the silver foam,
Faithful to her pilot steering,
Soon we sighted home ;
And we wondered, undecided,
How the minutes ran ;
How too fast those moments glided,
Sailing down the Bann !

"While the tasselled willows quiver
O'er your gentle breast,
Flow thou on, oh ! noble river !
To yon distant rest.
So shall we inside the measure
Of life's gloomy span,
Catch some sunshine gleams of pleasure,
Sailing down the Bann."

"Well, the verses are not bad," said Bessie ; "they describe our sail splendidly."

"Nearly as good as if I had written them myself," said Ida, briskly.

"Can you 'string blethers up in rhyme,' Ida," asked Tillie, severely. "I should not have thought it of you, for it is a woful talent, only given to people who are failures."

"I do not know whether I can or not," said Ida. "I have never tried, I may be very good at it ; I never when I try."

Ida felt something like pleasurable disappointment, as she had been a trifle anxious. She felt a sort of protecting care over Tillie and Bessie, as if both were younger than herself, and she did not like the brilliant-eyed stranger pursuing Bessie with his luminous glances and slipping letters

into Tillie's hand. It was a relief to her to know that the letter contained only a copy of harmless, home-made verses, that any one might read.

"Now," said Tillie, turning to her, "you dear, careful cousin, you need not any more be thinking of the gipsy's warning, 'Beware of a dark man.'"

This was Tillie's way. You imagined that you had a thought hid away in the recesses of your own mind, but she would turn it up innocently and show it to you with the most amiable candor.

"What are you all laughing at?" said mother, coming in. "Did you see many ferlies to laugh at to-day?"

"They are so easily tickled," said Ida, "that I expect they will get up in the night to laugh, as the Americans say."

"Do not mind her, aunt," Tillie said. "We were laughing over some poetry that I was reading to them."

"Reading poetry at this time of night, it must be your last valentines."

"No, aunt," said Tillie, "it was descriptive poetry!"

Mrs. Livingstone was puzzled, but Tillie was a privileged person, even when she was mystifying her, so she smiled at her lovingly, with a sigh for the absent son that this per-verse Tillie could not love.

"I don't want to know bairns' secrets," she said, "but I have something to tell you. Mrs. Weston's Betty was here this evening, and brings an invitation for you all, to go up to spend the evening of to-morrow. I promised for you, and I hope you will not get quite dissipated with all this outgoing."

"Who is Mrs. Weston?" asked Ida.

"Just the nicest of all nice people. You will like her," said Bessie, with enthusiasm.

"Everybody does," said mother. "And now go to bed. Night is the time to sleep!"

Dinah followed her mother to the door, a remembrance of several unfinished tasks coming to mind, and to ask if it would not be best for her to stay at home.

"I will not make fish of one and flesh of another; you must both go," her mother said. "Roseen and I will manage finely. Now get off to bed."

When she came back Tillie had relapsed into mimicry, and was giving them Lady Harriette Denison.

"Give us some more of Mr. Butler; you do him so well," urged Ida.

It was wonderful the power Tillie had of changing the expression of her face. She seemed to be able to transform herself into the person she was imitating. Dinah always felt that this gift was a dangerous one for a minister's daughter, and she was glad to know that these fits seldom attacked her. Tillie caught the expression of Dinah's face.

"Do not be at the trouble of looking sober, Dinah," she said to her, gathering up her magnificent hair and drawing her net over it. "I will conclude this evening's performance by finishing aunt's quotation:

"Night is the time for rest!
How sweet when labors close
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose;
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed."

"Now, Dinah, carry off Bessie; young America, a share of the blankets, please; ladies of Donegal, good-night."

CHAPTER V.

SIR ARTHUR BRUCE.

" I'll readily and freely grant,
He doesna see a poor man want ;
What's no his ain he winna tak' it,
What ance he says he winna brak it ;
Aught he can lend he'll no refuse it,
Till oft his goodness is abusit ;
And rascals whiles that do him wrang,
Even that he does not mind it lang ;
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does not fail his part in either."—*Burns.*

It happened upon a day in this glad spring-time, that Mr. Livingstone went up to Bruce Hall to see Sir Arthur. Sir Arthur Bruce was proud of being his own man of business, his own agent, and of being accessible at all times to the humblest of his tenants. He had an especial regard for Mr. Livingstone. When the remote ancestor of Sir Arthur Bruce, who was an undertaker in the days of the Plantation of Ulster, took possession of the great estate, granted to him on condition that he would plant it with men, to repair the havoc made by cruel wars and crueller confiscations, an ancestor of Alexander Livingstone was one of his planted tenants. Since that time, through all the years that a Bruce had reigned at Bruce Hall, there had been a Livingstone among the tenantry. Sir Arthur was a man who set great store by ties of long descent and faithful connection. He was very clannish, and some people said that, on account of his name, he fancied himself a sort of Highland chief (he never would have imagined

himself the head of an Irish sept) and his tenants were his clan ; and truly they did like and honor him.

Mr. Livingstone and he being both rigid Presbyterians, was another tie between them. On the rare occasions when Mr. Livingstone went to Bruce Hall he was received with a consideration and kindness more like friendship than is often seen between landlord and tenant.

Bruce Hall, as to the front, looked lonely and uninhabited, for, as Colonel Bruce preferred to spend his time in London or some place abroad, his father kept up no sort of state. Mr. Livingstone knew well where to find him, and followed the gravel walk to the side door, which admitted to a cosy room, half office, half sitting-room, where Sir Arthur spent most of his time, and where he was accustomed to receive his tenants. Mr. Livingstone found Sir Arthur sitting in his leathern arm-chair before the fire. He was a little, old man, with curly grey hair, and a kind, pleasant face, with a tinge of red on it like an autumn apple.

"Is this you, Sandy?" he asked. "Take a seat, man; not there, come over here by the fire. What shall it be—a glass of wine or a drop of Innishowen? It's chill the night."

"Do not trouble yourself, Sir Arthur," said Mr. Livingstone; "a bit of business between us two does not need anything to make it run smoothly."

"That is very true, Sandy, but we shall have in a drop of the native for all that," said Sir Arthur, rising to ring the bell.

"At no hand, Sir Arthur," said Mr. Livingstone, "at no hand, ring for anything for me. I'm not in the habit of taking anything, thank you all the same, Sir Arthur."

"You're not pledged against it, are you? I'll not be-

lieve that—I'll not believe that Sandy Livingstone, whom I have known man and boy, would be the man

"To twist his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain
Out owre a glass o' whiskey punch
Wi' honest men,"

"and if you're not pledged, man, a glass of toddy you shall drink with me to-night."

"Peopie are beginning to have doubts about drink in any form, Sir Arthur," said Mr. Livingstone, slowly. "I'm not pledged yet, by any means, but I might be before all's done."

"Aye, aye, people are still getting up something new, one notion after another. I'm too old and set in my ways to take up with new-fangled ideas," said Sir Arthur, decidedly.

"If they are right, Sir Arthur?"

"There is nothing wrong about a glass of toddy," said Sir Arthur. "Why, that Father Matthew movement, that people still make so much of, was just a political dodge to back Dan O'Connell in his opposition to the government by lessening the revenue."

"If people would quit drinking to excess, even as a political dodge, it would be a great blessing to the country," said Mr. Livingstone.

"Well, I'm free to confess that excess is a bad thing, but neither of us is given to it, and we can prove it now, for here comes the toddy."

Over a small glass of the toddy, taken merely to please Sir Arthur, Mr. Livingstone mentioned his business. He had found the store getting too small for his trade, and he proposed enlarging the premises and building a storehouse at the back, if Sir Arthur would give him the additional

ground, so that he might have an entrance from the river side.

"I'd rather give it to you than to another," said Sir Arthur. "A Bruce has been landlord to a Livingstone for some generations now, and they have learned to trust one another. We shall make the matter all right for you. And so you are getting on well, Sandy ; going to pull down your barns and build greater ? You are a prosperous man, and I'm glad to hear it. I like to see my tenants do well—their prosperity is my prosperity." After a little, he said, "And so Dane Clermont has come home to Donegal again, and his tenants are wild with delight over it, as usual. He is the most popular landlord hereabout."

"Yes, the people make him very welcome when he comes," said Mr. Livingstone. "They are very fond of him, and take every means in their power to show it. The Irish are easily pleased and very grateful for kindness. I do not know but that a little of their enthusiasm would make a good addition to our cooler Scotch temperament, and, maybe, some of our coolness would improve theirs."

"I do not know," he added, "that I could join them in welcoming the Earl as they do. My Scotch blood is not so easily warmed up as to show enthusiasm in that manner. I think very highly of the Earl. He is a good landlord, and they are right in thinking much of him—but this drawing home I do not quite go in with."

"In what do you think Dane Clermont a good landlord ?" asked Sir Arthur, with a smile, taking a leisurely sip of his toddy.

"Well," said Mr. Livingstone, "he encourages his tenants to improve their places, and they are doing it ; he feels kindly towards them, and he shows it. In the end, of course, he will not be a loser."

"You are right, Sandy, he is no loser. Why, man, he is doubling and trebling the value of his property, without one penny of expense. I do not know," he added, slowly, "that I consider Dane Clermont an exceptionally good landlord."

"How is that, Sir Arthur?" Mr. Livingstone enquired, for he was more than surprised at such a statement.

"Why, man, unless he thinks that he will live forever, he knows well that his people will be at the mercy of his successor. He is giving them, positively, no guarantee that will secure to them the fruits of their toil and expenditure. No, I do not think that Dane Clermont is doing right by his people," said Sir Arthur, decidedly.

He sank into silence and looked into the fire, in a dreaming fashion, as if his thoughts had wandered away from the Earl and his tenantry.

"Who knows," said he, rousing himself after a little, "what manner of man may succeed him—a wise man or a fool, a kindly one or a tyrant. No, Dane Clermont is not doing right by his people."

When Sir Arthur spoke of the uncertainty of the future, of no man knowing whether a wise man or a fool would succeed Dane Clermont, Mr. Livingstone suspected that his thoughts had wandered to his own son. Everyone knew that Sir Arthur's only living son was leading a wild, reckless life away in London, and draining his father's purse to supply his wasteful extravagance. Mr. Livingstone felt for him the sympathy that one father can feel for another, and he believed that difference of rank was no bar to human sympathy, or at least that it ought not to be.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Arthur," he said, willing to recall him from bitter thoughts, "does not the Ulster Custom protect tenants from injustice?"

"The Ulster Custom is custom, not law ; I do not think it will stand the test of law. But even if it were law, as matters stand, men could evade it. I have heard the question ably discussed lately. You know, Sandy, when the little pipkin strives with the iron pot, it is the pipkin that comes to the wall. As Robbie Burns sings :

"When self the wavering balance shakes,
'Tis rarely right adjusted."

"There are a good many new men coming into the country, getting their names put down on the roll of the gentry—men of commercial ideas—which is Anglo-Saxon for greed, the crying sin of this age. The Encumbered Estates Court is not an unmixed good ; it may turn out an unmixed evil. These men's ideas of profit and loss, of cutting things fine, will spread. I foresee hard times and troublous times in the near future, Sandy. An old man must think of himself, for time grows short. I will soon be giving an account of my stewardship, but before I go I will leave my tenants, who have built and improved, in no man's power. I will give a Fee Farm Grant to every man who has built a house at his own cost on my town property, which will secure him from possible injustice."

"I am sure your tenants have reason to feel grateful to you, Sir Arthur," said Mr. Livingstone, earnestly.

"Possibly they will be when my head is laid low. When another king arose who knew not Joseph it made a difference, you know."

"Have you heard from Alick ?" he asked, suddenly.

"Yes," Mr. Livingstone answered, "we had a letter a few days ago."

"Alick is sure to make his way wherever he goes. Your sons are fine steady boys," said the baronet, sadly.

"They have had to work, Sir Arthur. It is well that they bear the yoke in their youth."

"They were 'marked to grace,' as the beggars say," said Sir Arthur, with a dreary smile; "but I do believe that labor is better for boys than riches."

Sir Arthur sank into silence, looking dreamily into the fire, and Mr. Livingstone rose to take his leave. Sir Arthur roused himself to say that the matter of the Fee Farm Grant would be attended to immediately; and stretching out his hand, with a visible effort, said:

"You are more like a friend than a tenant to me, Sandy, and we have a hope in common in a covenant-keeping God. When you go in to the King with your own petition, will you remember me then?"

This very unexpected plea was so peculiar and so solemn that Alexander Livingstone felt awed and touched. He came home under the influence of strong feeling, wrapped up in deep thought. He had cause to be thankful, for his sons were steady and well doing, while Colonel Bruce, according to universal rumor, was conducting himself worse than ever. It was well known that he had deserted his ill-used young wife, who had come back to live at Bruce Hall. "Pretty, winsome Lucy," Sir Arthur had called her to Mr. Livingstone at the time of their marriage. She had been Lucy Somers, Major Somers' daughter, and when Colonel Bruce married her—to please his father, some said—she was counted as pretty and sprightly a young lady as any in the county. But the wedding bells had scarcely ceased ringing when her pretty face was bedewed with tears. Mr. Livingstone fancied she had been sitting with Sir Arthur when he entered, for he had heard a rustling of silk, as of some one leaving the room.

News had come from London that Colonel Bruce had

taken up with a handsome woman there, and that she was helping him to spend his fortune royally, while his poor young wife was crying her eyes out down in Donegal.

When Mr. Livingstone returned home he was so quiet and *distract* that his wife and daughters remarked it. Dinah said there was a solemnity about him as if it were Sabbath or sacrament time, and he had put away earth's cares and duties for a season. The family had observed these fits of abstraction several times lately, and felt concerned.

"Did Sir Arthur not fall in with your offer, good man?" enquired Mrs. Livingstone.

"I have ever found Sir Arthur a reasonable and a just man," he answered, "and he met me more than half way. He offered, of his own free will, to give me a Fee Farm Grant of the stance of my buildings, so that we cannot be disturbed in our possession as long as we pay the rent, nor can the rent be raised on us in consequence of any outlay which I may feel compelled to make in the interest of the business."

"I thought the Ulster Custom was protection enough," said Mrs. Livingstone.

"Sir Arthur does not think so, and, when I consider it, there have been cases, but not just here, where it has not proved a protection against oppression. There is no harm in having assurance doubly sure, especially when it is his own offer."

"When you got along so well with your errand, why are you so 'dowie and wae'?" asked his wife, smiling.

"I was thinking of Sir Arthur himself. He has been aging fast lately, and seems breaking up. I misdoubt that the Colonel's wild life is a sore heartbreak to him. Mind this, children," he said solemnly, looking round at the girls and Charlie, "the Scriptures come true ever and always :

'A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.' "

He said no more, but sat pondering deeply over the strange request that his landlord had made of him, and how near it had brought them together in spirit. Truly, he thought, God has made us of one blood, and on one level of need do our spirits stand before Him.

Mr. Livingstone received the Fee Farm Grant from Sir Arthur, according to promise, but he never saw him again until he went with all the other tenants, with sore hearts, to take a last look at his face as he lay in his coffin. He was found dead in bed, having passed away in his sleep, apparently without pain or struggle, for his face was placid and smiling, like a child's asleep on its mother's breast. He had slipped away from care and trouble, bitter disappointment and gloomy forebodings, into the merciful presence of God.

Of course, Colonel Bruce became Sir William now, and succeeded to the property. He came down to the Hall to attend the funeral, and seemed a good deal cut up.

"His sorrow is not of the kind that worketh repentance ; it does not draw him nearer to his poor deserted wife," said Mr. Livingstone to his wife.

The Colonel's discarded wife was now the Lady Lucy Bruce, but her new title did not seem to comfort her much. She sorrowed for Sir Arthur, who was her best friend, as one who would not be comforted.

After a few weeks the Colonel went away again to his wild life, leaving one Captain Allen in charge of the estate.

This agent was instructed to raise money out of the estate as best he could, for money Sir William must have.

"Poor man ! money is his great necessity and his great curse," said Mr. Livingstone, who rejoiced to know that the

deserted wife was so far provided for by Sir Arthur's will as to be independent of her profligate husband.

"He is not a pleasant man to look at, that Captain Allen," was Ida Livingstone's verdict against the new agent at Bruce Hall. "How common the wine-colored face is among your gentry! If the poorer people drink as heavily as is laid to their charge, it must affect them differently, for you very seldom see a red face among them, while with the upper class it is very different."

"Oh," said Charlie, "they take their liquor in half-glass doses, spread over market and fair days, and the effects of one dose is gone before another overtakes it. Captain Allen can afford more liquor and of a richer quality, so small blame to his face for being red."

"There is more to his face than the color," said Ida. "His cheeks seem to have been put on wrong side up, the baggy ends hanging over jaws like a mastiff's, and he has great rims of black eyebrows over fierce grey eyes; and he scowls so! He must have practised that scowl for years to have it look so natural."

"You don't flatter Captain Allen much," said Charlie. "I only wish he heard your description of him. It would delight him."

There was a good deal of truth in Ida's very ferocious description of the Captain, who was soon well but not favorably known over all the country side. "I can manage these people," was his constant boast. "These people" meant the peaceable tenants of the Bruce estate. His method of management was by browbeating and bullying, to enforce a system of extortion and robbery. Many of the intended Fee Farm Grants had been completed and issued; others were drawn up, waiting for Sir Arthur's signature. It is needless to say that they never were completed.

Very soon the agent was heard of as going over the estate with a valuator of his own choosing, preparatory to raising the rent. The time was chosen when spring verdure made everything look its best. It was his duty—what he got the management of the estate to accomplish—to raise money for the pressing wants of his employer. The necessities of his master might have made the excuse for extortion, for being blind to the improvements wrought by the tenants at their own expense, and for being deaf to any remonstrance against glaring injustice, but the profanity and insolence indulged in was a gratuitous addition of his own. Every remonstrance was met by a volley of oaths and a torrent of abuse, and the Fee Farm Grants given by Sir Arthur, as his last act, were a never failing source of bitter irritation to him.

Rumors of new office rules, known only by their effects, flew through the country. Many a poor man, suddenly forced into liabilities he never dreamed of, came into Mr. Livingstone's shop, begging for a little time in which to pay his debts there, because he had to make up so much more than usual "for Captain Allen, bad luck to him." In this way, numerous complaints against the new order of things, came to Mr. Livingstone's ears. The absent Sir William spent his wealth in the far country like any other prodigal, requiring his agent to provide the money by any means his skill and ingenuity could devise. The people, being accustomed to kindness and fair dealing, began complaining among themselves; but on all sides there was much sympathy for the forsaken wife, who wept lonely tears in the desolate Hall.

Sir William's spendthrift ways, his neglect of every duty of a landlord, leaving his people entirely to the tender mercies of Captain Allen, recalled to Mr. Livingstone's mind

Sir Arthur's gloomy forebodings on that last night on which he talked with him. What he said then indicated that he foresaw this state of affairs as possible, and led him in some measure to guard against it. What he might have done further was unfortunately stopped by his sudden death.

Reports continued coming down from London, of Sir William's losses at cards, losses on the turf, and losses by other equally iniquitous means, and the tenants knew well that they were but forerunners of fresh efforts to squeeze more money out of them. Too well did they realize the fact that they were only toilers, who must provide for the landlord's extravagant and riotous living.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. WESTON.

"And so she sits in the eventide,
In the patience of God without a tear ;
She has suffered sore, been tempted and tried—
But earth is shut out and Heaven is near."

Mrs. Weston, with whom the young ladies were to spend an evening, lived in a cosy cottage on the other side of Ramelton. She lived on her private means, an annuity, it was believed, and had always enough and to spare, and she did spare a great deal. She was a friend, adviser, and peacemaker as far as her limited world extended. Her face was a pleasant one ; in her girlish days it must have been fair to look upon. There was an expression of great peace, and a patient waiting for something, in her countenance. She was blind, and perhaps the deprivation of sight produced that look of calm expectancy. Her dark eyes had a mournful look, but no one would have imagined that light had gone out of them forever.

She went about the house, knitted and sewed, almost the same as if she were in possession of sight, and her other faculties were, it was believed, preternaturally sharpened as if to counterbalance her irreparable loss. She had come to Ramelton and rented a cottage some years ago, and had grown to be one of the people almost imperceptibly. She was waited upon, petted and guarded, and ruled over by an elderly maidservant.

It was always pleasant for Dinah and Bessie Livingstone to spend an evening with Mrs. Weston, as they were on the

most friendly terms with her ; but it so happened that she had never met Matilda Simson. The present invitation, therefore, was chiefly for her and the Canadian cousin. It was considered quite a distinction to be acquainted with Mrs. Weston. The Rector was seen stopping at her door, the Presbyterian Minister called on her, the Parish Priest was on friendly terms with her. True, there was some mystery about her, but as she was financially independent the little spice of mystery added to rather than detracted from the privilege of her friendship.

It was a day of rare sunshine when the four girls went up to spend the evening in Mrs. Weston's company. The whole congregation of rooks that blackened the trees on the ridge, beyond the Lannon, were busy and noisy ; and the gulls were enjoying themselves after their own peculiar manner. The sky was blue and bright, contrasting with the soft piles of snowy fleeces, shorn from cloudland, that lay in masses scattered over the blue floor of Heaven. A boat was being loaded at the quay, with all the quietness of perfect leisure. The girls turned up the narrow street leading to the church. People came to the cottage doors and looked after them as they passed, and remarked on Matilda's beauty and Ida's foreign looks, telling one another how the beauty's father was to be Presbyterian minister of Dane Clermont, and related anecdotes of the kindness and helpfulness of the little one, who had come all the way "from over the say her lief alone." The little children stopped playing and stared at Ida, who smiled back at them when she heard the loud whisper, "there's the American lady." The great difficulty was to get Ida along, she was so full of curiosity, and stopped so often to look at the commonest sights. She became so interested in watching a man who was doing nothing more wonderful

than thatching a cottage, that they had to threaten to leave her to get her away from the sight. Mrs. Weston's cottage was fortunately the next point of observation, and it seemed as if in her admiration for the outside she would forget to go in, at least till any number of wondering questions were answered.

Mrs. Weston's cottage was long and low, rough-cast and whitewashed, with climbing shrubs creeping over the front and peeping in at the windows. A grand elm grew on the road near the door, which Mrs. Weston called her household tree. A small hall ran lengthwise through the house, with a door on either hand, one opening into the room where Mrs. Weston usually sat, and the other into the best parlor, where she received her company. Behind the hall was the snuggest of kitchens, presided over by the old maidservant. She it was who opened the door and marshalled them up-stairs to a bedroom very trim and very neat, which gave one the odd sensation that it was always ready for some one who was expected. Climbing roses stood on tiptoe to look in at the little dormer-windows, and the thrushes built and sang among the apple trees in the garden.

"This is perfectly lovely," said Ida, throwing off her hat and getting down by the dormer-window to look over the tiny orchard and kitchen garden, with its separating hedge, and arched entrance of greenery, down to the summer house at the farther end of the little territory.

They had to moderate Ida's transports and get her down stairs to be introduced to Mrs. Weston, who rose and came to meet them a step or two, singling out Bessie and Dinah, as if she had possession of her sight.

"These are my old friends, and you are very welcome, my dears," she said, in her sweet, low voice, that had a

lingering cadence of the southern tone ; "but where are my new friends?"

They put Ida's hand in hers, saying "this is our cousin from Canada, Ida Livingstone."

She took Ida's hand softly in one of hers and laid the other upon her head with a caressing motion, while a sort of examining smile came over her face. "You know I have only the eyes of my mind to see with. I think you are sweet and bright, a Canadian bobolink ! Is that it?"

"This is our other cousin, from Portglenone, Matilda Simson," said Dinah, bringing her forward.

Mrs. Weston took her by the hand, put her other hand on her head, then drew it softly over her face. Tillie seemed to expand under the soft scrutiny of her touch, and blushed with pleasure.

"Were you born in Portglenone, *mo colleen dhas?*" asked Mrs. Weston, holding her hand, as if she had forgotten to let it go.

"No, Mrs. Weston," said Matilda, softly, "I was born in Mayo ; my father was a missionary minister there before he came to Portglenone, and my dear mamma died there."

"Ah, then, you are motherless, my wild Rose of Mayo. There are childless mothers who would be thankful for just such a daughter. It is strange ; I thought of Mayo as soon as I touched your hand. Did you ever see the waters of Clew Bay?"

"Yes, Mrs. Weston, I have played on the sands at Old Head more than once."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Weston, reflectively, leading Tillie to a seat beside her, still keeping hold of her hand, while Tillie's face was radiant with pleasure at the touch of the blind woman and the soft sound of her voice.

"This is a severe case of love at first sight, or rather at

first meeting," said Ida, in an aside to Bessie. After events proved that this meeting made Tillie and Mrs. Weston friends forever.

"Were you ever in Mayo, Dinah?" said Mrs. Weston.

No, Dinah had never been in Mayo. She did not feel it necessary to add that Mayo, from the reports she had heard of it, was to her imagination a wild, barren place, inhabited by turbulent people, always ready to get up a rebellion or a row.

"Well, this," said Mrs. Weston, relinquishing Matilda's hand and patting her on the shoulder, "this is a specimen of the flora of Mayo."

"And how do you like Ireland, Miss Ida? How does it compare with Canada?" she asked, turning to Ida.

"I like what I have seen of it—the country is perfectly beautiful. I always heard that Ireland was a lovely country, carpeted with green, and enamelled with flowers, but I feel like the Queen of Sheba—the half was not told me," said Ida, with her usual enthusiasm.

"You have Irish blood, my dear, that leaps at the touch of the sod," said Mrs. Weston, with a smile, "and your Canadian skies have not been able to chill it. And the people; how do you like them?"

"I like them very much, as far as I have seen them; but I cannot help wishing that the rich were not quite so rich and the poor not quite so poor."

"Many people wish that, my dear," said Mrs. Weston, kindly. "That has been a problem for ages, but no royal cure has been found for that state of things, since the world began."

"Except Christianity" interposed Tillie, quietly.

"Yes, Tillie, the religion of the New Testament would do it, if it was not mixed with anything else," said Ida.

"What has put such thoughts into such a young head?" Mrs. Weston enquired.

"We have been up to Aunt Featherstone's," Dinah explained.

"I know," nodded Mrs. Weston, "and what then?"

"We saw the tenants drawing home the Earl of Dane Clermont, and Ida did not think the tenants who did the drawing were clothed in purple and fine linen, and they did not look like faring sumptuously every day," said Matilda.

"I did think," said Ida, "that there was a wide distance between my lord in his carriage and the peasants."

"In their corduroys," supplemented Tillie, gravely.

"Well, yes, that is about it," acknowledged Ida.

"You have got into deep matters," said Mrs. Weston.

"You are beyond my depth, already, and I think if my ears do not deceive me that a special providence is coming. Look, Dinah, my dear, is not that Dr. Cameron's step at the door?"

Yes, it was Dr. Cameron's step, and he soon was among them. He came in with the familiarity of a privileged friend, and was introduced to Ida, whom he had not met before.

Dr. Cameron was the new minister. He had come in the place of old Mr. Linton, who had been minister in Ramelton for more years than the young people could remember, and who had married fathers and mothers, and baptized bairns, for many years. He had lately gone the way of all flesh, and Dr. Cameron came to fill the vacancy. He was very learned and very popular; pleasant, too, and the young people liked him well; although the elder ones could never quite put him in the place of Mr. Linton. His dark face, with its heavy brows, was a welcome sight to the homes of his people. He was drawn to Mrs. Weston by

the same attraction that drew the rest of the neighbors. He became interested in Ida as soon as he was introduced to her, and drew his chair near hers and commenced enquiring about life in Canada, in the most friendly manner. He talked of Canada, to Ida's great amusement, as if it were a place of perpetual snow and ice. He had her explain about sleighing, coasting, tobogganing and snow-shoeing, and they were all interested in her answers as well as Dr. Cameron. Then, of course, he asked how she liked Ireland.

"The country is wonderfully beautiful," said Ida.

"Miss Ida thinks that there is a wide, too wide, difference between the people who are rich and the people who are poor," said Mrs. Weston. "She has a good many whys and wherefores on her mind, and we were wishing to lay the problem before you, as gentlemen of your cloth are presumed to know more about such things than we do."

"My dear young lady," said Dr. Cameron, smiling benignly on Ida, as a pretty child that needed humoring more than enlightening, "we must always bear in mind that the rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all—that is the divine ordinance. Our Lord himself said, 'the poor have ye always with you.'"

Ida looked puzzled and said: "I know that is in the Bible; I always believed it; but the poor with us do not look like the poor here. Homespun looks better and more comfortable than corduroy. Our poor people live better, dress better, ever so much better, and are more thought of than the poor people here are."

"Your country is a new country," said Dr. Cameron, "and land is plentiful and cheap; that makes all the difference."

"It is the people who are cheap here," said Ida.

"Pooh ! pooh !" said the Doctor, cheerily, "do not talk such gloomy stuff, my dear child. The poor people here are much better off than in the West or South, and there they are better off now than they were thirty years ago. Why, when I was in the West, and when I was younger than I am now, I saw plenty of human habitations that were really but holes in the bog. I have seen the inmates crawling out like dogs."

"But, dear sir, this is a Christian country," said Ida, quickly, tears coming into her eyes. "Our common Christianity should have prevented or remedied such a dreadful state of affairs as that."

"They have been remedied in a measure," said Dr. Cameron ; "they are being remedied, slowly, it is true, but surely, and constitutionally."

"A great many of our people are unfortunately too much addicted to drink and its consequent idleness. This is the true cause of much of the poverty that offends your eyes. Still, you have seen much to admire, I suppose, or are our landscapes quite inferior to yours?"

"We have lovely landscapes in Canada, but I think Ireland very beautiful."

"Have you taken your cousin through Dane Clermont Park, Dinah?" said the Doctor, turning to her quickly.

"We were down along the Bay and through the plantation to the castle the day the Earl came home. We have not yet driven all through the park ; we will have that another day," said Dinah, in reply.

"It is a magnificent park, Miss Ida," said the Doctor. "Every corner of it is worth seeing. I suppose you have magnificent parks in Canada?"

"Yes," said Ida, "I have seen magnificent parks in Canada, but they were of nature's making, and owned by

nobody in particular. When the fire sweeps over a tract of country, often the second growth of trees are as prettily arranged as if done by a landscape gardener. I never knew any one in Canada rich enough to have a park for a private pleasure ground. Wages are too high to afford men to keep it in order."

"We have the advantage here in the laborers not being few," said the doctor, smiling.

"That is good for the parks but bad for the laborers," said Ida, decidedly.

"I would not like to live in a country that had no parks, no grand country seats, no men of wealth to patronize great undertakings, or men of leisure to give themselves to thought and endeavor, science and scientific research, culture and art," said the Doctor, with decision. He thought a little and then resumed: "It seems paltry in any country not to have any of those glorious old places that are historical landmarks and monuments of a great past."

"It is bad for any land where its humanity gets cheaper than its real property. We of Canada are making our history now, and we hope to have a cleaner record than the older countries can show. Our peasantry are independent yeomen, who are not in bondage to any landlord, and do not fear the face of man," said Ida, with her head erect.

While Ida was speaking so freely to the Doctor, who regarded her with an amused expression, she looked more like a bird than ever. "She made me think of a wren, with its feathers up," said Matilda, afterwards.

"So," said the Doctor, smiling at her, "you think Canada the land of promise."

"I think it the land of promise for the poor man," said Ida, bravely. I hope it will fulfil Burns' lines :

'A virtuous populace shall rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around the much loved Isle,'

It is not an isle, but a large country ; but the lines, I hope, will be a prophecy for it."

"I like you to stand up for your country, Miss Ida," said the Doctor, "but I would not like to live in any country where all stand on a dead level."

"Our people do not stand on a dead level ; many are rich, many are cultured, but they have no power to oppress the rest," said Ida, "or to keep them fenced up in a class by themselves to stay there."

"You think it is different here," said the Doctor, in an amused tone.

"I am sure it is different here," said Ida, decisively.

Mrs. Weston had a certain timidity of manner—a horror of anything like a decided difference of opinion—and was always ready to say something apologetic for any one who had opinions that differed from those generally received. She now said, in her gracious voice :

"Many things in any country strike a stranger differently from the way the same things appear to those always accustomed to them. I see how Canada differs from Ireland by the very things Miss Ida has noticed first."

The maid came to say that tea was served, and they adjourned to the other room, where lighter chat and merry sayings took the place of comparisons between the two countries. Dinah thought of Mr. Butler's jeer at the Dane Clermont tenantry and of Ida's Canadian ideas, until she acknowledged to herself that she had thought lately, of rich and poor, landlord and tenants, Ireland as compared with other countries, more than she had ever done before.

After tea, Dr. Cameron talked of ancient Ireland, and,

being somewhat of an antiquarian, he told Ida of various points in Donegal that were historically worth seeing.

He took courteous leave shortly afterward, and the young ladies soon followed him. Mrs. Weston, as she bade Ida good-by, told her to come often and without formality to see her, saying: "I like girls who are young and foolish enough to have strong opinions, and I love the lovers of our own holy Ireland." After the girls had left the door she called Matilda back for a few more last words. Ida and Bessie had gone on, hand in hand, chatting and laughing like children; Dinah walked along after them, waiting for Matilda to come up. The low rays of the sun were tinging with glory the mountains around Lough Swilly and painting the waters with splendor. She thought of the beauty of all God's works and of the strength of the everlasting hills, until, waking up with a start, she looked round to see if Matilda was coming, and saw that she had been joined by Mr. Butler. He was talking earnestly, and Tillie was passively listening. Dinah thought of waiting till they came up, the protesting motherly spirit being strong in her, but she walked on, lest waiting might seem like watching, and joined the other two ahead.

The tones of Mr. Butler's voice floated to their ears.

"What a nice voice Mr. Butler has," said Ida. "It is sweet and rich, with a sort of caressing tone coming into it now and then, as if he were making love."

"Yes," said Bessie, "but he is only making statements. I venture to say that he is talking of his beloved Ireland. He is very eloquent about her, the dear old lady."

"If he were talking to Bessie in that tone," thought Dinah, to herself, "I would be as uneasy as a peewit when a stranger is near the nest"; but when she remembered her late experiences with Tillie and the letter, she considered

that it was as well that it was on that invulnerable young lady he was lavishing the light of his eyes and the sweetness of his voice. Presently Mr. Butler and Matilda overtook them. There was no happy flutter in Tillie's manner, and she passed on with a slightly wearied air to join Ida and Bessie, leaving Mr. Butler to walk with Dinah.

"Miss Tillie has been telling me of the passage-at-arms between Miss Ida Livingstone and that classical idiot, Dr. Cameron," he said.

"Mr. Butler!" she said, turning to him with some of her mother's spirit, "do not speak evil of the Lord's anointed."

"I humbly beg your pardon, Miss Livingstone; I did not think of that. Do you believe that all who wear the coat of a clergyman are the anointed of the Lord?"

"It is not for me to judge, Mr. Butler. As far as I know Dr. Cameron is the anointed of the Lord to preach the gospel, and he is a learned and clever man besides."

"I was not thinking of his official position, but of the ideas that he cherishes about the land that gave him birth. You Presbyterians have no country. The Scotch will not own you, unless you do some great thing, when they will immediately claim you as of Scotch descent; otherwise you carry the reproach of Ireland along with you as much as the veriest Paddy of them all, and you have not enough nationality to glory in your country, or to feel sorry for the disabilities under which she labors."

"I have a country," said Dinah, raising her head proudly, "and I do glory in it. There is no place in all the world like Donegal to me."

"Yet you think the enthusiastically Irish man and the sinfully rebellious man as one and the same person?"

Dinah's dislike and distrust of Mr. Butler rose in her throat. Ida looked back at her with an amused smile.

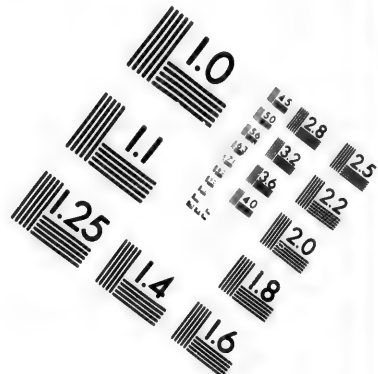
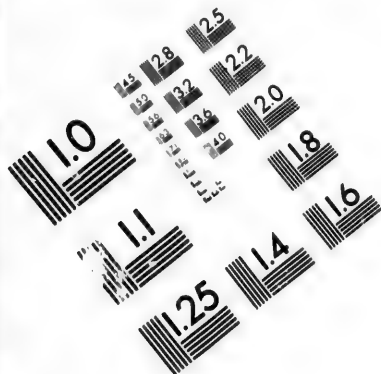
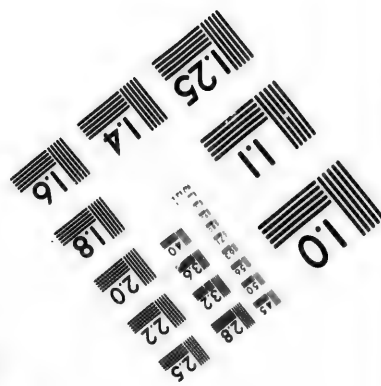
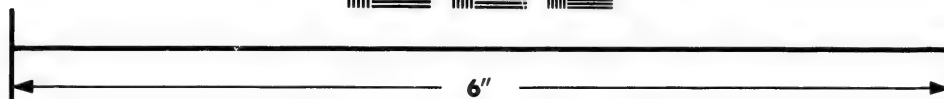
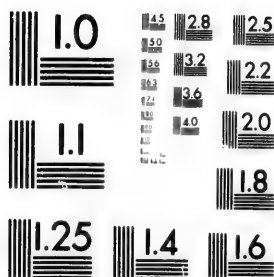


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"Come now, Miss Livingstone," he went on, "you are not a true Presbyterian, if Irish does not mean rebel and Papist in your mind."

"I have nothing but pity for the rebels of the past, and as for Papists, as you call them, I wish them to have the same justice as I want for myself."

Although Dinah felt compelled to say this, her truthful mind acknowledged that there were grounds for the accusation that Mr. Butler had made so lightly and smilingly ; not for all he had said, but for part, and separating what she thought true from what she thought false was not to be done by the *sicker* northern mind all in a minute. She was not sorry when Ida's voice came floating back, "Mr. Butler, if you have settled your Irish metaphysics, come and tell us about the hill beyond Fahan."

Mr. Butler told them of the ancient glories of the Grianen Hill, under its other name, Royal Aileach ; of the ancient queen, brought over a royal bride from Scotland, for whom it was built ; of the old stirring times, when O'Neill and O'Donnell were lords of the fair North. He told his story well, and the girls were interested and sympathetic over the vanishing—banishing, he called it—of the old race.

Bessie said that whenever she heard of old wars, she felt like using that part of the Litany that said, "Send peace in our time, O God," and felt glad that our lot had fallen on peaceful times.

"Peace is a good thing, Miss Bessie," said Mr. Butler, with his pleasant smile, "but, as Moore sings :

'We ought to love honor and virtue more.'"

They had arrived at their own gate. Mr. Butler would not be persuaded to enter, so they parted with him at the gate, Dinah feeling nearer to him in sympathy than when he was differing from Dr. Cameron's opinions.

"I wish," she said, looking after him as he went down the road, "that people who seem good and are clever did not differ so widely."

CHAPTER VII.

MY LOVE LIETH DEEP.

Too deep for swift telling ; and yet, my one lover,
I've conned thee an answer—it waits thee to-night.
By the sycamore passed he and through the white clover,
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight ;
But I'll love him more, more
Than ere wife loved before,
Be the day dark or bright.—*Jean Ingelow.*

As they neared home, Bessie was more silent than usual, and Dinah noticed that while Mr. Butler talked of the glories of Royal Aileach, he looked at her from time to time, with a tender glance, “that is,” said Dinah to herself, “if his eyes have not a trick of saying more than he is conscious of.”

When Mr. Butler had gone, and they were entering the house, Bessie pressed closer to Dinah, and even took hold of her skirt nervously, as though something had terrified her ; and yet they saw nothing worse than quiet John Coldingham, sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone.

He stood up as soon as they entered, and asked if they had seen Mr. Butler.

“He came with us to the door,” answered Dinah, “but he would not come in.”

“I must overtake him,” said John ; and he left in a hurry, merely bidding them good evening.

Dinah observed that her mother had been crying, and that Bessie had disappeared. Her mother followed Bessie up-stairs, and the others were going up also, when Mr. Livingstone called her back. She felt that something was

going to happen, and, turning quickly, asked, "Is there anything wrong, father?" with such alarm in her voice that her father smiled. It was quite a relief to her when he said :

"Did it ever strike you, Dinah, that Bessie wanted to get married?"

"Our Bessie! Not to that Mr. Butler, surely, who is almost a stranger to us," she exclaimed, with dismay.

"No," said her father, "not so bad as that. What do you think of John Coldingham? It seems they have been fond of one another ever since he went to school here, when she was only a child."

"You do not say, father, that that is what brought John Coldingham here to-night?" said Dinah, the reason of Bessie's nervousness and her mother's tears dawning upon her.

"Even so, lassie," said Mr. Livingstone, with a sigh. "It seems the lad has been thinking of this, and preparing for it, for some time. He intends building another house as soon as he is able, which the Earl will take for an office. The Earl is a kind friend to John, giving him advice like a father; and he thinks that for John to get married is the best thing he can do. John urges for an early day for the marriage, but Bessie is so young," he went on, his voice not quite steady, "so young and innocent, that it seems too bad for her to take up the burden of life so soon."

"Surely, there is no need for them to hurry," said Dinah. "One would like to get accustomed to the thought of it first."

"Well, Dinah, she must decide for herself in this matter. John is a good lad. I have known him from a child, and his people before him—as fine people as any in the

country. The Earl advises it, and as they have loved so long, and John is so eager about it, if Bessie wishes it, I do not like to go against them. I will let things take their course. 'Marry your daughter when you can,' is an old saying. There is not one objection that I can make, except her age, and if they are agreed between themselves, I do not see how I can help consenting."

"Bessie is too young, father," Dinah urged; "but eighteen, and childish for her age. John Coldingham has good taste, and a good deal of assurance to want to carry her off just when everything is so pleasant at home."

Mr. Livingstone smiled at Dinah's heat, and said dryly, "You will be flying away from the nest yourself by and by; that is in the course of nature."

In her present frame of mind Dinah did not receive this suggestion meekly. She went up-stairs without saying a word, and into her own room, where she sat down to think over the matter.

Bessie came in softly, and Dinah felt her white arms round her neck, and her fresh young face laid against her hair, with the murmur:

"Oh, Dinah, I am so happy!"

Dinah said nothing, but drew Bessie down beside her, and put her arms round her, holding her close, kissing her with raining tears, and smoothing down her shining hair. It might be selfishness, but Dinah could not feel glad just then. It just breaks up and spoils everything, she thought. But with Bessie's arms round her neck, and Bessie's soft cheek against hers, and the murmur, "Oh, Dinah, I am so happy," sounding in her ears, she felt bitter thoughts slipping away and sympathy waking up instead.

"Did you never think of this, Dinah?" she asked at last.

"Did you not know?"

"Think that John liked you, my pet? Of course I did; I knew he could not help it; but I hardly thought he would have the impudence to want to carry you off altogether. I was afraid of that young Butler, who is always pursuing you with his eyes, and was trying to guard you from him; but I never suspected quiet John."

"Mr. Butler knew that John was fond of me, and his eyes always seemed to say, 'I know all about it'; and they are such bright eyes anyway, that I was afraid of them, not of him."

"Dinah," she said, lifting her head and looking at her sister with clear, innocent eyes, "I never wanted anyone to know, but I liked John ever so long ago."

"Ever so long ago, Bessie? What a very ancient pet it is!"

"I knew that John liked me, but I never thought he loved me half so well as he does, till the day we went to Aunt Featherstone's. He said then that he would speak to father to-day. I was almost afraid to come in; I did not know what father would say; but he is not angry."

"What would he be angry for?" said Dinah, and she kissed Bessie and petted her, and saw her into bed; but she came back to her own chair by the window again, and sat there a long time. She liked John Coldingham; he was a man to be trusted, even with Bessie; but it was difficult to get her mind accustomed to the thought of parting with her, even to him. It seemed an unlucky sort of proceeding to sit there nursing trouble, when Bessie's marriage would be one of mutual love, when her father approved of it, and the Earl advised it. So, she took herself to task, shook herself together, as it were, and made up her mind to be glad, and went to bed.

John Coldingham pressed for an early day for the mar-

riage, for which he had many good and sufficient reasons to urge. He carried his point, and of course preparations for the event were commenced.

The girls were down at the shop at times picking out necessary things for the coming event. In the shop were to be heard many complaints from the customers of how things were going on under the new management of the Bruce estate. One day, when Ida and Dinah were there, some customers were talking of a Mrs. Kearney, lately widowed, who had to pay a heavy fine to the office, because the agent said that her widowhood made a change of tenancy! "A quare way of showing sympathy for the widdy," they said. They were talking of the agent in anything but flattering terms, when, according to the old proverb, in he walked. He made some purchases, got his mail, and sauntered about the shop, talking to Mr. Livingstone on various topics, and finally remarked to him, with a garnish of profanity, that the property he held yielded almost nothing to Sir William.

"It yields to Sir William all that is his," said Mr. Livingstone, quietly, "and no man has a right to more."

"I wish it did yield what Sir William has a right to expect," retorted the Captain. "This is one of the best stands for business in the town. Old Sir Arthur let everything go to the deuce with his easy good-nature, encouraging a damned set of lazy blackguards."

After a little more vapping in this style, he departed. Two of the tenants were standing at the counter; one of them said:

"I would leave any judge in the world to decide whether Captain Allen, or we three here, deserve the name he gave us, Mr. Livingstone."

"Is that a specimen of your Irish gentry, and of the

officers in Her Majesty's service?" asked Ida, when the Captain left.

"That is an exceptional case, my dear, it is to be hoped," said Mr. Livingstone, dryly. "I dare say that he can act like a gentleman when he chooses to do so."

The change in the circumstances of the tenants on the Bruce estate, brought about by a change of proprietors, the complaints of Mr. Sinclair's tenants since he became possessor, rumors of trouble in Silver Glen with Mr. Scott, the new owner, who had bought it from the impoverished Armstrong family, that had held it since confiscation times, and many things that could not be denied, or glossed over, were forcing on the minds of the Livingstone family, and on more minds than theirs, the opinion that the owners of land had too much power in their hands, whenever they were tempted to make a bad use of it. Sir Arthur Bruce used his power wisely, and it was a pity that he was not immortal, Dinah acknowledged; but when he passed away, and left his tenants to one who was an absentee, in every sense of the word, and delegated his power to an evil man, the misery he caused was greater than the good in Sir Arthur's day. "It is wonderful," she repeated, "how difficult it is to do good, and how easy it is to do evil."

But whatever trouble was among the tenants, there were mingled gladness and sadness in the Livingstone family, as the preparations went on for the wedding. Bessie's face, Ida declared privately, was more like an apple blossom than ever, and had the beginning of a smile and the dawning of a blush ever upon it.

"We have been, on the whole, as happy a family as any on the green island of Erin," said Dinah, confidentially, to Ida, "but, first Alick went away, and then William, though that never seemed anything, for Dublin is not far away, and

we seemed not to have lost him ; and now Bessie is going, and it seems as if we never could be happy again."

"I do not think you should speak in that tone, Dinah," said Ida, reprovingly. "You are a happy family, as happy as any in the world, let alone the green island of Erin ; nothing but good has ever happened to you. Alick is making his way honorably in the world, and all the better for his heart ache, I am sure ; William is doing the same in Dublin, and Bessie is making a love match that parents and friends cannot find fault with, and you are murmuring as if some evil had befallen you. I wish you had been with me to-day. Aunt wanted Roseen to go for Mary O'Neill to come and help a little, and I offered to go, because I wanted to know how Mary was getting along with the 'long' family, as she calls them. And, oh ! Dinah, they were at dinner, and their meal was only the blades of a cabbage boiled with some oatmeal. I tell you, it was thin soup. No wonder the eleven young O'Neills look like young turkeys. I gave her a few little sixpences, and oh ! the gratitude ! She insisted on going some of these days to a place where they cut turf, and gather some "yarb" she called bogbane, to have me drink to improve my health. I should think, if there was any nourishment in it, she ought to gather it for the young O'Neills. I never felt so bad in all my life as to see those hungry children, and your mother saying this was like the seven plenteous years. What would the like of them do in the famine years ?"

"They would die, as thousands upon thousands did die, in the great famine, Poor Mary ! I did not think they were so hard up as that. I must speak to mother to send something home with her to-morrow. But is she to gather the bogbane for you ?"

"I declined the bogbane, but I took my pay in stories of

the O'Neills, and the 'honorable Quigleys,' to which Mary belonged before she became an O'Neill. I wonder how these descendants of the old families feel, to be so miserably poor on the rich lands that once were their own inheritance."

"Oh! dear, they never think of it, I am sure," said Dinah.

"There you are mistaken; Mary O'Neill knows all about it, and could teach Dr. Cameron the ancient history of this country. She taught me some things, I assure you; but more than that, Dinah, she taught me to be thankful and pitiful. There is something wrong somewhere, when that creature has to work so hard for sixpence. A day's work in the fields, or over a wash-tub, would not buy her a hen, if she wanted one."

Mr. Butler came up with John Coldingham that evening, and the girls went with them to walk in the little valley by the Salmon Leap. Of course, John and Bessie strayed away by themselves. Mr. Butler recalled to Ida and Dinah the day of the primrose gathering, when he first saw Ida.

"Yes," said Ida, "when you called the Dane Clermont tenants asses for drawing the Earl."

"And I did not like the remark," said Dinah, "for it made light of the people's loyalty and the Earl's worthiness. When I see the sort of landlord Sir William is making, I hold the Earl in still higher esteem. There are few like him."

"It would be woe to Ireland, Miss Livingstone, if there were not many as kind and considerate men among her landlords as Lord Dane Clermont. There are many of them just as kind," Mr. Butler said, with a queer smile. "It is a pity they do not live forever. But now, Miss Dinah, after all, is it in accordance with Scripture for

human beings to make a lord, or a god, of one of themselves?"

Dinah laughed. "I think they can welcome a landlord with all honor, without breaking the Second Commandment."

"But they do break it," he insisted. "The Earl's tenants are more afraid of him than of their Maker."

"If they are, it is natural depravity; Lord Dane Clermont is not to blame."

"I suppose it is in our nature to make to ourselves gods to go before us. Probably that is the root of all hero worship, and loving others better than ourselves, but it is not in accord with Scripture. It is natural depravity, as you say, on the side, Miss Dinah, of both the worshippers and the worshipped. I think the slavish deference, the cringing, the bowing and scraping, is as disgraceful to the one who receives as to the one who renders the servile homage."

"It is a wonder to me, Mr. Butler, that you can stay in the Earl's employ when you hold these sentiments," said Dinah.

"Perhaps it is because I am in the Earl's employ that I indulge in the luxury of these opinions. You know, Miss Livingstone, that thought is free. If I do the Earl's work, and he pays me for it, there is no additional obligation on either side."

This was another heretical opinion, brought out to Dinah's dismay. She had always believed that loyalty on one side, and a certain amount of protection, or rather direction of all their affairs, on the other, was involved in the relations between employer and employed. She began to wonder, with the old resentful feeling, why Mr. Butler and she always got on these very distasteful topics, and

made a kind of hasty resolution to avoid him in the future. As they walked home, Ida said to Mr. Butler :

"I have one question to ask you, Mr. Butler, who know so much of Irish affairs. Where are all the merry, witty, laughing Irishmen that we read of in books? The people here seem to be so very much in earnest, poor souls, in their struggles with the gales and the cuts, that they have no time to be merry or jocular. Between the rent on the one hand, and the workhouse on the other, life seems a very serious matter to them."

"Books generally are pictures, more or less exaggerated, of what really exists. The funny characters which you read of in Irish novels are mostly servants. Like the personal attendants of the slaveholders, they make sport for their masters. Poor blind Samsons! Picturing them in stories is a kind of indirect special pleading addressed to the rule, 'No Irish need apply.' These stories say in effect: 'Oh! yes, do allow the Irish to work for you; they are funny fellows, regular walking Joe Millers. You can have your work done and have a private jester at the same time, if you only consent to let them work for you.' Irish mirth to me has always a sad note underlying it;

'A sound mid their mirth like the wind over graves.'

The squireen in the story is always the same, a Blake or a Burke, spending his revenue royally; the house servants are devoted and witty, ready to fight, lie, joke, or die, for their masters; but where are the wretched peasants who toil to supply the waste? They seem out of the reach, beyond the pale, of even sentimental interest or sympathy. If an Irishman is not witty, or has nothing but hard work that avails him little, to recommend him to notice, he is simply ignored. Irish land-owners feel that the earth is theirs and

the fulness thereof ; of small account to them is the peasant who sows what they reap, who earns what they spend. He is of no account in the universe ! ”

CHAPTER VIII.

A WIDOW'S TROUBLES.

"Pining, pinching care,
Is all the portion that she had to share."—*Jean Ingeloux*

The preparations for Bessie's marriage were going forward as quickly as possible, Dinah putting all her energies into them to atone, in a measure, for not being quite willing to part with Bessie. She bustled about—if Dinah's deliberate motions could ever, by any stretch of language, be called bustling—from parlor to kitchen, seeing to everything. Going down to the kitchen one day, she found Mrs. Murray, Patsy's mother, there. Patsy was sitting with her; and it was an uncommon occurrence to see Patsy sitting in the house during working hours.

"What is wrong, Mrs. Murray?" Dinah asked, looking from one to the other.

"There is everything wrong with me, Miss Dinah," said Mrs. Murray, with a doleful rock of her shoulders. "Mr. Sinclair has doubled the rent on me."

"Doubled your rent!" said Mrs. Livingstone, coming in at that moment. "Did you say he had doubled your rent?"

"Yes, Mrs. Livingstone, he has doubled the rent; and, God knows, we had scraping and pinching enough to make up the old rent, and now this load is put on me. God help us!"

"What will you do?" asked Dinah.

"I'll tell you what he said when he told me about the

rise in the rent. It was when I paid the last gale. I was here and got Patsy's wages to help, for the saison had been agin me. I lost a cow with the sickness, an' all this put me back. Well, I went down with the money in my hand and paid him, and he says, says he, 'Mrs. Murray, I have been revising the rents, and I have raised yours some.' Well, mother of mercy ! it was just the double of what I had been paying ; and he says, 'You're not putting labor enough on your farm to make it pay, Mrs. Murray.' 'Sure we're puttin' the toil of our lives into it, your honor,' says I, 'an' what more can we do ? The two boys and myself, it's the born slaves that we are, working and toiling night and day, your honor, to make ends meet, an' they won't meet for all our striving.' 'There's no fear of the ends not meeting, an' lapping over,' says he, 'if you work as you should. The best manure that can be put on a place,' says he, 'is to salt it down well with rent. That is what makes lazy people exert themselves. There's John Kane, since his rent has been raised, he's working like a man, and I have no doubt saving money.' When I heard that, what could I say ? for I knew about John Kane and how the salt worked with him. I knew how he made up the last gale. He had to part with his best cow, an' push off the flax when the market was that low he didn't get the price of seed and labor for it, an' sould the potatoes out of the childer's mouths, and they have to do with the yellow male stirabout, an' if they only had enough of that ! An' to make up the cut, he had to put his new frieze coat in pawn, an' it's doubtful if ever he gets it out again. That's what the saltin' done with him ! So I said never a word, but 'what am I to do, your honor, me that's a poor widdy woman ?' 'You have a son at Livingstone's,' says he, short like, 'he'd be more worth at home than staying there ; bring him home,'

says he, 'an' drain the low field, an' manure it well ; buy some guano for it, an' the differ in the crop,' says he, 'will pay the increase of the rent aisy. I know well by the look of his eye that he manes mischief, but I am helpless to read him, and helpless to defend myself agin him. If I'm to plaze him, I'm to take Patsy home at a minute's warnin', that's his orders. This low field is to be brought in, an' there's no help for it ; an' if we were sure of having a penny to ourselves for the slavery of it, it would be the less matter."

"Why, Mrs. Murray," said Dinah, "it's worth more than £30 an acre to drain and lime that field, not to speak of guano at all."

"That's what your father said to me down at the shop ; but if it costs our heart's blood it must be done, or we will lose the roof over our heads," said Mrs. Murray.

"His grandfather was put out of the place his people had made when he got behind in the great scarcity, an' he begun the world again on this houldin', an' saw his ould place, after all his toilin', put undher grass. I'm sore misdoubting that the same will be the end of this, after we've brought in the low field."

Ida came into the kitchen while they talked. She knew Mrs. Murray, having met her before, and being, as Dinah said, the readiest ever she saw to become friends with strangers.

Dinah said to her : "Mrs. Murray has come to take Patsy away, Ida."

"Patsy must not go home, Mrs. Murray," said Ida, turning to her. "We cannot do without him, and you have two more boys ; what are they about ?"

"Johnny and Tom have been working for his honor, Mr. Sinclair, on duty work, this last week. He's so unaisy in

his mind, Miss Dinah," she said, turning to her, "that it's best to do anything we're asked, rather than anger him."

"What is duty work?" inquired Ida, to whom the term was new, appealing to Dinah for information.

"Duty work," she explained, "is work exacted gratuitously from the people as a compliment to the landlord."

"Oh! I know what you mean," said Ida, brightening up. "It's a 'Bee.'"

"What do you mean by a 'Bee,' Ida?" enquired Mrs. Livingstone.

"A 'Bee' is a gathering of men to the help of a neighbor who has some great job to do, like building a barn, or a house, or something of that kind. The neighbor who is helped makes them a feast, and they have music and dancing in the evening."

"This is a little different," said Mrs. Livingstone. "Duty work is tenants performing gratuitous labor for their landlord, supposed to be from good will; but he does not feast them, or entertain them with music or dancing afterwards. They do this work to get favor, and many times they do not get it after all."

"What a shame!" exclaimed Ida. "It is simply the poor man working for the rich man, without pay, under a kind of moral compulsion. A 'Bee' with us is one neighbor helping another to-day, who helps his neighbor another day in return. But why must Patsy go home, Mrs. Murray?"

"It's his honor Mr. Sinclair's will. He has raised the rent on me double, and says I must bring Patsy home to work the place; so this new rent will ruin us all."

"Did you speak to Mr. Sinclair, and lay the fact before him distinctly that you were not able to pay the increased rent?" asked Ida, earnestly.

"Lord love your innocent heart, Miss Ida, dear ; sure, I said all I could, and more than he would listen to. He stopped me spakin', an' said if I didn't choose to pay the rent I could leave the place ; my houldin' would pay him better as grazing land. I know well enough that our bit of houldin' would fit into Miller's grass farm, and he could pay more nor me, for he would get the land ready made to his hand, while we put our lives into it to make it what it is. Patsy's father, that's where God plazes, broke his heart out an' out, toilin' on it, an' now we must pay for all our work over again. If the saison kep' good, an' the boys would go over to Scotland, where the wages is better than here, we might, with God's blessing, pay this, an' keep the house over our heads a while longer ; but then it's only a chance at the best. It goes agin me to take Patsy away from here, where you have been such good friends to him ; but if we contrairy Mr. Sinclair, he'll revenge it on us, an' if we try to plaze him by doin' his biddin', he may have more heart to us. It's only for awhile, till we see how we'll get along. He'll be glad to come back to you after a while, as I tould Mr. Livingstone at the shop, if the Lord plazes to prosper us and put a heart into Mr. Sinclair."

Patsy sat stroking his chin, thinking over what his mother had said, and not being able to see any hope in the distance.

"It's willin' I am to work, mother," he said, "but no work 'll carry us on under that load of rent. It 'll be ruin at the heel of the hunt, and that you'll see, mother. I wish we could get shut of it altogether, and get out of the country and go away to America."

This was too much for poor Mrs. Murray. The fear of losing her boys, of having them leave her to go to far off America, across the sea, had been the terror of her life.

"Don't spake of desertin' the country, and leavin' your mother desolate, Patsy, dear, unless you want to break my heart entirely," she said, bursting into tears.

"You need not be beginnin' to cry, mother ; I'm willin' to do whatever you want, but it's wishin' we were all out of it I am."

"Patsy is a real mother's boy," said Ida subsequently to Dinah, "he could not bear the sight of his mother's tears."

There was no help for it, and Patsy went home to help to earn the increased rent, not with any hope of being any the better himself for his labor, but simply to keep his mother from being turned out of her home.

"Now," said Mrs. Livingstone, considerably annoyed at losing Patsy, "they will all join and drain that low field for Mr. Sinclair, and at the end they will fall behind, because they cannot drain the field and earn the rent at the same time ; so it is just putting off going out till they spend a little more."

"No regrets of ours can alter destiny in the shape of Mr. Sinclair," said Dinah. "Patsy had to go."

The boy they got in his place was rather thoughtless, and neither so handy or careful.

"We miss our factotum, Patsy, very much," said Ida.

"If Jimmy is not as useful as Patsy," said Dinah, "he beats him in gathering news. He is as good as a daily paper. It is a source of pride to him that he knows what is going on all over the country, before any one else does."

"Before it happens, sometimes," said Ida, with a laugh.

Not only did Patsy leave at this time, but Roseen had a trouble of her own that prevented her from being the bright little help maiden she usually was. Jimmy Dunlop and she had a quarrel. He could not enter into Roseen's feelings, nor understand why, if he disregarded the anger of his peo-

ple for love of Roseen, she could not do the same. When they stood at their trysting place—the big thorn at the foot of the pasture—he told her that if she loved him, she would be willing to come over the sea with him, and leave all for love.

"You forget that my mother's a widdy woman," said Roseen. "I couldn't have luck, or a blessin,' if I turned my back on her."

"She would do well enough," said Jimmy; "her and the boy Mickey would do very well, an' if they needed help, sure we could send them some aiser from there than from here. It's there the money is plenty; not at all as it is here."

"My mother's heart would break if I left her that way," was Roseen's only argument. "Don't coax me out of my duty, Jimmy."

And then Jimmy discovered that Roseen did not care for him, and there were hot words between them, as there had been with his father and mother, and he went to America, telling Roseen she would live to repent it.

Poor Roseen helped in the preparations for Bessie's wedding, while her own heart was sore and angry at her fate, but not at Jimmy who had left her in anger, and who was far away on the sea.

CHAPTER IX.

IDA TO DAVY.

"I hear the sound of wedding bells."—*Tennyson.*

DEAR DAVY : I am well, I am getting a little color in my face, and am growing strong and robust, according to papa's orders. Rose Heney tells me that I am "getting the fine healthy look of Donegal about me, owing to the wholesome air." I have not yet gone to school, but have been busy studying the "varieties of Irish life" here in Donegal, and drinking in the "wholesome air" during long drives through the beautiful country. I have been taken to see parks and pleasure grounds as large as a wilderness, and as fair to look upon as the country down Sodom way that tempted Lot. I am, you see, getting to talk scripturally, like Dinah.

Oh ! those parks, with their leaf-draped trees standing on green hillsides, apart and beautiful—their dim woods and sapphire waters ! All that cheap labor, high art, bountiful nature, and plentiful money can do, has united to make those places surpassingly beautiful. Many a time I wish you were here, to share the pleasure of looking at their loveliness with me.

I was out with Tillie, Bessie and Dinah, to see an aunt of Tillie's, who lives up at Dane Clermont Bay, near the Castle. We saw the rejoicing over the return home of a popular landlord. The tenants harnessed themselves to his carriage, as if they were Kamtschatkan dogs, and drew him to the Castle. He made a royal speech, and they had

bonfires on the hills and dancing. I dare say some of them got drunk, as the liquor was paid for by the Earl, and there was plenty of it there. It is difficult to know when such rejoicings are spontaneous and when they are got up to order ; but I think this was really the outcome of glad hearts.

I got acquainted with a Mr. Butler, a clerk in the Earl's office, who is a republican, or something that differs from the rest. I like him, because we almost think alike ; and he is very handsome. Dinah fancied—I saw it in her eye—that he was falling in love with Bessie ; I knew better. He has splendid eyes, and wherever he chances to turn them, you would think his heart's affections went along with his glances. If he had been so foolish as to fall in love with Bessie, he would at this moment be nursing a broken heart, for Bessie is married to a Mr. Coldingham, who is in the Earl of Dane Clermont's office. He nursed Bessie when she was a baby, I dare say, or the next thing to it. I should have thought she would have felt too sisterly towards him to fall in love with him ; but then things do not often come about as I think they should, for she loved him, and it was a case of mutual affection.

The wedding came off splendidly. The day was as bright and pleasant as any bride could have desired. Bessie always looks sweet, but on the day of her wedding her appearance was really delightful. Her wedding dress was a pale lilac silk. Tillie and I, who were bridesmaids, appeared in the same color. I wanted to see Bessie robed in pure white instead, but I did not get my will in this. She was almost covered by an ancient veil of Limerick lace, the gift of Mrs. Weston, a dear blind lady, whom we all love very much. There were a great many presents. The Earl of Dane Clermont sent

her a family Bible, very handsomely bound, with his lordship's autograph in it, which enhances its value. This present is something uncommon, I judge, by the gratification it has caused. The giving of presents in this strangely unreasonable country is oftener from the people to the lords in the form of a testimonial, than from the lords to the people, unless it comes as charity. I gave her a locket, which will hold both their shadows when they get an opportunity to have them taken, which they will on their wedding trip to Scotland—the Mecca and Palestine of these northern Irish.

Dinah was not willing to part with Bessie, even to John Coldingham. It was interesting to see her smother up her unwillingness and look cheerful and glad, so that she might not put a damper on the rejoicings. She had a severe struggle with herself, for she thought Bessie needed her. She is a very motherly girl, although not seventeen, and wants to be taking care of somebody. They are very fond of one another, and it is a pity to separate them so soon.

Dinah was her mother's right hand on the day of the wedding. She is really a juvenile old maid in her care and thoughtfulness, and she is only a little more than two years older than I am. She felt like Martha, cumbered with much serving, and was weighed down with the responsibilities of seeing that everything passed off well, but, largely owing to her care, the affair passed off with more than the usual *eclat*.

I think a sweeter bride, or a more manly bridegroom, never stood before the minister. Many a wistful look did Mr. Butler cast at the happy pair. If his eyes did not express more than he thought—which they always do, I think—he rather envied John his happiness.

It was Tillie's father who performed the ceremony. He

is not the least bit like his beautiful daughter ; Dinah resembles him more than Tillie does. He is about to become minister at Dane Clermont ; so Tillie will be quite near, comparatively speaking.

After the happy couple had gone off in a hail storm of old slippers and rice, and a shower of blessings and tears, to enjoy in Scotland their short honeymoon, the company were in no hurry to disperse, but settled down to enjoy themselves—and that is how I got into disgrace.

The wedding came off about the same time as some ecclesiastical gathering, a meeting of the Presbytery, I think, and there were a good many ministers among the guests. Dr. Cameron, whom I met with at Mrs. Weston's, and who asked me so many questions about Canada, was there among the rest. He got hold of me, metaphorically speaking, calling me his fair enemy, and so drew the attention of the rest to me as a stranger from over the Atlantic. I had to answer any number of questions about our beautiful Canada, which is still in many old country imaginations what the French king called it, "a few arpents of snow." These gentlemen seemed to think that we are to be pitied, because we have no grand castles to look at, no spacious parks or pleasure grounds belonging to somebody else, that we might, or might not, have the privilege of walking about in, and no powerful lords to patronize us, and allow us to thrive, or to prevent our prosperity, if they so willed. Of course, I told them how well we managed to do without these things. I praised our pine forests, and our maple groves, when the fall comes and the saved-up rainbows of the year are thrown over them ; our broad lakes, that the dear island of Erin might be dropped into and lost ; our great cataracts, that are not fenced in and walled up, with some lord's flunkey standing at the gate to.

demand a shilling for permission to look at them. I told them that the land kept for ornament and show, the land kept for game, and the unreclaimed land, took up so much of Ireland that there was little left, and often of the worst kind, for the people to huddle together and half starve on. We in Canada, I said, could not afford to keep our best lands for show and private pleasure grounds, but we could afford to give all our people a home of their own. Dr. Cameron called me a little democrat, while the rest were filled with astonishment—I saw it by their faces—at a little girl having such decided opinions.

Dr. Cameron called me a little democrat. I wonder if I am ; I wonder if the gospel idea of dealing between man and man is democracy, or if the first sentence of the Declaration of Independence is Communism. I hope that I do not wish to do any one, lord or peasant, any harm. I cannot be hanged for my opinions, and I do think, Davy dear, that this lovely land would be still fairer if some of the grand parks, whose marvellous beauty the noble owners never see, and that are only for grandeur and show, were cut up into farms and had neat cottages on them, filled with happy, busy families. It is an argument used to defend the dispossession of the Indians of their lands, that they were making no use of them ; but their lands were their hunting grounds, just the same as so many thousands of acres are here kept for pleasure, for mountain pasture, and for shooting. If the upper class have and hold all, and the producing class have not the breadth of a foot to call their own, it must be bad for the nation.

When Captain Allen was in the shop, one day, I heard uncle ask him if he considered that the common people had no rights. I listened eagerly to hear what he would say. "They have no rights but what the landlords give

them," he answered. I thought that pretty cool for one who was not Judge Taney. I did not say all that I thought to Dr. Cameron, but I said a part of it, and he was shocked at my opinions.

"My dear Miss Ida," he said, "have you not got over your levelling doctrines yet?"

All the ministers were listening, and I felt too much alone; so I was glad when I saw Mr. Butler near, and I said to him:

"Come here, Mr. Butler, and help me to defend my opinions."

Mr. Butler gave a comprehensive glance at us from under his long eyelashes and smiled.

"I'm afraid, Miss Ida, to encounter Dr. Cameron and his brethren. He is 'one of those of whom one shall chase a thousand, to quote Scripture.'" He sauntered forward as he spoke and took a seat among them, saying, "I pity the small fry, Doctor, when you bring the weight of your arguments to bear on them."

I think if any one else had said this, Dr. Cameron might have felt annoyed, but his smile was so winning and his tone so conciliatory, that it sounded like a compliment.

"What are you trying to do, Doctor? Is it to make Miss Ida forget her beloved Canada and believe in—Scotland?"

"I should like her to leave some of her levelling ideas, which suit Canada very well, in Canada, and learn to see the excellences of life here, the beautiful order of ranks and classes, the dignity of honest labor, and the blessings of culture and leisure here in Ireland."

I had meant to leave all the talking to Mr. Butler, but I forgot myself and answered:

"I do believe in the dignity of labor, but I think the price of labor is undignified. A widow with three children,

working for sixpence a day, and her rent and taxes not diminished, is not a dignified spectacle."

And then, Davy, I backed into a corner and sat silent, and a little ashamed of my warmth.

"My dear young lady," said Dr. Cameron, fitting the fingers of one hand to the tips of the fingers of the other, and looking at them instead of at me, so that he did not notice that I had moved away. "My dear young lady, the labor market is regulated by the law of supply and demand. The low price of labor is the result of over population. The poor should emigrate."

"Emigration is going on all the time," said Mr. Butler, "and I do not see that the condition of the laboring class is bettered, Doctor."

"The remedy has not been thorough," said Mr. Drew. "These people cling with such ridiculous tenacity to their homes, that the Government should take the matter up and do something. I would treat the Irish as unruly children, who did not know what was good for them; I would compel them to emigrate in such numbers as would relieve the pressure, and give those remaining a chance."

"A chance for what?" asked Mr. Butler. "There seems no hope for the poor people of Ireland, in your mind, but to leave it. Yet Ireland is full of unused resources. It is the fault of the owners of the soil that there is so much land lying waste and untilled, while there is no room, it seems, for the people. The land is teeming with undeveloped wealth and the people are poverty stricken."

"Why do the Irish not make use of, and develop, this material wealth?" asked Mr. Drew.

"That is just the question I ask," said Mr. Butler, earnestly. "There is a class who receive and carry off the money, who have and hold the land; why do they not

make an effort to develop the resources of the country, and make their power a blessing instead of a curse?"

"My dear Mr. Butler, you use language stronger than you are warranted. The British power, that holds and controls this country, is all that prevents her from relapsing into barbarism. The Irish are a race that do not know how to govern themselves, and should be held in with a tighter rein than they are."

"They should be governed, for example, absolutely governed, by such men as Sir William Bruce, whose example as to life they should follow, and submit to the rule of his agent, Captain Allen, without a murmur," said Mr. Butler, smilingly.

"I do not like to descend to personalities," said Dr. Cameron, stiffly.

"Well, to keep to generalities; the English have been managing this country for some seven hundred years. They have held the land, occupied the Bench, the Magistracy, they have had the paramount care of religion, they officer the army and manage the police, and it will soon be time to ask them how they have acquitted themselves of this great trust."

"I think you might say," retorted Dr. Cameron, "that we are indebted to the power that holds us for all the prosperity we have, and all the civil and religious liberty we enjoy."

When I saw that they were getting so hot I skipped away, for I do not like to see people get excited, in argument. Why cannot they calmly reason together like Christians, and, if anything is wrong, find it out and try to set it right? Right and justice before anything else, in God's name! When I came back, hoping that they had cooled down, they were hotter than ever. Dr. Cameron

had started up and was standing on the hearth rug, protesting against Mr. Butler's opinions as antagonistic to all ranks and virulently opposed to all dignities.

"If I am to be kicked," said the Doctor, rather irreverently, "I prefer being kicked by a gentleman."

"I would prefer not being kicked at all," said Mr. Butler, bitterly, "but if I must submit to that sort of punishment, I would prefer to be kicked by a barefooted bogtrotter, as he would be altogether likely not to hurt so much."

They had gotten themselves beyond my depth, and words flew about like missiles; "tithe-fed hirelings," "the Regium Donum," "penal laws," "civil and religious liberty," "Popery and Priestcraft." Even Scripture, about eating the fat and clothing with the wool, and not feeding the flock, was thrown at unknown parties. I could not follow the argument, which had grown so peppery; but I gathered from it that these gentlemen, one and all, acknowledged that everything was not just what it should be for the people of Ireland. Some of them thought that what was wrong should be set right, slowly or quickly, but constitutionally, which I noticed was rather a favorite expression with them all; others held that what was should be submitted to thankfully, lest some greater evil might come in its place. I was weary of the discussion, and went over to the piano and began to play softly one of Moore's melodies. Charlie whispered, "Music hath charms," etc., and then maliciously turned up the song beginning

"Let Erin remember the days of old."

I lost myself in the music, and by and by they began to listen, and the disputants cooled down. And in this way the controversy and the wedding feast came to an end but Uncle Livingstone was displeased with me, "because a

little girl should not argue, or set her opinions against those of learned and reverend men," he said. It was wrong, I know, but I have opinions and they will find vent. I was right, too, in my views, if I was wrong in expressing them.

As I played over that Irish melody, I thought of an incident about which I want to tell you, that seemed very tyrannical to me. There is a school out of town a short distance, not far from Rose Heney's little cottage. The teacher, a young girl, has a most delicious voice; I never heard any professional who could sing like her; her voice is sweet, very sweet and clear. I often visit the school, and have watched her mode of teaching with interest. They cultivate the memory here in the common schools, but do not take as much pains to teach the children to think. I dare say, to teach common people to think is counted dangerous. As a recreation for the scholars, this teacher, with a voice like a singing bird, taught them to sing; and here is where I committed another error. I said to her one day:

"Miss Wilson, why do you not teach your children some of the national Irish airs? They are very beautiful."

They could sing many popular hymns, and I thought a few Irish airs would be a change, and, besides, Moore's melodies are very sweet. Well, unfortunately, she took my advice, and the scholars learned too quickly and too well. One of their favorites was that identical melody I played to mollify the ministers:

"Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her."

One day they were singing this with great gusto when the Inspector—or whatever they call the functionary that fills an Inspector's office—came along and heard them, and he felt like arresting both scholars and teacher for treason-

felony. They were strictly forbidden to sing such songs again, and the poor little teacher was made to feel that she had lost favor. Now, only think that Scotchmen can sing, "Wha'll be king but Charlie?" and "Follow thee, follow thee, wha will no follow thee," or any other Jacobite melody, while in Ireland they are forbidden to sing the praises of Brian Boru. I thought it was a petty, mean and contemptible action; but I do hope the teacher may not lose her situation for having taken my suggestion too readily. I wonder if they are afraid of Brian the Brave hearing his praises sung, and riving through his stone tomb and appearing at the head of shadowy legions! This extremely ridiculous affair looks like it.

We were often up and down between Dane Clermont and home, arranging things in John's house for the reception of the happy pair before they came back. Tillie's father has come to stay in Dane Clermont, and we were also helping Tillie to settle, and she was helping us in our arrangements, and we were all as busy and happy as bees. The wedding fuss hardly seemed over when John and Bessie came home and settled down to house-keeping. But before they returned two events happened. Jimmy Dunlop, Roseen's lover, failing to coax Roseen from her allegiance to her mother, became angry at both father and sweetheart, and sailed off to America. Brave little Roseen feels ever so bad, but will not acknowledge it. This was one event. The other is: I have made a discovery. That splendid Mr. Butler is in love with Tillie. I declare, I love him for his good taste. The revelation came to me in this wise: I was to stay all night with Tillie, and Dinah had to go home earlier than she expected, so I went over to the manse. Uncle Simson was in his study, deep in a sermon, on effectual calling, I suppose. He woke up suf-

sufficiently to tell me that Tillie was in the garden, he believed ; so to the garden I went. Running lightly down the laurel walk, I was stopped by the sound of Mr. Butler's voice.

"You are hard on me, Tillie," he said. "How long will I have to wait before you give me one word of encouragement? It is not so easy to look at Coldingham's happiness every day, and see you as far away from me as you were when I got the desire of my heart and was introduced to you in Portglenone. I have loved you so long, and it has been worshipping at a distance !"

"Bernard"—it was Tillie's voice—"you know that two cannot walk together except they be agreed. You have opinions, and you know it, very different from my father's way of thinking. I will never love anyone who will not be as a son to my father. I am his only child, and I could not bear to accept love that would separate us. You never conceal your sentiments—I rather like that—but you must have patience if you have not prudence. If you cannot think as my father thinks, you must wait till the logic of events brings him round to your views. You say that is too long to wait ; so do I. Then give up hunting after a shadow, and look for some one who thinks as you think, and be happy without me."

"I will never give up the slender hope I have, till you say, 'Bernard, I cannot love you,' and tell me to go, and you will never say that."

"Do not reckon on what you know nothing about," said Tillie, a little sadly.

"Your father and I do not think so differently ; I would try my fate with him and have some hope, if you would give me any encouragement. I do believe I am something of a favorite with him."

"You undid, on the day of the wedding, all you gained in the last year." (This was my fault, for drawing him into an argument with the ministers). "If father were sure that he had brought you to think within the limits of the constitution, he might be partial to you. I know that, in believing there are great wrongs to be righted, you are not so far apart : but he thinks of all wrongs with a view to reforming them, while you look upon them as so many counts against the government, as though you were the implacable enemy of everything British. You do not seem to know how far apart these two moods of mind are ; so you are like the girl climbing the hill of glass—for every step up that you accomplish, you manage to slip down half-a-dozen. I want you to understand that unless you can recommend yourself to my father you need not come to me."

"You are hard on me, Tillie. My opinions are myself ; I cannot separate myself from them. I have waited for and worshipped you ever since you were a little girl in Mayo. Whatever others think of me, you might put me out of pain. I love you ; 'Love's worth is love.' I have served out my seven years."

"Love is out of the question, except there is accord. I have said all I can say. My father was beginning to regard you as an intelligent young man, and one open to conviction. I was beginning to see things rose-colored, when the wedding came off. I knew if the grave and reverend gentlemen differed in opinion from Ida, she would feather up like an enraged wren, but I declare when I saw you battling with the whole batch with the air of Fitz James,

'Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I,'

Father looking astonished, and Dr. Cameron with his dark brows drawn down into their severest frown, my heart sank

within me. I did not know which to admire most, their heat or your audacity. My father says he is disappointed in you—that you are a young man of dangerous opinions. I suppose you will have to wait other seven years, and study to be quiet, before you regain what you have lost.”

“Does your father, then, hate Ireland and the Irish so much?” asked Mr. Butler.

“Oh, dear! do you not know that there are two Irelands, separated by the Boyne water! Our side represents civilization; yours, barbarism. Your ‘virtue and Erin’ is the dark ages; our ‘Saxon and guilt’ is civil and religious liberty.”

“Tillie, if you had been in my place, would you have been silent at Bessie’s wedding?” asked Mr. Butler.

“I do not know what I would do if I were in your place,” said Tillie, very sadly. “I find my own difficult enough.”

I slipped back then. I did not intend to listen, but I was paralyzed at first, and the conversation held me there—I knew it was wrong, but I could not help it. I listened in spite of myself, but as soon as I recovered my senses enough I slipped away, burdened with a secret that is not mine.

I often spend delightful evenings with Mrs. Weston. In a subdued sort of way, she is as enthusiastically fond of Ireland as Mr. Butler is, but the disposition to contend for the rights and wrongs of green Erin is not bristling up to her finger ends, as it is with him. I delight to hear her telling of the ancient glories of her own holy Ireland. I read to her, tell her the news, and play for her the tender Scottish songs, or Moore’s Irish melodies. She plays herself, sad, sweet airs that have Irish words to them—songs and airs that were composed ever so long ago by an Irish

bard, one Torloch Carolan. I am trying to learn some of these old Irish tunes. One, "The Coolin Song," is so sad and sweet that it makes my heart cry. It is a lament composed by Carolan when the law was made to compel the old warriors to cut off the long tresses that distinguished them as an ancient race. I wonder if the popular northern song, called "Croppies Lie Down," has reference to the same cruel law? I have enquired, but have not found out. I like well to listen to Mrs. Weston's stories of Ireland in the long ago."

To conclude, as uncle Simson says, when he is half way in his sermons: Mr. Butler's bright eyes caught a glimpse of my disappearing skirt that evening in the manse garden. He is not sorry that I accidentally made the discovery of his love for Tillie, but I am glad that Tillie does not know, for she might think I had listened purposely. When Mr. Butler cannot see Tillie, he likes to see me; I am the only one to whom he can freely talk of her. I meet with him frequently when I am coming home from Mrs. Weston's. Although this insane young man receives little encouragement from Tillie, he lives on hopes of the airiest kind. When I happen to see him I talk of Tillie to him in such a manner that he goes away comforted; and the best part of the joke is, that when I talk encouragingly about Tillie, or listen sympathetically while he talks, he considers me a very sagacious small person. I have spoken of Mr. Butler to Mrs. Weston until she feels curious to know him. I hope, in my prattling to her, I have not given a hint of Tillie's secret, for I do think she likes him a little. I will end this long letter, which has been written, as Dinah writes her diary, now and again. I go to school next week, and then you will get only school-girl scribbles. Send me all the news from home. Give them all my love. IDA.

CHAPTER X.

A REMARKABLE WARNING.

But, oh ! I wish
I could look in between the folded leaves
Of her shut heart, and find the golden core,
And read the past romance that's written there.

—*Will Carleton.*

The wedding was over, the wedding trip taken, the young couple settled in their own new home, with nothing to attend to but to love one another and prosper. Dinah and her cousin had gone to school, and a feeling of lonesomeness had settled down on Rath Cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone were not sorry when Mr. Butler dropped in once in a while to talk over the news of the country from his standpoint. He boarded with the newly married couple, and often came charged with a message from Bessie, or called to see if they had a message to send. There was generally some news stirring on which Mr. Livingstone and he differed widely in some respects, while agreeing in others. Mr. Livingstone looked forward with pleasure to Mr. Butler's visits, the interchange of opinions began to modify each other's views, and gradually to draw them on to common ground. They found that they were nearer to each other in the main, concerning justice and mercy, eternal right and wrong, than they had ever supposed until they got into the habit of exchanging their thoughts freely. Old prejudices wore away, under the pressure of new and important issues. Many things were occurring in the country at this time that went to convince Mr. Livingstone of the

truth of old Sir Arthur's foreboding words, that the Ulster Custom was not law, and would not stand the test of law. The commercial spirit was invading the ranks of the landed gentry. Some of them merely studied how to make the most out of their tenants, in that spirit of selfish, grasping greed that is common to humanity; others, again, were driven to repair generations of prodigal spending and lavish settlements. Be the reasons what they might, the landed proprietors, with some bright exceptions, were setting themselves to evade the Ulster Custom, or to neutralize it; and these things occurring in their midst had a slow and sure effect on the minds of the people of the North. The Scotto-Hibernian mind is slow to make any change of opinion, being extremely tenacious of old forms of thought; but what it does see, it sees clearly, and when a step in advance is made, it is not liable to beat a retreat.

The news of the country was apt to float into Livingstone's shop and into the Dane Clermont office. Mr. Livingstone's customers talked over current events, as they made their purchases. There had always been heard things done by stern landlords and harsh agents to tenants who had dropped behind, or whose holdings it was desirable to recover possession of, even although the rent was promptly paid. The events were casually talked over, but not with strong personal interest. The liberal policy of Lord Dane Clermont, a popular and indulgent landlord, and of Sir Arthur Bruce, the just man who treated his tenants on the level of the Golden Rule, had prevented the tenants on those two estates from sympathizing with cruelly treated tenants on other estates, as those only who have known by sad experience what oppression means can sympathize. Since this change of masters on the Bruce estate, the complaints of merciless treatment had come nearer home.

What had been done in the glens and valleys among the mountains, was repeated at their own doors. Then a fellow feeling for the much-enduring hill folk arose, such as never had existed before.

It was a sad change to the tenants of the Bruce estate to fall into the hands of a man like Captain Allen, after having had a landlord like Sir Arthur. It was generally remarked that the old landlords, who were passing away, or selling out under the pressure of financial difficulties, were giving place to a different class of men—men of hard commercial ideas. The tenants, transferred with the property, found all their past of hard work and toilsome improvements ignored, and the outrageous policy of increasing the rent on the strength of the tenants' own improvements, became the rule on more places than the Bruce estate.

It was a wonder to Mrs. Livingstone how far her husband's opinions and Mr. Butler's agreed upon many things. Both had the same objection to proprietors carrying off all the rent money and spending it abroad; and they also agreed that the new proprietors were not, generally speaking, the stuff out of which good landlords are made.

"They are men who wish to exact feudal service and attachment, but have no idea of performing the feudal duties of protection and care. They are mostly successful traders, who have made money by cutting things fine; who believe in the aggregate saving which the eighth of a farthing comes to in large transactions; and they bring these ideas into their owning of land. There are so many men of this kind coming in and buying up land from the embarrassed proprietors, that it seems as if a large part of the country will change hands as effectually as in confiscation times," said Mr. Livingstone to Mr. Butler, reflectively. "I have nothing against traders as traders, but land will

not yield a percentage, as trading will at all times and seasons," he added.

"Men have come in, to my own knowledge," said Mr. Butler, "and have bought up land wholly on borrowed money, trusting to the rents, and to the possibility of raising them, to enable them to pay principal and interest, and also to live as becomes landlords."

"It is to be wished that the owning of land did not confer such great power and exclusive privilege on its possessors, differing in that respect from all other property. There would not then be such a frantic rush after every parcel of ground, in order that a new man might edge himself into the privileged classes," was Mr. Livingstone's opinion.

In this way they discussed popular questions when they met.

Matilda Simson did not return to school at this time with Dinah and Ida. Her father, at the last moment, decided to keep her at home, where her studies could be continued. Mrs. Weston often invited her to spend an evening with her at the white cottage, and Matilda was always glad to go. There was a strong sympathy between the two, which made their companionship very pleasant.

When Mr. Simson went to the meeting of Synod, to be absent for a week, Mrs. Weston made eager petition to have Matilda stay with her during his absence, urging her blindness and loneliness, until Mr. Simson consented, although he would have preferred leaving her at her Aunt Livingstone's. And so Matilda stayed with her blind friend.

"Ever since we met first, Matilda, I have felt as if I had a claim of relationship upon you," said Mrs. Weston to Matilda, one evening during the visit. "You seem to feel

the bond between us also, for you fall into a daughter's place quietly and naturally."

"I feel at rest and contented when I am with you," said Matilda.

She was seated at the piano, playing softly to herself. After a little while she began to play and sing Moore's melody,

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded?"

"That is rather a sad song, Matilda," said Mrs. Weston. "You are too young, I should say, to sing that song so feelingly."

"I like a pensive song," Matilda answered.

"I have not heard you sing anything but plaintive or national songs. Do you like national songs so much?"

"Yes, I do. I have more of the national feeling than my cousins have. I was born in Mayo, you remember."

"Who is that Mr. Butler that Miss Ida talks so much about, as musical and national in the extreme? I must get acquainted with him, if he is really as represented. I like people who love their own nation best."

Mrs. Weston did not see the blush that spread over Matilda's face and neck in a rosy flood, while she answered calmly,

"He is in the Earl's office, and boards with Mr. Coldingham since he was married; so does Mr. Stanley."

"Is Mr. Butler a Catholic?" inquired Mrs. Weston.

"He attends the Established Church sometimes, and sometimes the Presbyterian; so I do not think he is a Catholic: but he has very great sympathy with the Catholic Irish, not because they are Catholics, but because they are Irish and have been very badly treated."

"Is he your lover, my dear? Do not mind an old woman's question, who feels towards you what mothers feel

for their daughters. It is because I love you, Matilda, that I ask you this question. Is this young man your lover?"

Mrs. Weston's sweet voice spoke solemnly and tenderly, and Matilda felt it. She was not accustomed to have her thoughts taken from her by questioning; she was skilled in parrying questions that touched too near, lightly or jestingly as the case might be, but always keeping her mind to herself. It was this reticence that made the boys at Brown's Academy call her the Unknown Quantity and the girls laughingly put her on the map as an inhabitant of Terra Incognita. No idea of evading the question came into her mind now. She looked round at the placid, kind face, framed in its silver hair, and into the dark, mournful eyes, with a longing look as of one that wanted the help of sympathy, and answered simply,

"Yes, Mrs. Weston, he is."

"Come here, my dear, and sit by me on this seat," said Mrs. Weston, with affectionate peremptoriness.

Matilda obeyed, drawing the footstool close to Mrs. Weston's knee. The blind lady, taking Tillie's hand in hers, asked, soothingly,

"Does your father know and approve of this?"

"He never dreams of such a thing," said Tillie, with a tremor in her voice. "He thinks me too young to have a lover. Mr. Butler differs so widely in his sentiments from the people here, and from my father's opinions, that we are in his eyes as widely separated as if oceans were rolling between us. He would never imagine it possible for any love to exist where we seem to be separated by every barrier possible.

"But there is love between you?"

"Yes. If I know what love is, I love him, and have loved him since I was a little girl, as one loves who real-

izes that there is no hope. He is too extreme in his views to ever recommend himself to my father. No one else can ever recommend himself to me."

Tillie laid her fair cheek against Mrs. Weston's knee, and the blind woman, with her small soft hand, caressingly smoothed her hair, saying earnestly :

"I have felt that you needed me ever since we met first, my dear motherless child. I beg of you to be sure that you love this man. Do not mistake yourself and make a fatal error that might ruin your whole life. A fancy is sometimes mistaken for love, and love is sometimes ruinously misplaced, so that two lives are wrecked. Somebody has said : there is no incompatibility like unsuitability of mind and purpose. Love has to be stronger, indeed, than death that will continue over such a barrier as this. Because I love you, *mo colleen dhas*, I am going to tell you the story of my life as a warning to you, that you may take a life lesson out of it, never to love across the barriers of clan, or nation, or creed. You see the coat of arms over the fire-place, there."

"I do," said Tillie.

"Read the motto."

"*Les jours de ma vie*,—'the days of my life.'"

"Yes, you may render it so. That is the motto of my husband's house. I often think of the days of my life—few and evil have they been. I do not think of them rebelliously or bitterly, as I once did, not even sadly, but with a sure belief in what the peasants of the west say, 'God is good.' My maiden name was Butler, the same as your friend's. I was born like yourself, in Mayo, not of the old blood, my dear, but of those that came over from England in the early wars, and became part of the people of the land by staying in it. Dear mother Erin nursed them so

lovingly on her breast that they became as much hers as her own older children, and as ready to dare and to do for her sake. That was the way with the Butlers, my father's people. My mother's kin were of the oldest and noblest in the land, the McMorans of Connaught. You see that I have good reason to feel for my own people, and to think with tenderness and pride of the ancient glories of holy Ireland! When I was young, I was thoughtless, like other young people, and these things did not trouble me much. I was counted a pretty girl, and was gay and fond of fun. I had neither father nor mother, but I had a little fortune left me by my parents, which was increased by a bequest from a relative. I was brought up by an uncle, who petted and spoiled me, and educated me as a Catholic; it was the faith of my father. For many years now I have been blind, and I have found God very near to me, through the mercy of Christ; I am able to say with all my heart, God is good. I am a Catholic, my dear; you will remember that.

"I was, as I said, counted rather good looking. Songs were made in praise of me, that called me *nighean dileas doun*, (sweet brown maiden). I was reputed to have a great fortune; report made me out richer than I was. In an evil hour for me, my dear, I attracted the attention of a gentleman named Weston, who owned a little property, and was agent for other properties. He was a fine looking man, tall and straight, blue-eyed and fair-haired. He was counted clever and well off, and supposed to be quite an eligible match. Mr. Weston was a Protestant, of the Church of England. I had Protestant relatives, whom I visited at times. It was on one of these visits that he and I met, at an election ball, and he was sorely smitten before he knew I was a Catholic; but my faith did not make any difference when he did know. I think my Protestant relatives

encouraged him ; they thought it a good match for me ; his position was good, he was good looking, and, as they agreed, loved the ground I walked on. I loved him, Matilda, remember that ; he was the first and the last lover I ever had. My uncle came after me and took me home, when he heard of it. He did everything in his power to break up the match ; he reasoned with me, and cried over me, and his tears were hard to bear, but I held firm to my love. Mr. Weston was an eager lover ; he came to my uncle's and urged his suit. He made the usual offer, the girls to be brought up in their mother's faith, and the boys in their father's. His determination, and my love, bore down all opposition, and we were married. My uncle had my fortune settled on myself and children, securing me against want in that way. He never trusted a Protestant or believed a Protestant's word. I was indignant at his caution, for I trusted and loved completely. I live on that money now, or I would be destitute.

"Yes, we were married, and there was a bright brief time of perfect happiness. My husband, though hard on others, and naturally rather tyrannical, was very tender and indulgent to me. We never had a breath of disagreement or anger between us. He sometimes accused me of having too tender a heart, when I pleaded with him for the poor of my people, who were harried by hard office rules. They would come and complain to me, saying, I spoke their language and my heart must be *Eiranach* as well as my tongue, so that I must feel for them. My husband thought it unlady-like to know any of the affairs of the common people, and disapproved of my listening to them, but he never gave me a harsh word. When he lost the agency, or gave it up—I did not know which—we came to live on his own little place in the county of Fermanagh, where he

got a government appointment. It was then, my dear, that my troubles began. My husband's people were very strong in the strength of their own faith, but they had no charity for one professing another form of approach to the same God. I do not blame the Protestant religion for their unkindness to me ; it was not religion, but the want of it, that ailed them. If I had been Protestant, and they Catholic, having the same hearts, their conduct would have been the same. It was, I am sure, a great trial to them to know that their brother was married to one of a faith they both hated and despised ; and the contempt was stronger than the hate.

"It was then my troubles began. We Irish are strong in our feelings. I had known nothing but love and tenderness all my life ; I could not conceal when I was hurt. They played on my feelings like one playing on a musical instrument. My husband was absent when they planned to hurt me deeply the first time ; he knew nothing of it. It was on the Twelfth. They gave the word to the lodges to stop at our house to play 'The Protestant Boys,' 'The Boyne Water,' 'Croppies Lie Down,' and 'We'll Kick the Pope Before us.' I should not have minded, for it did me no harm. But I did mind, and carried a hot, angry heart. I said nothing, but thought the more. I grew distant with my husband's people because they did this thing. They took good care that he never heard their jokes that were insults to me, and cuts that were like stabs ; but he saw my coldness to them, and he blamed me.

"My dear, continual dropping will wear away a stone. The atmosphere we lived in began to influence my husband. He broke the bond between us, indirectly at first. I could not exercise my religion in peace ; there was always a reason why I could not get the car to go to chapel. If the

priest came, he understood at once that he was not welcome. I became indignant to see that my influence with my husband was as nothing compared to the influence of his sisters. There were a good many of them, and they all worked together ; I was alone, and passionate, so that I appeared to my husband to be always in the wrong. Before him they were sweet and conciliatory, and I was resentful ; when he was not there, I had to endure continual insolence. There is no insolence that cuts so deep, because none has so fine a point, as a lady's. I tried, for my soul's sake, to keep away from them, but they could not be kept from me. My house was their brother's house, and they overran it at all times, irrespective of my position or presence. I was not mistress of my own house, and my life had become a burden to me, before my baby was born. I lost heart, was dull and melancholy, and really longed for death. I was bright and gay in my careless youth, and during my happy honeymoon ; my husband resented the change in me as an injustice to him. I hope that God will forgive the sisters of Charles Weston, for they turned his love for me into gall. The eldest sister used to come at me with controversial tracts and reasons for abjuring the faith of my fathers. I do not think I should have read them even if my sister-in-law had treated me with kindness and consideration, for I had no doubts about my religion to be set at rest ; but coming from one who had helped to make my life bitter, and had alienated my husband's affection from me, I abhorred her and them. Once, particularly, she brought me a little book, written by some one who had been a Catholic and had seen fit to change his mind. That day was one of the many when one bitter incident after another had roused me to exasperation. 'I do wish you would carefully read this little book, Mary ; it would show you your errors,'

she said, and she laid it beside me on the table. I lifted up the tongs, took the book with them and laid it on the fire and held it there till it was burned. She attempted to rescue it, and I told her I would break her fingers with the tongs if she touched it. She said she always knew her brother had married into a murderous race ; now she was sure of it, and went out, beside herself with fury, and so was I.

"After that, my baby was born ; a little boy, singularly like myself. I did not die, as I wished to do, but struggled back to health again. The relations between my husband's people and myself did not get any better. He was kinder for a while—the little child appealed to him—but his kindness took the form of urging me to conform, outwardly at least, to the dominant religion. You may be sure I was in no frame of mind to listen to him. Then matters grew worse and worse between us. My babe was the only tie to life, and I clung to it with a love that was almost frenzy. The servant girl, the same Betty that is with me now, overheard his sister counsel him to take the baby from me and give it to them, as I would be sure to bring it up a Catholic. He would not listen to her ; but when I heard that, I determined to take my child and run away. My husband drank a good deal about this time. I think he flew to drink because he was kept so unhappy between the two fires. When he came home the worse of liquor he was savage in his temper, and he even lifted his hand to me. All this made me more and more determined to make my escape. Whenever he was intoxicated he always began to quarrel about religion. We determined, Bettie and I, to get away with the baby the first night he was away from home. Before the opportunity came, there was an Orange celebration, and he was at it. Betty and I were talking

softly to one another about whether we should venture away that night or not, when he came home suddenly. His brain was on fire with drink and passion; he had been at his mother's, and all that had been evil in him had been stirred up with their talk. He stormed and raged at me in his drunken passion about the wickedness of my faith, requiring of me a promise that I should turn from it and recant. Dear child, if I could have controlled myself, I might have put him off till he was sober and would listen to reason; but when he spoke of his child being nursed on Popish milk—of its being no wonder that he was told that the hand that clasped mine in marriage ought to have turned black—I grew as hot with anger as he was with drink. As he repeated what his people had said of my race and my faith, I felt my blood boil, and I was in far too great anger to speak or answer him; I was silent from the depth of my resentment. He said I had a dumb devil, and threatened that if I did not promise to recant he would serve me as I served his sister's book. He did not know what he was doing—let that plead for him! He did not intend to harm me, only to frighten me into giving the promise he demanded. He thought my faith was the only barrier to living in peace with his people, but he was greatly mistaken; a change of faith would not have made the least difference. He seized me by my long hair and threatened to put my head into the fire that was blazing brightly in the grate. I twisted out of his hands, when he seized me again by the two ears and held my face to the fire until his own hands felt scorched, when he threw me from him with a curse, and I fainted! From that day to this I have never seen the light of day. Betty, who had been listening in terror to the storm, came in suddenly when there was silence, found me on the floor insensible

and her master on the sofa, in a drunken sleep. She lifted me in her strong arms and laid me in bed. I was very ill—and oh! how I longed to die. When my husband discovered that I was blinded by his hand, he was sorry—I'll say that for him—but no sorrow he could show touched me; I never spoke to him in answer to any pleadings of his. I kept my baby close to me, and would only give him into Betty's hands when they were away, so that he might be washed; but they took him from me!—took him out of my arms by force, but with tender words, that made it all the harder to bear. How could a blind mother mind a child? they said. It was for the good of the child that he should have better care than I could give him, so they gave him to a nurse, under the pretense of kindness to me. I had nothing left to struggle for, and so the first night my husband was away we made our escape. I could not bear to escape to my people, who had advised me against the match; besides, I knew my husband would seek me there, and compel me to go back. I came northward, by degrees, never staying long in one place for fear of being found. I was helped and sheltered by the common people. How I fretted and worried after my little baby! I used to dream that I felt him in my arms, and that my sight was restored. I have never seen my child since! We, Betty and I, would have stolen him if we could, but we could not. We had to move from place to place to avoid being found out and taken back. We heard that his people made up a story of my being subject to fits and having fallen in the fire during one, and that my head was touched; that I needed watching and the greatest of care. They searched for me, but did not find me. I found it hard to forgive them. Whenever I thought of forgiveness, remembrance of my wrongs—of my wrecked life—came up before me. I remembered

how I lay in my bed after losing my sight, silent and supposed to be insensible or asleep, but hearing almost preternaturally their whispered talk about me. They regretted *my accident*, for fear my husband should be blamed, and his cruelty known. The oldest one, whose book I burned, wished I was dead, saying I would always be a burden, and even if I did recant, she would never believe it; that I would die at last with the wafer in my mouth. The mother said, a blind wife would be a sad clog; and if I grew better it would be so difficult to keep me and the child apart. As I thought over their words, my dear, I hated them the more. I knew that my husband repented, but his repentance and himself were alike hateful to me. My love was changed to gall. I brought nothing away that he had ever given me but his picture, and the framed of-arms, to help me to be identified by my son if ever I found him. I never doubted that my husband was sorry, but I thought that no sorrow he could feel would bring back my eyesight, or my lost love. It was long years before I had grace given me to forgive, or light to see that I might have been more patient.

“My uncle found me out after a time, and he did not reproach me with my wilfulness; he thought I had received punishment enough. He showed his forgiveness by leaving me something when he died. As I never went from home, he advised me to say nothing about my faith, for fear of my discovery by my husband. That danger passed away with my husband's life; he was killed by a fall from his horse. He had taken to drink even more heavily than before. When he was gone, I made some efforts to get my son, but I never succeeded. I heard that his father's people had sent him abroad; at all events they have succeeded in keeping us apart. The past is past, and I have kept it as a

sealed book until I have opened it to you, my child, and now we shall close it again. My husband has gone to his account and I am a stranger to my only child, and although through all this sorrow I have come into the peace of God, and have forgiven as I am myself forgiven, still my life should be a warning to you, my dear. There is no happiness possible, where there is unsuitability of mind and purpose. Do not allow yourself to love this young Butler if his sentiments are different from yours on religion, or politics, or nationality."

"It is too late to warn me," said Matilda, sadly. "I do love him, and I think in the main as he does. I believe real religion is love to God and man ; it is political religion that makes the difference. I will never leave my father without his consent and blessing, but unless he changes his opinions very much he never will consent, for his religion and his political opinions are bound up together closely. So my marriage will never be, I am convinced."

"I agree with you, dear," said Mrs. Weston, "that love to God and love to man is the essence of all religion. I have found many who differ from the faith in which I was bred who feared God and loved their fellow creatures. I never blamed Protestantism for my troubles ; not religion, but the want of it, leads to persecution and cruelty."

"What was your son's name ?" asked Matilda, suddenly.

"Bernard Charles, for my husband and my father," said Mrs. Weston, sadly.

"I wonder if Mr. Butler could be any relation of yours," said Matilda. "His name is Bernard Butler, and when I look at your face, as you speak earnestly, there is a strong resemblance between you."

"My son's name is Bernard Charles Weston. I might have some distant relative by the name of Butler ; but none

very nearly related to me, I am sure. But you had better ask him to come to see me when you meet him again."

Matilda did not wait for a chance meeting. Butler got a note in the hand-writing he loved so well, asking him to call at Mrs. Weston's on the first evening he was in town. He happened to be in town that evening, and in as short a time as he could get over the ground, he knocked at Mrs. Weston's door.

That evening Matilda was sitting by the piano playing the Irish air, "The pretty girl milking the cow." Mrs. Weston was sitting by the fire-place, under the shadow of the coat-of-arms, with the motto of "The Days of my Life," knitting peacefully, all unaware of the footstep approaching, when Mr. Butler's knock came to the door.

"Whose knock is that?" said Mrs. Weston, starting up and standing, trembling with excitement, with her sightless eyes turned towards the door. Betty showed in Mr. Butler.

"What step is that? Who are you?" asked Mrs. Weston, rapidly.

Mr. Butler paused in consternation, and Matilda looked from one to the other. The same straight nose, and short upper lip, were common to both; the same dark eyes, though one pair looked mournful, as if quenched in tears, and the other flashed with young life. In spite of his dark curls and her white hair, the resemblance was complete, even their voices had notes that were alike.

"You are there, Matilda?" said Mrs. Weston, turning her sightless eyes to where Matilda stood and feeling towards her with her hand. Matilda silently laid her hand in hers.

"Who is this?" she said, in a frightened voice. "Who comes here with the step and knock of Charles Weston? I will receive none of them, Matilda; they must not come into my house!"

"It is only Mr. Butler, one of the gentlemen in the Earl's office, dear Mrs. Weston," said Matilda, soothingly.

"I hope I have not disturbed you, madam," said Mr. Butler, who had turned very pale.

"Come here to me," gasped Mrs. Weston, and sat down overpowered on the seat behind her.

Mr. Butler's eye followed Matilda's pointed finger to the coat-of-arms over the fire-place with its motto "*The Days of my Life.*" A swift change passed over his face; he was awe-stricken, and looked from the crest with its motto to Mrs. Weston's face. Taking a step forward and kneeling before her, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, and with inexpressible pathos, he said: "You are my mother!"

She put out her hand as if she were afraid of him.

"Why is your name Butler? My son's name was Bernard Charles Weston."

"My name is Bernard Charles Weston; Butler was my mother's name. I adopted it after I heard my mother's sad story."

"Who told you your mother's story?" said Mrs. Weston, eagerly.

"My father told me on his death bed."

"Charles Weston was killed by a fall from his horse," said Mrs. Weston, doubtfully.

"He was not instantly killed; he was insensible when carried home, and lay unconscious for days; but he rallied before his death and told me all the story."

"You never sought for your mother?"

"No. I was led to believe she was dead. I renounced the name of Weston, and took her name as mine as the only protest I could make against the treatment she had received."

"Are you my mother?" he whispered.

She placed her hand on his head and burst into a fit of weeping. "My son ! my son ! Has the lost been found ? Is my child come back to me ?"

Matilda saw that the relief of tears would prevent what she dreaded, a fainting fit, and so she silently slipped out of the room and left them together. She stayed away till Betty came in search of her, with a face lighted up with great gladness. She found them seated together, mother and son. He had told his mother some of his early life ; of his yearnings after her ; how he was persuaded to think her dead ; of his wanderings into many lands, since his father had died, and how the little property he owned had fallen into the hands of the Earl of Dane Clermont.

They agreed to say nothing of the nearness of their relationship, to avoid the gossip of a small place, only that they had ascertained that they were related.

"To think I was advising you against my own son," said Mrs. Weston to Matilda, when he had gone away, and she was lying on the sofa exhausted and happy, with Matilda on a footstool by her side holding her hand in a gentle grasp of sympathy.

From this day Mrs. Weston felt towards Matilda as if she were in very deed her daughter ; but still she clung, to her first advice.

"Never marry unless you are united in mind and purpose. A single disappointment is never so hopeless as a married one. Be sure you are one in mind and sentiment, as well as heart, before the marriage vow is said. A man must love well enough to leave father and mother to cleave to his wife ; a wife must forget her father's house and her own people, before a marriage of different clans and different people can be happy."

CHAPTER XI.

VILLAGE AFFAIRS.

"Touch them gently ;
They have not high or soaring wings—
Their ambition, their content,
Lies in simple things."—*Barry Cornwall.*

"It is pleasant to get home again," Dinah said to her cousin, when they came in sight of Rath Cottage, as they were returning from school for the holidays.

Dinah had resolved not to leave her mother again to go to school ; and as Mrs. Livingstone had the same thought in her mind, Dinah's school life ended.

Lord Roland Denison was seen oftener than usual about Dane Clermont. Jimsy Maguire, Patsy Murray's successor, brought in the news that he had been cashiered from the army for flogging a man to death. It was said that he had a private spite against the man, who had died under the lash by his orders. There were other rumors, even more disreputable than this, in which his name was mixed up ; but Mr. Livingstone refused to believe any of these reports against the son of the good Earl of Dane Clermont. To satisfy himself, he spoke to Mr. Butler about it, who said it was an undoubted fact that Lord Roland had been cashiered after an investigation, and that a soldier had died under the lash, administered by his orders. Of course, the rumor lost nothing as it flew from lip to lip, he said. On account of these damaging statements a prejudice against Lord Roland spread over the country side, in spite of his father's great popularity.

The first thing the girls did was to rush off to Dane Clermont to see Bessie. They found that young matron proud and happy. The honeymoon of the young couple had not waned, and it was pleasant to see how fond they were of one another. Bessie had much to tell of John's prosperity, actual and prospective. The Earl was proving a steady friend. The second house was nearly finished, and the Earl was to give him a liberal rent for its use as an office. He advised John to erect a row of tenement houses, as there was a demand for them in the rapidly growing town. He had represented to John that if these were built he would then have a steady income, regardless of his salary, which would be a permanent provision for his family.

"In fact," said Bessie, with a gratified tone in her voice, "the Earl has offered to loan John money to further the building of the tenement houses, but father would not permit that. If it is necessary to borrow money, he will lend it."

Bessie was full of the Earl's praises, and could not speak too highly of his fatherly kindness of manner.

"He has had a room fitted up for himself here, and stays all night when there is a press of business at the office on rent days. The tenants want to see his lordship for advice and to ask favors, and he wishes to see them personally about improvements and alterations, which he wishes to suggest to them."

Bessie was proud of the Earl, and never wearied of praising him. She would tell how she liked to see his handsome face look into the sitting room for a moment, and say, with pleasing familiarity, "Are you coming, John?" if he happened to be ready for the office first.

Truly, the Earl of Dane Clermont had always an un-

limited supply of advice and encouragement, which he bestowed freely. He had the happy art of sending home his tenants contented and full of loyalty to himself.

After listening to the Earl's praises, the two girls ran up to see Tillie at the manse. It was an uncommonly fine, clear winter day. As they passed the road that runs along the new plantation, they saw Matilda and Mr. Butler coming towards them, their feet rustling over the withered leaves.

"Here is Tillie and Mr. Butler," said Ida. "I suppose she has foregathered—isn't that the word—with him accidentally."

Ida said this, although Mr. Butler's manner was too lover-like to favor the supposition.

The girls waited till they came up, and then Tillie, taking time by the forelock, mentioned to them that Mrs. Weston had discovered that Mr. Butler was related to her. This was agreeable news to both girls; it seemed to bring Mr. Butler much nearer to them. They loved Mrs. Weston so much, and believed in her goodness so earnestly, that her relation to him was a kind of guarantee for him. He must be worthy if he was related to one so entirely good and lovable.

Dinah pondered over this discovery as they walked on to the manse, Mr. Butler leaving them, and going away to the office. She looked at him in a new light now, as a possible husband for Tillie, and a new cousin for herself, and the old dislike to him came up in her mind.

He came up to the manse before they left, and Dinah felt like differing in opinion from him more than ever.

"One agreeable thing about Mr. Butler," Ida remarked to Dinah, "is, he does not get offended when you differ from him."

Mr. Butler came to the manse to bring a roll of plans which the Earl had left for the minister. It seemed that Mr. Simson had been advised by the Earl to build, the house rented for a manse being a little inconvenient and its possession uncertain.

"The Earl condescends to take an interest in everything," said Tillie, with a smile. "He has been in, talking of this matter to papa, and offers a site on what may be called liberal terms. I notice that the Earl of Dane Clermont's advice carries weight with it; it is as effective as a queen's invitation."

"He has marked the plan which he thinks best to recommend. He says it will be commodious and even elegant, and will be an ornament to the town," explained Mr. Butler, who, having completed his errand, departed again.

"I know very well that the manse will be built on the plan the Earl recommends, and John will commence his row of tenement houses just as the Earl says," was Tillie's comment; and subsequent events showed that she was right.

When the girls were driving home that evening they fell to talking about Mr. Butler.

"I wonder very much," said Dinah, "that a man of Mr. Butler's bent of mind is in the Earl's employ. Those who work for a lord are generally of his way of thinking, but Mr. Butler never seems to consider what is prudent or politic, and he sets his opinion over the opinion of everyone else."

"What has caused you talk that way about Mr. Butler just now? He was not saying anything this evening of a revolutionary character."

"No, he was not; I was only thinking of him, and how we always differ in opinion."

"You like to have your ideas in order, each in its place,

and you do not like to alter an opinion. Did you ever hear that Mr. Butler thinks himself entitled to some property that the Earl holds, that belonged to his father?" said Ida. "Maybe that circumstance has made him a democrat."

"I did hear that," said Dinah, decidedly, "and I did hear that the Earl has taken an interest in his welfare all his life. He got him the situation in the bank in Portglenone, and when he lost that, from writing an election squib, he gave him a situation in his own office. I wonder if Mr. Butler is as thankful as he ought to be?"

Rath Cottage was brightened and stirred up, while Ida was at home.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Livingstone, "if Ida is a lass all by herself, or a specimen of Canadian girls in general. I never saw any one who takes such an interest in the people met with, as she does. She asks after every one, as if it was her business how they prospered."

This opinion was drawn from Mrs. Livingstone when Ida—after having been to see Bessie, and having been at the manse, then up to Mrs. Weston's to congratulate her on Mr. Butler being a relation, and praising him in a way that was music in his mother's ears—insisted that one of their drives should be in the direction of Patsy Murray's place, to see how Mrs. Murray was getting along, and if they were succeeding with the drainage of the low field. It was as easy to drive in that direction as in any other, and so one day they drove up to Mrs. Murray's little holding.

They found her sitting by the fire, with a cup of milk in her hand, eating a potato out of the ashes. She had many apologies to "the dear young ladies, for being caught taking a flying bite, seeing that she had not had time to eat her breakfast before, on account of minding a creature of a sick cow."

Mrs. Murray's "flying bites," as she called them, were largely in excess of her regular meals. She sat upon a stool by the hearth, when she was weary, and ate her potato or bowl of stirabout, while she rested, thus killing two birds with one stone.

"The boys are down in the field digging in those weary drains," she said. "I will just step to the door and call Patsy, and glad enough he will be to see them that was always good to him."

"Never mind, Mrs. Murray," they said, "we will go down to see how the draining is getting along."

Delighted with the interest thus evinced in Patsy's undertaking, she threw an old shawl over her head, to pilot them the cleanest way to the field.

They had succeeded in accomplishing a good part of the heavy work, for the greater half of the little field looked as if it were intersected with small canals. Patsy was hidden from sight in the bottom of the drain, and was as black as peat mud could make him.

"This is very hard work that you are at," said Ida, appearing to him suddenly on the edge of the drain.

"Yes, Miss Ida," he said, smiling all over with the delight of seeing her, straightening himself up and wiping his brow with the back of his hand, "trenching a field as deep as this is a slavish bit of work."

Ida looked at the poor fellows working away, knee deep in bog water, and acknowledged that after such hard work they would need to have some recompense for the labor forced upon them by Mr. Sinclair's will.

"If you got this field rent free for years, it would be little enough to pay you for your toil," Ida said.

"When all the digging is done, Miss Ida," said Patsy, "there will be hundreds of cart-loads of stones needed to

line out and cover these drains ; the digging isn't all by a great deal. Then there's sand to be carted on, and lime to be spread over it, not to speak of guano."

"You'll not be ready to come back soon, then?" said Ida.

"Between caring for the little place, Miss Ida, and draining this bit of bog, and gathering up enough to pay the advanced rent, we have our hands full."

"Not one of them has a mitten on his hands at his work," said Ida, as they walked back to the house. "People in this country do not take much care of themselves."

"Do you think you will manage the rent, Mrs. Murray?" asked the girls of her.

"It's hard to tell. All the place makes is going into it. We never ate mate of any kind, or an egg, no more nor if it was goold. Every blessed thing we can sell we do sell, and we may fail in the end!"

Mrs. Murray and her boys felt it to be a compliment for the young ladies from Ramelton to come to see them, and to care, "the kindly creatures, whether we wor gettin' on wid the load of rent, or fallin' behind, an' it's fallin' behind we will be, I'm thinkin'," was the opinion Mrs. Murray expressed when the girls had left, and the croydon was looked after till it was out of sight.

Ida was known in the neighborhood as one who cared for the people, and who often had money, as well as advice, to give. Her allowance of pocket money was excessive, in the eyes of her uncle's family, and her personal wants were few. It was quite natural, then, that Rose Heney should creep into the kitchen to see her, and tell her the particulars of her tale of sorrow. She was in great trouble. Her son, a day laborer, had met with an accident, falling from a

scaffolding and having his arm broken, and receiving internal injuries. The little sixpences which Rose made on the days when she could leave him to the care of a good-natured neighbor, who would look in upon him occasionally, were but a poor shield to keep the wolf from the door. The poor are good to the poor. Rose's neighbors were kind, and knew how to feel for her, and thus she got many a little help, but the supply fell far short of the need. To add to her trouble, the goat, an animal that had a talent for getting into mischief, died suddenly, the most spiteful trick it could accomplish at that time. Ida's purse emptied itself into Rose's hands, but she realized that that was a mere temporary relief. There was really no means of paying the rent, and it was precisely to persons of the class to which Rose belonged that Captain Allen felt least inclined to show mercy. They were so near the poor-house door that it was best, from his point of view, when circumstances pushed them in and ended the struggle and bother. The poor and the rich do not agree on this subject. More than the bitterness of death was in the thought of the poor-house to an industrious creature like Rose, even if the disgrace did not involve a separation from the sick son. The whole Livingstone family felt a sympathy for her; even Charlie, who had never been in high favor with her since he asked her if she were a Chinese, because she had such very small feet, took an interest in how she was to meet the inevitable rent, fast coming due.

"I'll tell you what, Ida," said Charlie to her, "I know Sir William's address; you write a petition to him on behalf of Rose, and if it does no good it will do no harm."

Doing something to help others was the strong point of Ida's character. The idea of writing a petition took her fancy at once, and she set about it with characteristic

energy. There was a great deal of paper spoiled over that petition ; it would not be safe to say how many copies were made, or how many fingers were in the pie. Finally Ida got away by herself and produced some verses describing Rose's sorrows and danger, and brought them out and read them to Charlie, saying,

"After all, poetry of any kind ought to touch an Irish heart more quickly than prose."

So she sealed it up and consigned it to the post office before there was time to suggest any alterations.

It was that very day that the news reached Ramelton of the dreadful murder, up in the pass between Oaktonvale and Silver Glen, of one of Mr. Scott's keepers. A thrill of horror passed through the country. Mr. Scott, the new owner, thought the man was killed because he was a Scotchman, and was brought there to fill a position of authority over the people. The country people believed that the man was murdered by a countryman and fellow-keeper, and that jealousy was the chief cause. When the murdered man was missing, all the people of the glens were warned out to search for him, but it was his countryman who found him. It was this circumstance, among others, that fastened suspicion on the fellow-keeper, in the minds of the people. Mr. Scott demanded that the inhabitants of the glens should give up the murderers. The people said they did not know them, and consequently could not give them up. Mr. Butler did not believe them guilty ; many others did.

"You know," said Mr. Butler, "I have been with shooting parties over those hills and through the glens, and I know every foot of the country. It was I who went with Mr. Scott to show him the landmarks, when he thought of purchasing. The point from which the one keeper pro-

fessed to see with his field-glass the body of the other made the matter impossible. Field-glasses cannot carry sight over a hill and down the face of a ravine. There are agrarian outrages, more's the pity, but not the wonder, of it. In this case, I am afraid that agrarian discontent is made a cover for the revenge of a private quarrel."

It must be admitted that Mr. Butler had not the larger number with him in these opinions. The murderer, or murderers, was not found ; but, shortly afterwards, the dead man's widow married him whom Mr. Butler suspected of the crime, and they returned to Scotland.

Rent day came and went, and no answer had been received to Ida's petition in Rose's behalf, when the time arrived for her to return to school. Ida made a pathetic appeal against going back alone, but it was unavoidable ; and Rath Cottage was somewhat quieter because of her absence.

The Rev. Mr. Simson was persuaded into building a house of his own in Dane Clermont. Matilda was a frequent visitor at the house of her blind friend. Between the two there existed the binding power of a mutual secret and a tender friendship. Mr. Simson had one annoyance, that he would fain have got rid of : Lord Roland seemed to admire his beautiful daughter. He came to the manse on errands that were palpably excuses, and spoke to Tillie, and of her, in a strain of admiration that was hard to be endured patiently. But resentment was impossible, because he always stopped before reaching the limit where admiration becomes persecution, and where an open expression of disapproval becomes possible. Under these circumstances, when Lord Roland was at the Castle, Mr. Simson rather favored his daughter's spending a good deal of time with her blind friend.

It was a source of sincere gratification to the Livingstone family to see how happy and prosperous John and Bessie were---John, high in the Earl's favor, a thoughtful, provident man; Bessie, a careful, prudent matron, as became her mother's daughter. To crown their happiness, twin babies were given to them, and Bessie was very proud of her dots of babies in their double cradle. Her enjoyment of the new dignity was a pretty sight to see. There were many consultations as to the naming of the babies; and at last the momentous question was settled by giving the boy his grandfather's name of Alexander, and calling the little girl for her aunt, Dinah.

Rose Heney was to be turned out of her little cabin at last. She was under notice of eviction, and the rent was not forthcoming, when suddenly Sir William came down to Bruce Hall. Rose heard of his coming, and watched for him, determined to waylay him and beg for a little longer time. It was a matter of life or death to her. Her son was getting better, and, she thought, if he would mercifully wait a little, she would be able to pay up what she owed. She succeeded in having an interview with Sir William on the highway, as he was out riding. She went down on her knees before him, and Sir William, not being naturally a hard-hearted man, drew up and listened to her. By questioning her he found out that she was the widow in whose behalf the petition had been written, which had reached him after some delay; and he also ascertained the name of the writer. From some motive, or probably from a mixture of motives, he determined to do a generous act, and he gave poor Rose her little cabin rent free for life, telling her that it was out of respect for the writer of the petition.

During this very ride, Sir William came upon one of his father's tenants breaking stones on the road. It was rainy

weather, and the man was in rags and as thin as a ghost. Sir William recognized him, remembering him well as a man of honest name and fame, and one of his father's most respectable tenants. He drew up beside him, and asked him what had brought him to this. The man straightened himself up and looked at Sir William for a second or two before he spoke. Then he said, slowly,

"Your honor has brought me to this. I lived under your honor's lamented father in credit and decency, me and my father before me; and I paid my rent to the last penny, regularly. Your honor's father, if he was alive, would confirm what I say, and all the country round knows it's the truth. When your honor came into power, the rent was risen on me, and I broke my heart trying to pay it, and as soon as I fell behind I was put to the road. I was the first on the estate who was put out since it fell to your honor. That is what has brought me to this, and I live in dread of the poor-house every day."

Sir William felt his heart stirring with old memories of his father's time, when this man's clothes were not a wisp of tatters. He remembered a pup that the latter had raised for him when he was a contented farmer, and could even oblige his landlord's son.

"Who has your place?" he asked.

"Nobody as yet," said the man. "It has lain idle because the neighbors did not like to take it; but I hear that the Captain is going to put it into Mr. Moore's big farm that is alongside of it."

"Come up to the office to-morrow," said Sir William, "I did not know anything of this; but I will see what can be done for you."

He put spurs to his horse and galloped away. It might

be that he imagined that gold could be possibly bought too dear.

The result was that this man, James Devlin, got back his place, and had the rent lowered, not to the old amount, but below what it had been fixed at by Captain Allen. James Devlin told Mr. Livingstone of this change in his affairs himself; and of course Rose came to Rath Cottage to have them rejoice with her over her good luck, and write the news of it to Ida, "an' tell the darlin' that a blessing would follow her all her life, an' make her bed in heaven." When Mr. Livingstone heard of these two acts of kindness, he remarked :

"Poor man, there is some good in him; and if he had lived among his people he might have been respected like his father. As it is, if he would only come and reside at the Hall, and give up the husks of the far country, he might become more like his father. He can bear to disregard reports that reach him, for his manner of life creates a great need and greed for money; but he cannot bear to see the misery brought on by the agent's harshness."

It was rumored that there was a fierce quarrel between Captain Allen and Sir William about these two acts of generosity, and that the Captain threatened, with customary profanity, to pitch the books into the bottomless pit if his management were interfered with. This report was likely to be true, for Sir William went back to London and was not seen on his estate for years, and Captain Allen reigned and raged over the people with the arrogance of a tyrant and the brutality of a despot.

CHAPTER XII.

EVICTED.

"See yonder poor o'er-labored wight,
So abject, mean and vile ;
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;
And see his lordly fellow worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn !
If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—
By nature's law designed—
Why was an independent wish
E'er p'anted in my mind ?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty and scorn ?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn ?"—*Burns.*

Ida was at home from school again, when Lady Harriette Denison was married to Colonel Baddington. The marriage did not take place at Dane Clermont Castle, but at the other Castle on the Earl's southern estate. The Dane Clermont tenants subscribed to present her with a costly bracelet, which, with a suitable address of congratulation, was duly presented to her. Lady Harriette was a well-dowered bride, and had the reputation of being as haughty as she was rich.

Weddings always made Ida and Dinah wonder over the problem, if Mr. Butler would ever win and wed their beautiful cousin, Tillie ?

Mr. Butler might, in a worldly point of view, be as good a match as John Coldingham ; his income was as good, and he had no extravagant habits. The minister was apparently

fond of him as an acquaintance, but the girls imagined that he would not care to choose him for a son-in-law. Both thought over these things, but did not speak of them even to each other. Whether Tillie cared for him or not, did not become more apparent as the months slipped away. Whether Mr. Simson ever dreamed of Mr. Butler as a possible admirer of Tillie was made clear to their minds by the following incident: Ida and Dinah were taking tea at the manse, when Ida began to praise Mr. Butler, for whom she had the affinity that comes from similar ideas. Mr. Simson said:

"He is a clever young fellow, but he is entirely too latitudinarian in his ideas. He has too much respect for erroneous beliefs, and too much sympathy with what I consider revolutionary ideas."

Mr. Butler was often at the manse, and many things happening in the country were subjects for arguments between the two gentlemen. When they got earnest and heated, Ida noticed that Tillie felt distressed. When Mr. Butler looked at Tillie he invariably calmed down, apologized for his warmth, and matters got into their usual courteous state. Ida felt that every divergence of opinion on the Irish question made Butler's chance of becoming the minister's son-in-law more remote and more slender.

After Ida's return Mrs. Livingstone was talking of getting another servant girl for Bessie and the twins. The one Bessie had was a good nurse, and another, who would be a thorough servant, was wanted, for owing to the boarders and the Earl being there occasionally, Bessie's household duties were very laborious.

Roseen recommended a cousin of hers, Nancy Doherty, who had danced at the Earl's welcome. She lived on Mr. Scott's estate, out by Silver Glen.

"If Nancy could come, she was a treasure," Roseen said. "Ever since her brother had married, Nancy had thought of going out to service, if she got a good place."

Ida proposed that they should make a sort of picnic excursion to that part of Donegal, see the sights which that historical part of the country afforded, enjoy themselves, and secure the girl for Bessie, all at the same time. When Mr. Butler came in one evening, she invited him to accompany them, so that he might discourse on historical places as they drove along.

"If I can get leave of absence," said Mr. Butler, evidently pleased, "I shall be glad to go."

"You do not often ask for a day out," said Ida. "I dare say you will get permission, but if they make any difficulty threaten them with me. I depend on you to come and make our picnic interesting and profitable, with scraps of Irish history."

Mr. Butler got leave of absence, and they all looked forward—doubtfully to the weather but with certainty as to enjoying themselves. They were to start early and take a well-filled lunch basket along, and dine in some one of Donegal's romantic and delightful spots.

If ever Ida was busy and determined, she was busy and determined in planning and provisioning that picnic and excursion into the hills of Donegal. But neither Mr. nor Mrs. Livingstone felt much in favor of Ida's Canadian ideas of enjoyment; they had always a cautious fear of pleasure degenerating into dissipation. And one drawback to the proposed pleasure was that Tillie could not accompany the party, as they found out on the day before; but in spite of Mr. Livingstone's objections to the picnic, Ida wheedled him into letting Charlie go in Tillie's place, although he was busy at the time.

"We are provisioned as if we intended staying in the mountains for a week," was Dinah's opinion.

Ida arranged the whole affair. She had so much energy, so much persuasive self-will, that she overcame opposition and carried out her plans. She took all the arrangements on her own shoulders, and Mrs. Livingstone, for once in her life, found herself a helper instead of the mainspring of the movement.

Mrs. Livingstone insisted on seeing after umbrellas, waterproof cloaks, and wraps, and in adding to the already overstocked supply of provisions some delicious home-made wine, brought out only in cases of sickness, or very great emergencies. She had doubts about the weather, and there were some light vapors curling round the mountain tops; nevertheless it was a rare bright morning when the pleasure-seekers ventured forth. The world seemed at its best; happy-eyed flowers looked out from every bank and hedgerow; the air was sweet with the breath of blossoms; there was the ecstasy of worship in the lark's song; the thrush floated out a psalm of thanksgiving from the branchy sycamores; even the multitudinous rooks had a tone of joyfulness in their cawings to one another.

"This is a day to be remembered," said Ida, giving herself a comfortable wriggle in her seat beside Mr. Butler, who was put into the responsible post of driver. "Enjoyment of this kind, on a day when nature is wild with rejoicing, always makes me feel nearer to God."

"Well, yes," said Dinah over her shoulder, "a holiday should be a holy day. I often feel as if I were a Jew and heard Moses say, 'This day is holy unto the Lord.'"

"I cannot say that I ever felt as you describe, Miss Livingstone," said Mr. Butler, with a slight curl of his short

upper lip. "I have never felt like a Jew, because I am particularly Irish."

"Well, being Irish, can you not enjoy to the full being outside of the office this glorious morning?" said Ida, briskly.

"Of course I do," assented Mr. Butler.

"I feel my heart stirred with a true Irish love for this beautiful Donegal," said Ida. "I am getting to know some of the peaks and passes; I know the peak of Erigal, and the long bulk of Muckish, lying like a great pig with his bristly back to the sky."

"'All save the spirit of man is divine,' to quote Byron," said Mr. Butler. "Wild and romantic are the mountains of Donegal, sweet are her glens, and fertile her plains; but little does all that avail for her sons and her daughters."

"Do talk sense instead of poetry, Mr. Butler," said Dinah, shortly, "and if you mean anything tell us what you do mean."

"I mean, Miss Livingstone, that the poetry of life, the beauty of the country, is of small avail to the people who can never get any better off through all the passing centuries. What is the beauty of Donegal to the natives, toiling on everlastingly, as mere rent producers? Here is Captain Allen squeezing Sir William's tenants, and Mr. Sinclair extorting gratuitous work out of his, over and above their rents. Some proprietors seem to consider their estates so many gold mines, out of which any amount of money can be raised. Their land is loaded down with annuities for the dowagers, fortunes for the young ladies, mortgages to pay the debts of young spendthrifts; and the peasant toils on to produce enough for all this."

"Well, the people are lawless in many places, and even here there are outrages," said Dinah.

"As a people they are not lawless, but submissive. Some of the common people have been carefully trained into lawlessness by their landlords. It used to be said that the King's writ could not run in parts of Ireland ; but that state of things was produced in the interest of the landlords. It was generally against some drunken squireen, or impecunious landholder, that the writs were issued. When I was in Galway, a certain Blake owned a castle and some property there. He was one of the wasteful, prodigal descendants of the English Tribes, who seized on the patrimony of the fierce O'Flaherties of the olden time—one of those proprietors whom Lever and Lover delight to paint and label as Irish. This Blake lived in utter disregard of writs and bailiffs. His tenants were drilled into a protective and preventative force. I remember one bailiff whom they compelled to eat his writs, and wash them down with a large dose of sea water. It will be a terrible day for the landholders if ever their miserable tenants turn on them the lessons they have been teaching them for centuries !"

"Did the law ever get hold of this Blake ?" asked Ida, on whom the picture of the revelling old heathen, with his devoted body-guard of tenants, made a different impression from what Mr. Butler intended.

"Yes, the old fox was unearched at last ; the bailiff got admittance in the guise of a beggar. The castle is roofless now, and the last of the Blakes is somewhere earning his daily bread, which is a very honorable occupation."

"Do not be mourning over the woes of Erin on this bright day. Do let us enjoy ourselves," said Ida.

They had now left verdure and bloom behind, and were threading their way through upland bogs and beneath the shadows of barren mountains. In the distance, Mr. Butler pointed out the isolated Doune Rock, standing like a sen-

tinel, draped like a tower with green ivy, and crested with the lucky white heather.

"It was the place of inauguration of the O'Donnell princes," said Mr. Butler.

Away up on the mountain side was a little chapel, with a tall cross beside it—such a lovely mountain chapel and cross as Protestant tourists in Italy and France go into raptures about. Our picnickers had hardly time to notice that it was there, for the sunny morning had been clouding over, and the mountains had dark mists curling round their tops; but they did not take warning until a sudden mountain hail-storm broke over them with such violence as almost to take away their breath. There was not a tree to be seen in all the bleak landscape, nor a shelter of any kind but the lee side of the little chapel. To it they turned their horse's head, and made a rush for the shelter it could afford. Half laughing, and wholly out of breath, they dashed through the open gate and drew up alongside of the chapel wall, where the frozen points, driven by the mountain blast, would not have so much power to smite.

"Quite an incident in our day's pleasuring," said Ida, with a gasp, as, having got out of the croydon, the party ranged themselves against the wall.

At the corner of the chapel a head with a shock of grey hair presently appeared, looked at the party, and vanished. Immediately after an elderly priest—a tall man with fair hair and a fatherly kindness of manner—came out of the chapel and approached the party.

"You are caught in one of our mountain showers, Mr. Butler," he said. "If the ladies will walk into my house, it will at least afford more shelter than the outside of the chapel; it is just behind the chapel."

They were glad to avail themselves of the kind priest's

hospitality. His house was near—in fact it was leaning its back up against the chapel, which partly screened it from sight. They were shown into a room, almost completely lined with books, that seemed to be both study and sitting room. Over the fire-place hung a framed coat-of-arms, resplendent in heraldic coloring ; the rest of the furniture was plain enough. This coat-of-arms was a silent assertion that the priest claimed to be a descendant of one of the ancient families that once ruled Donegal. His appearance and manners were polished and gentlemanly ; in fact he did no discredit to the ancient name of which he was so proud.

“ This priest is a great lover of ancient history, and is a learned antiquarian. You would enjoy his acquaintance very much,” said Mr. Butler in an undertone, to Ida.

The priest was very kind, and insisted on treating them to wine and biscuit. Ida never would even touch wine, but she was charmed with the old priest's kindness and hospitality. Never having learned to reverence a priest because he was a priest ; indeed, never having come in contact with one before, and finding this one so fatherly and friendly, she felt like taking a child's advantage of him, and asking him any number of questions, in her innocently free Canadian manner. The rest felt in misery for fear she would give offence.

“ You have a nice chapel here on the mountain side, father,” said Ida. “ Is it a new one ? ”

“ It is not quite finished yet, but mass is said here every Sabbath,” the priest answered.

“ The people round here seem poor, sir. I wonder that they could build such a neat chapel.” Ida said this with such sympathy in look and tone that the old priest felt it.

“ This chapel,” he said, kindly, “ was not built by the people living on these hills. You have truly said they are

too poor. It was built by the free will offerings sent back by the sons of these mountains, who are far away in America and Australia. The exiled Irish do not forget their country, and their country's needs, in the lands to which want has driven them."

"What did you do before you had this chapel?" enquired Ida.

"We held our services in the open air, as the Scotch Covenanters did. You have read about them, I suppose?" said the priest.

"Oh, yes," answered Ida, "I have read of them, and felt sorry for them. I feel sorry, too, to think that your people were too poor to have a place of worship; and I am glad to hear that their friends over the sea remembered and helped them."

Charlie and Dinah were dismayed at Ida's frank remarks, being afraid that she would commit herself by saying something to offend, and they sat ill at ease, with a secret dread of what the terribly candid Canadian mind would think of saying next. Mr. Butler, on the contrary, evidently enjoyed the situation, in a suppressed manner.

"Poverty is hard to bear, hard enough, sometimes," said the priest, gently, "but there are worse things than poverty."

"Ah, yes, sir," said the irrepressible Ida, with eagerness, "the Covenanters had worse to bear than poverty. They met at the peril of their lives, and had to set sentries to watch while they prayed. The grass of Scotland was watered with their blood."

"We, too, have suffered for the faith which is dear to us," said the priest, raising his head. "Our sufferings lasted for a longer time, and came down the years to nearer our own days than the sufferings of the Covenanters. We met

among the hills, at the peril of our lives, for our worship, with sentries posted to give the alarm, for priest-hunting was a profession then. I remember, when I was a little boy, going to mass—holding my mother's hand—up to the Grianen Hill, near Derry, the place called in our language Royal Aileach. Sentries were posted to give the alarm. The officiating priest had to wade over from the island, where he had said mass earlier. He waded across waist deep in water, and stood in his dripping clothes while he said mass again; and, I suppose you know, Miss Livingstone, that a priest has to say mass fasting. This happened when I was a boy, and I am not a very old man yet."

"I am glad, sir," said Ida, heartily, "that you have lived to see these better times, and to have a chapel of your own, where you can meet without any one to make you afraid. And I think I would like to see it," said Ida, suddenly giving utterance to the thought just as it struck her mind.

The priest rose at once. "I shall be most happy to show it to you," he said, including them all in the inviting glance which accompanied his words.

They followed him into the chapel, through a communicating door between his house and it. It was a neat, plain building, without seats, and with little ornamentation. It accommodated, the priest said, about eight hundred people. Having looked around, they passed out at the front door into the chapel yard, which was planted with young trees, mostly yews, and with the tall dark cross looming up from among them. Ida looked at the yew trees with solemn curiosity. They were a new tree to her, and through her reading, were associated with death.

"These trees are so vigorous and glassy green that I could hardly think of them as mournful yews," said Ida.

"Do you see that lonely rock over there?" asked the

priest, pointing across the bare bog to where the Doune Rock stood.

"Yes," answered Ida; "Mr. Butler told us it was the place of inauguration of the O'Donnell princes."

"There is a sacred well beside it," continued the priest. "In the shelter of that rock was another place where the worshippers of a proscribed faith met, while the sentinel watched from the inauguration stone on the rock."

"I am glad that you have fallen on better times," said the sympathetic Ida. "You have a nice chapel now, and have full liberty to worship God after your own conscience."

The rain was over and they got into the croydon to depart.

"In what direction are you going?" asked the priest of Mr. Butler.

"Over to Silver Glen," said Mr. Butler. "We are going pleasuring if the weather will allow."

The priest smiled, a sad, thoughtful smile, but said nothing.

He assisted Ida into the croydon with fatherly politeness, and wished them pleasant weather, and no more hail showers to drive them to shelter. With many thanks for his politeness and kindness, they took their departure.

As they took their seats in the croydon, Charlie heard the priest's man whisper to him:

"Is it well for them to go on?"

"It is," the priest answered. "It is better to see than to hear."

They drove along in the shadow of the mountains, across tracts of boggy waste, behind the isolated Doune Rock, Mr. Butler pointing out to them the lucky white heather fringing its crest. They passed small mountain holdings, with a field or two attached, reclaimed from the bog and the stony

mountain side, in which ragged laborers, with hopeless faces, were digging. It was pleasant to see how their faces brightened when Mr. Butler, whom they all seemed to know, spoke to them in their own tongue.

Dinah was turning over in her mind words that she could use in advising Ida without hurting her. "I think, Ida," she said at length, as softly as she could, "that you express yourself too freely to strangers. I was so terrified that you would offend that kind old priest by the freedom of your remarks."

"Oh, there was no danger," said Ida, lightly; "speech, if kindly spoken, draws people together; silence separates them."

"Am I to believe what that priest said?" she asked suddenly. "Was there ever a time when Protestants persecuted Catholics because of their faith?"

"It is quite true," said Mr. Butler, speaking over his shoulder, for Ida was leaning across the croydon addressing Dinah. "When men want to let out the devil that is in them, in persecution, it is easy to find an excuse," continued Mr. Butler. "Man is really an intolerant animal; the thoughts and opinions of his neighbor constitute the one realm where he cannot come and usurp rule and lordship, and it is precisely into this free realm that he is ever trying to force his way and assert his authority."

"The different governments that persecute are to blame," said Dinah.

"Governments," said Mr. Butler, "is another name for men. Governments cannot do much without the backing of the people. One party in Scotland willingly lent themselves to the persecution of the other, for their belief; one part of the Episcopalian Church of England consented to the driving out of five thousand ministers from their livings,

at one time, for conscience' sake. The Puritans, who prized liberty of conscience so highly for themselves, considered all who differed from them as Amalekites, to be slain, when they had the power. When they went, self-exiled to the new world, seeking for soul-liberty for themselves, they began persecuting their fellow countrymen who differed from them, almost as soon as they set foot on the new soil, and set about exterminating the Indians with a relentless cruelty that we wonder at now. Here in Ireland Protestant persecuted Catholic, as in other countries Catholic persecuted Protestant. They all had a religious excuse for doing so ; but the fact is, man always persecutes when he has the power."

"You think persecution the mistake of governments, then?" Dinah asked him.

"Governments have always found the church an auxiliary. When they take the very lowest level of expediency, the church is ready to defend and apologize on scriptural grounds."

"I never dreamed before that Protestants persecuted Catholics," said Ida.

"It is merely this, Miss Ida : Men in power persecuting those from whom they have wrested power by the strong hand, to prevent them ever becoming powerful enough to wrest it back again. When power is gained by force or fraud, the disreputable transaction is hidden under some fine name, and then it can be religiously defended. Thus the massacre of Saint Bartholomew was a political necessity ; slavery, a heaven-ordained arrangement ; the penal laws were the safe-guards of civil and religious liberty. The heroic defenders of Derry, the brave Enniskillen men, fought for hearth and home, civil and religious liberty. What did the dispossessed natives of the soil fight for?"

Was hearth and home and the faith of their fathers nothing to them?"

A silence fell over the party as they drove along. All the old distrust of Mr. Butler came up in Dinah's throat as she listened to sentiments so utterly at variance with everything she had been taught to believe. Did Mr. Butler mean to insinuate that the heroic defenders of Derry were mere freebooters, fighting for what was the inheritance of others, forcibly taken away? His talk seemed to hint that he thought so. She did chew the cud of bitter reflection as they passed mountain and moor, lonely crag and lonelier valley.

After driving some little distance, they came out into a better country, and, turning round the shoulder of a mountain, they entered a fair valley, with rounded, grassy hills fringed with noble trees. It was a long stretch of country, in which the low hills, rising beyond one another to the far off horizon, seemed like the rolling swell of a green ocean. There were no houses in sight, but herds of handsome cattle were daintily cropping the rich sweet grass.

"Here are

'Brindle, Ebony, Speckle and Bess,
Tossing their horns in the summer wind,
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass,'"

quoted Ida. "What a great sweep of pasture land this is, and what noble cattle! Who would expect to see such a large tract of grazing land in one place in this little Ireland. This is what puzzles me, Dinah," she said, turning to her and wrinkling up her forehead. "Dr. Cameron speaks of the scarcity of land and the over population; here is a grazing farm that might have been carved out of the boundless prairie. And look at the *demesne* and park round Dane Clermont Castle, round Bruce Hall, and Dareaber Castle.

All these are so extensive and so unproductive of anything but beauty that they seem to be parts of an unlimited quantity of *terra firma*. This looks as if land were very plentiful."

"And yet," interrupted Mr. Butler, "the weavers and laborers of happy Ulster can seldom get enough land for the traditional kail yard."

"I remember," said Charlie, "when this place round here was thickly populated. There were cottages all over. It is said, I will not say whether it is true or not, for I do not know, that the proprietor's wife kept nagging at her lord to have the population swept off, for her eyes were offended at the sight of the rustic cabins, and then cattle had become very profitable, and grazing land, therefore, very remunerative. Anyway, the landlord wiped out the inhabitants of this tract of country, and gave it up to cattle, and my lady thinks it an improvement."

"A man may do what he will with his own," said Dinah. "Remember that, Charlie. It was in his own power. It was hard, I grant, on the people, but the owner did nothing but exercise his undoubted right."

"There is where the sad part of the matter is. If every one had his own, it did not belong to the landlord or his fastidious wife. It was not they that owned the land about here, but the people," said Mr. Butler. "They were driven up into these hills when the fat lowlands and green valleys were wrested from them in confiscation times. They cleared, and drained, and reclaimed this valley by generations of patient toil. They never in their hearts believed that the rents, which drained them of all but the potatoes that constituted their living and their reproach, and the poor garments that clothed them, was due to a landlord for what of his they occupied—no, it was a tribute paid to the

foreigner for the privilege of clinging to the land of their fathers."

They drove through this pleasant valley, and passed a hamlet which Mr. Butler pointed out as the birth-place of that great apostle and preacher, whose name and labors have made Icolmkill holy ground. Passing between the fair twin lakes, of which so many weird tales are told, they found themselves among the hills again.

"If we get to the gap between the Oakton rocks and Silver Lake, we might camp in a sheltered place and pick a bit of dinner. I am sure I am ready," said Charlie.

"I know a short road to the lake," said Mr. Butler, and in accordance with his directions they turned into what looked to be a little frequented road. It was difficult and stony. The soil here was poor, and could be tilled only in places; in spots, a grassy covering crept over thin shale, and in others the bare rocks pushed through the thin covering. Cabins were scattered here and there along the rocky ledge, without any attempt at order. Little fields in various stages of cultivation, were on the slope and down by the lake shore.

"What is this?" said Mr. Butler, as they gained the top of a little rising ground.

There was a large detachment of police drawn up near one of the cabins, and a squad of soldiers, also under arms, at a little distance. Laborers, armed with crowbars and pickaxes, were gathered near the houses.

"By George! we are in time for an eviction!" said Charlie, jumping out of the croydon in a hurry, and looking round in vain for some place to tie the horse. Mr. Butler fastened him to a large stone.

They all got down from the croydon with haste and went over to the scene. Some evictions had already taken place.

The people were sitting among their bits of furniture, beside their levelled homes, dazed-looking and very quiet. There was no crowd of sympathetic neighbors—only about a dozen persons, who were spectators. The things which had been removed were scattered about, some broken, as if they were thrown out with violence. The cabins were unroofed and part of the walls were thrown down. The Livingstones and Mr. Butler went over to where the police were drawn up in a double line. A gentleman on horseback was overseeing the proceedings. The faces of the police were grave and stern; they had the appearance of men doing a duty they were not delighting in. An old woman sat on a stone, her head bowed on her hands, crying and rocking herself; some children stood round, also crying. A young woman with a child in her arms, tearless herself, was trying to hush the child, who was crying wildly.

The bailiff now appeared at the door of one of the cabins, forcing along an old man, who was resisting with all his feeble strength, and protesting aloud:

"Let me alone, Jimmy Farmer! Lave me in my own house. I don't owe a penny of rent. I have done no wrong to anyone. Lave the house over my head, that I built wid my own hands."

The bailiff, never heeding the cries of the old man, forced him along. He was very feeble, pale and old, but he struggled with frenzied strength, and clung to the side posts of the door, and cried hoarsely:

"Let me die under my own roof, for the love of God! I built every stone of it with my own hands. Lave me in it; I'll not trouble any man long."

The bailiff—oh! it was a sad sight to look upon!—tore his hands from the door posts and forced him outside. He became quiet as soon as he was fairly put out. He turned,

knelt down and kissed the threshold he had been forced over, and murmured :

"God have mercy upon us this day, and keep us mindful that He is good."

A groan of sympathy went up from the few spectators. The old man, all the strength gone out of him, tottered to a stone and sat down, muttering to himself.

The gentleman on horseback sat as rigid and unmoved as an equestrian statue on a pedestal. He moved only when the house was unroofed and so far levelled as to afford no shelter to the houseless heads if they crept back ; he then put his horse in motion and went on to the next.

There was a priest present, a short, dark man, who went among the people exhorting them to patience, to trust in God, and to submit to the law.

Ida clung to Dinah, her eyes streaming with tears, asking her, in excited tones, why these poor people were treated so ; what had they done ?

Mr. Butler said nothing, but stood with his arms folded, looking on, his great black eyes blazing with wrath.

One of the evicting party, not a bailiff or crowbar man, but some understrapper, came up to them and enquired their business there, which Dinah explained to prevent Charlie telling him to mind his own affairs. They did not want spectators there.

The next house in the little hamlet to which the officials moved, by Rose's description of it, was likely to be the one to which they had come in search of a servant for Bessie. It had a stone porch as a protection from the mountain winds, and a projection built at the back, which would afford inside a recess for a bed. It was altogether the most comfortable cabin still standing. There was a pause in the sounds of lamentation ; a sort of breathless awe came down

on the people ; staring eyes and open mouths were directed towards the low-browed doorway, into which the bailiff disappeared.

All necks were stretched to see. He came out again and went over to the person on horseback and spoke to him in a low voice.

"Do your duty," said the gentleman, coldly.

The bailiff now spoke to one of the men who were there to pull down the houses. He laid down his crowbar and followed the bailiff into the house.

In a few minutes they came out again, bearing something like a corpse between them, wrapped in a coarse sheet. It was not a corpse, for a pale face, framed in long grey hair, lifted itself, and thin hands made a vain clutch at the doorpost and missed it. Following this sorrowful procession was the girl they had come after, Nancy Doherty, carrying a straw bed, which she laid on the ground to receive her father. The old woman was led out afterward, and then the bailiff threw out their furniture, one piece after another, with no appearance of caring where they fell.

Ida was greatly moved at this last scene, and asked again what the people had done to be treated so.

"Do they owe rent? Have they done anything?" she asked, turning to the priest, who was standing near.

The priest looked at her tear-stained face, and answered slowly, as if he weighed every word :

"As far as I know, and I am in a position to be well informed, they do not owe any rent whatever. They paid their rent about a month ago."

"And why are they treated so inhumanly?" asked Ida.

"The landlord wishes them to leave his property ; they are unwilling to go, for they have nowhere to go to. He is putting them away by force. He is certainly harsh, but

he has not exceeded the power which the English law gives him, and public opinion upholds him in doing this."

"But, sir," said Ida, with quivering lip, "what harm have the people done?"

"They are not accused of doing any harm. The whole accusation is that they know of harm being done, and will not tell. A crime has been committed here, and Mr. Scott takes it for granted that these unhappy people know who committed it and refuse to bear witness. The people say that they do not know anything about the crime. Mr. Scott has absolutely no particle of evidence that they do, but he says he is sure of it, and so he has inflicted this dreadful punishment on the whole valley."

"I thought," said Ida, indignantly, "that it was British law to hold men innocent until they were proved guilty?"

"It is not so in Ireland," said the priest; "here men are believed guilty when they are accused. Sometimes they may be—often they are not; the whole are condemned for the crime of a part. I am not unused to scenes like this. I was in the West during the awful time of the great famine, and there I saw miles of country cleared of its inhabitants. I have seen landed proprietors helping to pull down the cabins of the poor people with their own hands. I have seen the people by hundreds on the roadside stricken with famine-fever, dying daily. There was no accusation against them; it was the will of the lord to rid the land of them; and all the law there was in the country was on the side of their oppressors."

"A landlord can do what he will except shoot down his tenants," said Mr. Butler. "If he did that, likely the law would interfere."

"You speak strongly," said the priest; "I do not wonder. But I must go to my people."

The day had clouded up, and rain was beginning to fall. The men hurried with their work, and they were very expert at it. The heavy rumble of falling stones, the crash of tumbling roof-trees and rafters, the rattle of furniture, sounded here and there as house after house was emptied and torn down. Sometimes a groan went up, as if heart-strings as well as roof-trees were cracking. Where the sick man lay, a little crowd was gathered, and Dinah's practical mind bethought itself of the home-made wine which her mother had put in their lunch basket, and she went to the croydon to get it. It was raining now, and some were trying to put a quilt up for a shelter over the sick man's head. Dinah stooped, and, pouring out some of the wine, held it to his lips. He did not speak in answer to her kind words, nor make any attempt to swallow. He had lain still and to all appearance insensible ever since he had been carried out. She handed the cup to his daughter, who took it from her hand, and with soothing, tender words, in her own tongue, put it to his lips; but she could not make him swallow. The grey pallor of death was on his face. Nancy, quick to notice, ran for the priest. The tumult of the falling houses sounded from the head of the glen. Mr. Butler and Charlie were up there; so was the priest, but he came at the first summons. Dinah and Ida drew back from the rude pallet where the dying man lay, under the weeping heavens, but the other homeless creatures drew near and knelt down on the wet grass, or shingly stone, while the priest administered the last rites of his church for the dying.

Ida, all her nerves in a quiver, sank on her knees also. Dinah stooped down and begged of her in a whisper to get up, or she would be taken for a Catholic.

"I don't care," said Ida; "I will kneel to my God and theirs, and pray with these poor people."

"If my sturdy Presbyterian knees did not kneel, my Irish heart cried out with hers for God to judge between this man and his tenants," said Dinah, afterwards.

Before the last echo of the falling homes died away among the rocks at the head of the glen, what had been Jamie Doherty lay stretched on the straw bed under the grey sky. The aged face looked solemn and peaceful, with the awful dignity of death imprinted on it. All trouble and care had departed, and an expression such as it had never known in life had come to it. In the glimpse which Ida had got of it, when he was carried out of his home, there was the frenzy of desperation on the thin face; now there was eternal calm. He had passed beyond the need of house or home, the care for shelter, the anxiety for tomorrow; and in the place of all this was the seal of eternal silence. He had changed from a poor old man, to be thrown out like a dog to die under the dripping heavens, into something to be spoken of with bated breath in awe-struck whispers!

The women knelt bareheaded in the rain, and raised the *caoine*, or mourning for the dead. The weird sound floated up to the grey sky, and lingered and re-echoed among the rocks at the head of the glen, seeming to die away in upper air like the banshee's wail.

The last house in the valley was torn down; the rumble and crash of falling cottages was over. The evicted people were huddled in groups among their bits of furniture, until the *caoine* sounded from the mourning women, when they all gathered where the corpse lay.

The officer in command of the constabulary gave the word; the police formed to march back whence they came. As they marched past there was no face among them but wore a pitying look. The soldiers also turned about

face and marched off. Mr. Scott and the squad of laborers who had torn down the houses—an ill-looking lot they were—were moving off also, under the protection of the police.

Since her father was carried dying out of his cabin, Nancy Doherty had not shed a tear or raised a lamentation; but now, as Mr. Scott rode leisurely past, she lifted a face as white as the face of the dead, and rushed over and threw herself on her knees on the stony road before him. Lifting her hands to Heaven, she cried in a frenzied voice, made eloquent by the excess of her passion of grief and rage: "O! living God! curse this man and his breed and seed after him, for the wickedness he has done this day. O God! see, and hear, and punish! Amen!"

Mr. Scott seemed angry enough to ride over and trample down poor Nancy, to look at his cold set face and cruel blue eyes. The priest laid his hand on Nancy and spoke to her authoritatively, and led her away.

The police resumed their march, the *caoine* seeming to pursue them down the slope, and to hang over them like a curse in the air. After the constabulary were gone, Dinah looked round for Ida, and found her dividing the contents of their well-filled basket among the children. They now had to leave them and go home—leave the dead and living under the dripping sky. There was not much outcry among the people; the great trouble had stilled them. Some old women, and nursing mothers, sat at the doors of their ruined home, moaning and rocking themselves. The rest were gathered together, as if there was comfort in being near to one another. The children cried quietly, like old people, their tears mixing with the food Ida had divided among them. The men, with set teeth and lowering brows, were trying to make some attempts at shelter for the night, which was hard to do in a country utterly devoid of trees or

bushes. Ida was silent, for a great helpless anger was raised in her. Her whole soul cried out for punishment on the man who had done this cruel deed. She wondered how British law could allow this wickedness to be done. The priest was dividing his purse among the people. Ida quickly noticed this action and imitated it. Her father supplied her with a liberality that seemed excessive in the eyes of her friends ; it did not seem so now. She emptied her purse into the priest's hand, that he might distribute it. They all distributed what money they had with them among the people. The priest thanked them and expressed his gratitude, and his people's gratitude, for their sympathy, and said he was glad they had seen this thing with their own eyes, lest they might think a report of it exaggerated. Ida burst into fresh tears, saying, "When it is so hard for us to look at, what must it be for those who have to suffer?"

They drove away from the sad place. They had heard of evictions before, but had never realized what it meant until they saw the dead and the aged, the little babe and its feeble mother, amid the wreck of their homes, literally embracing the rocks for shelter !

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

O ! Thou that dwellest in the heavens so high,
Beyond the stars within the sky ;
Where the dazzling fields need no other light,
Nor the sun by day, nor the moon by night ;
Though shining millions around thee stand,
For the sake of Him at thy right hand,
Oh ! think of the souls he has died for here,
Thus hopeless and helpless in want and fear. — *Hogg.*

It was a weary, hungry party of pleasure seekers that drove over the hills from the glen, through the slanting rain. There was too much feeling for much talking. Silently they saw the gray curtains fold themselves around Muckish ; silently they saw the rain-drops make dimples in the twin lakes and beat on the shining flanks of the fat cattle in the wide pastures, and on the " looped and windowed raggedness " of the mountain toilers. As the croydon rolled down the hill, past the mountain chapel, its dripping yews and dark cross, Mr. Butler first broke the silence in a low tone :

" Rear up, dark cross, and look over the bare landscape ; fit emblem of a crucified Ireland ! Oh ! that it could be said that this accursed glen, where we have left nursing mothers, wailing children, tottering age, and helpless manhood, gathered under the sky about their dead, was the only spot of its kind in green Erin ! One of Her Gracious Majesty's royal sons has spoken of Ireland's belt of misery. Is it not horrible to think of this belt being fastened on, and clasped on her, by the greed and cruelty of those who lift in the face of high Heaven their guilty hands and say, ' These hands are clean. '

"True, they robbed a nation of its birthright—that was long ago !

"True, they doomed her to ignorance and poverty through the centuries—that we must forget and forgive.

"True, England's most honored statesman, who has gone to his own place, said there were worse things than an Irish famine, while the wild dogs of Mayo held carnival on the dead by the sands of the Moy ; while food to the value of fifteen millions sterling was exported from Ireland to England at the same time ; while the dead-cart carried, unknelt and uncoffined, corpses to the 'pit of witness' in Ardnabrahir Abbey ; while whole starved families were buried by the simple process of levelling their hovels over them, and others lay as they fell by the ditch side and in the field ; while at Bantry Sessions, Timothy and Mary Leary were transported for seven years for stealing a few turnips to allay the pangs of hunger. These things must also be forgotten, as of the past ! But now, by the miseries of these helpless people, who have been kept helpless by the grinding that took all they could make out of their hereditary soil to pay for permission to toil on it—who are judged without proof and punished without law or mercy—see to this man, most guilty, oh ! Eternal God ! upon thy judgment throne ! and judge the nation that plans and permits these iniquities !"

"Mr. Butler ! Mr. Butler !" said Ida, white and trembling, "say no more ; God hears and sees—the Judge of all the earth will do right."

When they got home, were warmed and rested, and had supper, they made indignant recital of what they had seen and heard. As Ida listened to the fast-falling rain, that was now a steady down-pour, she kept lamenting over the houseless heads that were out all night under the storm.

"They are so far away from neighbors, who might mercifully shelter the weakest of them," she complained.

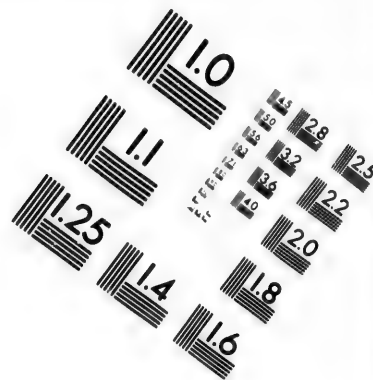
"There is no neighbor who dare give them shelter," explained Mr. Butler, as he buttoned his overcoat to go home. "If anyone were to shelter the least child, the sickest woman, or the most aged or decrepid man, losing their own home would be the punishment. That is the law among landholders."

"Well," said Ida, solemnly, "these laws, being against human nature, and against God, will bring down on the power that permits them a national curse."

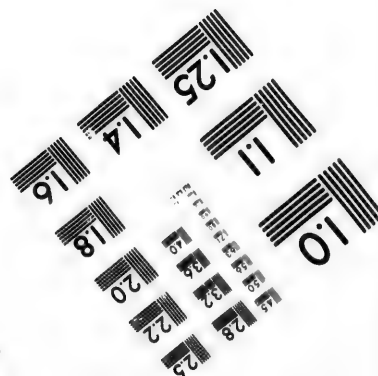
"Whisht, bairn," said Mrs. Livingstone; "it's frightsome to hear you talk. Remember, lassie, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!' Mr. Butler, I am not content to see you go away from my door on a night like this."

"A walk will do me good, Mrs. Livingstone, and I will take a share of the rain with the naked people on the hills. I must be excused if I need to walk away through the storm to get rid of thoughts that are too strong for me, for these people are my people, I cannot cut the cord of country and kin that binds me to them." And he went out into the darkness.

There was a natural curiosity among the Livingstones to know what became of the poor people, driven out under circumstances of such barbarity. They learned afterwards that they lingered for a time among their ruined homes on the cold hillside. Charity provided a way for some—the able-bodied and strong—to escape out of their country; and with burning hearts and bitter memories they left Donegal, to see it no more—saying *beannacht leat* to the mountains and glens, the homes of their fathers, the scenes of their oppression and woe, to walk in other lands under



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other stars, and wait on the mill of God to grind out retribution. The dead were buried out of sight. Nancy Doherty's mother, as well as her father, was laid in the ground, and Nancy came to live with Mrs. Coldingham. Her brother and his wife were among the able-bodied who emigrated. Nancy was alone. She was changed from the light-hearted girl who danced so merrily at the Earl's welcome into a bitter-hearted woman. There were those whose brains gave way under their trouble, who were removed to the Letterkenny Asylum, and the infirm and the aged disappeared into the workhouse, and from thence to the grave. So, gradually, the silence of death settled down on the hillsides. One white-faced woman, who had lost all in that terrible time, whose only living relative was a son in the asylum, evaded the dreadful poor-house and wandered through the country subsisting by the kindness of those little better than herself. She might be seen sometimes among the ruins, with the look of one searching for something. She seemed to have lost the desire to speak, all curiosity about the news of the country side, and all care for the future. Thinking over the past, she wandered hither and thither, aimlessly and hopelessly.

One remarkable circumstance was observable in the solitude of the desolated glen—the birds apparently had left it. Moore's lines might be applied :

“ By that lake whose gloomy shore,
Skylark never warbles o'er.”

It was a heart saddened by witnessing this event that Ida Livingstone carried away to school with her again. And still the surprise grew that no interest in this horror was awakened in the country ; it passed almost unnoticed and unknown.

When Mr. Butler came up to Livingstone's, many a dispute about land laws, land tenure, tenants' rights and wrongs, was indulged in between Mr. Livingstone and him, which always ended in their finding out how much alike their thoughts were after all, especially after the Oakton horror.

"I cannot deny that most unjust and unmerciful deeds are done in Ireland to the tenantry, in the name of the law," said Mr. Livingstone to Mr. Butler, as they talked the matter over; but I do rejoice to think that the large majority of the land-owners are just men."

"That many land-owners are just men I admit," said Mr. Butler. "What I complain of is, that they have too much power to do evil. A man may do what he will with his own, says the law; and if his own was one hundred or two hundred acres, it might be that he could do what he would with his own without injuring others; but when one man is lord over vast tracts in three or four counties, with thousands of people toiling for his luxury and depending on his favor, and with power to evict at will, or fine at will, or punish for an offence he believes them guilty of, without any proof of their guilt, it is time to consider if such extensive powers are for the benefit of the commonwealth.

"There are many untrue statements made, and again and again repeated, until they have the force of truth with people that know no better. Many of these are mere fictions about the relations of tenant to landlord. What is oftener said than this, that no tenant who pays his rent is liable to eviction? You know better than that."

"Aye, I do that. If that had been said about old Sir Arthur, or the old Earl, or Lord Moreable, I would say it was a fact. Two of these gentlemen are dead and succeeded by those who rule differently, indeed."

"Not evicted if the rent is paid ! Let us consider Lord Dareaber, who cleared seven miles of country for a plantation ; Mr. Gartain, who swept a country side to put it in grass ; Mr. Scott, who ravaged a glen because he supposed the people had information which they withheld ! These things have happened in your knowledge. How can you believe that no one is evicted who pays the rent ?" said Mr. Butler. "And I am afraid that evictions will be the order of the day nearer home before long. Both Captain Allen and Mr. Sinclair purpose evicting pretty freely. Some of the little holdings are in a condition to make grass farms, if all were thrown into one, as they assuredly will be, as cattle rules higher and is more profitable than people. When people have the power to oppress others, or dispossess others, for their own profit, when did they, as a rule, refrain from doing so ?"

"Lust of power and greed of possession are so strong in fallen humanity that the laws should be made to limit both, instead of encouraging them," said Mr. Livingstone. "I am beginning to think with my brother William, that the granting of large tracts of country to one man is a great injustice, and a great bar to prosperity."

It was not often, after all, that Mr. Butler had leisure to get into controversy at Rath Cottage. There were weeks when they were so busy at the office that he had no time for his speculative theories ; but as they had taken possession of him, he was sure to come round to that subject whenever he got the opportunity.

Mr. Butler had a strong interest in Dinah, and she had a strong interest in him. It was of a political kind, however. He seemed anxious to win her to think as he thought, and she seemed to consider it possible that she could succeed in doing what Mr. Simson had failed to do—mould his

ideas into constitutional form. His being related to Mrs. Weston—although she did not know how near—was another incentive to her wish to have him think correctly. Her interest in Mr. Butler caused her to lend him books that treated of the struggle for civil and religious liberty in the fair North ; but reading them seemed to do him little good. He absolutely refused to consider the contest as a religious war, but as a strife for the possession of land, in which our gallant forefathers were the aggressors and oppressors of the native population.

A change, impossible without a miracle, must pass over Dinah Livingstone's mind before she could think as Mr. Butler did. The record of past deeds of enduring and daring, by the colonists of the North, awoke her enthusiasm like the strains of martial music, or that of the psalms. In her diary she wrote : "The spirit of a heroic people breathes through the psalms ; that is the reason why they came so near to the hearts of our covenanting forefathers in their struggle for liberty to worship God according to their consciences ; the psalms voiced their aspirations and their trust."

When Dinah tried to talk in this strain to Mr. Butler, she was repelled by a comical, or indignant, curl of his short upper lip, as he turned his eyes on her with the questions : "Who was to be the judge of what was civil and religious liberty? Were people to be judged by their own conscience or the consciences of their neighbors? Had Protestants the right to cram their religion down the throats of Catholics, and put what they believed in under ban, and call it civil and religious liberty?"

"Mr. Butler," Dinah would say, "you refer to the past, to the penal laws, which were a disgrace to any people ; that is long past and should be forgotten."

"Not so long past, Miss Livingstone, not out of the memory of the present generation; and the spirit of the penal laws rages through the country still and fans the embers of bitter recollection. No, the penal laws are not so long past as the Battle of the Boyne, the heroic defence of Derry, the exploits of the brave Enniskillen men, which are thrown at the natives yearly. When one party ceases brutally to exult, the other may get leave to forget what they have suffered, or inflicted in retaliation."

Dinah never made much of reasoning with Mr. Butler. He knew everything of which the native Irish had to complain through all the years; she knew, instead, all about the outrages which her people had complained of during times of rebellion and of civil war. Every argument ended in one way—an acknowledgment that there had happened on both sides much which a common Christianity ought to teach us to forget, in the past; and in the present much wrong existed which it would take a united Ireland to get redressed.

It was a comment on his opinions when reports of cases of oppression, happening in different parts of the country, came to her knowledge, and was thought over by her strictly conscientious mind.

It was an illustration of the system when Patsy Murray called, on his way to Scotland, where he was going with his two brothers to earn the rent. In spite of the toil they endured in ditching the low field, according to the landlord's orders, they would get no respite of time. Because of ditching the low field, they were not able to make up the increased rent, even with the addition of Patsy's work added to their own.

"We drained the low field with the greatest of hardship; we carted in hundreds of cart loads of stone to line out the

drains, and to cover them in ; we carted on sand to mix in ; we bought lime, that is not paid for yet, to dust over it ; but the minute we got behind in the rent he would not consider the toil we had been at, or anything, but, pay or go, was the word," complained Patsy. " Now we have dropped all other work to go to Scotland to earn, if we can, what will pay our Donegal rent."

" Poor, patient toilers," said Mrs. Livingstone, " it is hard to see men harassed and distressed to add to Mr. Sinclair's gear."

" It is a well-known fact at our office that Mr. Sinclair does not want them to pay the rent," said Mr. Butler, carelessly, when this circumstance was mentioned to him. " He wants to get the place from them to square out Millar's grass farm. Millar has been making offers for the widow's place, under the rose, I believe. He can afford to pay more than she can ; he gets a good deal of slavish work done to his hand."

Whether they were to succeed or fail, the three boys went on their mission to Scotland, and their mother worried along alone, with hired help from the neighbors when she could not do without it.

When vacation came round again, Ida asked her uncle's leave to spend it with two schoolmates, ministers' daughters, who lived in the West, one in Mayo and one near Newport, Tipperary. Ida wanted to see more of Ireland than she had already seen, and thought this a fitting opportunity. Of course she got permission, but her friends in Donegal missed her more than she suspected. It will be best to let Ida tell her own story :

Ida to Davy.

DEAR DAVY :—I write to you from Newport, Tipperary, a rather nice little town.

"I am among the lads both brisk and airy,
All the way in Tipperary."

I am visiting with a schoolmate, the minister's daughter, who was at school with us at Mrs. Binns' Seminary. I like this part of Ireland very much. There is a mysterious power drawing one's love out—a witchery in this holy Ireland. I understand the proverb now—"A blessed land and a cursed people." The land is blessed with a beauty that has made men covet the possession of it; the people have been cursed by oppression that is almost incredible.

I have heard of a lady writer, who has written many religious stories, an Englishwoman, who detested Ireland so much that when she first visited it on business, she thought, as she set her foot upon its soil, "I wish your island was at the bottom of the sea, if I were anywhere else." When this lady, "Charlotte Elizabeth," was leaving Ireland, she lingered to pick up pebbles on the beach as souvenirs of "dear old Ireland." She relates this herself. I am like her in her later experience; I love this country. I find myself looking at spots that nature and art have combined to make perfect, with a desire to remain there always. I like to look at the wild mountains, and study the wrinkles in their brows—not a wrinkle but means something. They never put on grey turbans and fold round them their mist robes, but it is necessary to look out for squalls. They throw off their cowls, fold away their inky cloaks and hold up their bald heads in worship when the squalls are over; and they look over the valleys and draw nearer to us, and laugh, yes, laugh, at the good crops and the hopeful people.

I like the tall, fine Tipperary people. There is a fighting flash in their eyes, as if they had never recognized that they were conquered. The Donegal people have a great

patience and waiting in their blue eyes, but these Tipperary men have the fierce blood of the Normans in their veins yet. The difference here between the dominant race and the natives is more marked than in Donegal. The idea of the "mere Irish" lingers here very strong; it crops out everywhere. The Rev. Mr. Glass, where I am staying, often introduces me to people as a young Canadian lady who is "more Irish than the Irish." One old gentleman, a Scotchman, comes to see the minister once in a while. He is so nice that I always think of the Cotter's Saturday Night when I see him. He has something to do with cattle and sheep; is a kind of gentleman drover, like Rob Roy, only he is a Christian man. Well, this man talks of the people, off whom he makes his living, as if they were Hot-tentots or Caffres, and he believes in the Lord's Prayer, too. I am convinced that some people, many people, unconsciously to themselves, believe that God is the God of themselves and their friends, and of none others. Unwittingly they seem to have adopted the Saxon prayer:

"God bless me and my wife,
My son and his wife,
Us four and no more,
For evermore, Amen."

This gentleman has a fine breed of shepherd dogs, that are wiser and more useful, he says, than herd laddies. He says the secret of training shepherd dogs is not to pet them, or to be kind to them, but never to speak to them at all, except to give orders. What is good for shepherd dogs is, in the practice of many, good for the Irish common people. When this old gentleman talked with such contempt of the Irish, and with such complacency of the superiority of the Scotch over the Irish, I ventured to ask him why he did not go back to Scotland and dwell among his own people. The dear old gentleman answered:

"This is my home, you see ; I have been living here for forty years. I am accustomed to the people and friendly with them. I am maist forgotten in Scotland ; I was over there once since I came here, but whether the fault was in myself or not, I did not find them so friendly as I expected. They are a kindly people here, and very easily pleased."

They are easily pleased, I thought ; but how does it come that in all these years their conquerors have never succeeded in pleasing them ?

I have had much pleasure provided for me by my friends since I came here, and I have enjoyed it all. I also feel interested very much, but then I see things my friends do not see. When we are driving along the road, at leisure, happy and chatting, I see the wretched mother, sitting by the wayside, homeless and hopeless, who is trying to evade the crushing law and the fearful poor-house that separates mother and child. I listen to the talk around me—what sympathy for any inconvenience that happens to the rich ! what callousness towards the poor ! It is not only the desire to elbow them out of the country, or the persecution that will not allow them rest for the sole of their feet, even on the wild land, while tracts of fifteen miles are given up to ornament, but the poor are grudged their families. I think over Macaulay's lines :

"Then leave the poor plebeian
His single tie to life,
The sweet, sweet love of children,
Of mother and of wife."

But they think the poor should have no families. And the worst of it is, that Christianity is mixed up with all this. I am perplexed between the Sermon on the Mount and the practice of Christian people and their merciless utterances. I have to pray, and to take comfort from the thought, "the-

Judge of all the earth will do right." They cannot believe that the poorest peasant has a right to the life that God has given him, for they have and hold all, and would rather that land should lie waste than give a shelter to the poor. Let them labor for almost nought, and when all is over then go to the work-house, the grave, or America !

I hear a new disease spoken of, called Land Hunger. I see it in its most virulent form among those who are well supplied with the article. House to house, field to field—let us be alone in the middle of the earth, is the desire of the dominant class. This is forbidden by God, although practised most piously here, and the poor are being crushed and elbowed out of the country, to make way for others, who, in turn, will be crushed down and driven forth to become wanderers in other lands.

There is a respectable family living quite near Mr. Glass's manse. They are Welsh, of the name of Powell, and have a handsome daughter about my age. Mr. Powell is superintendent of a mine, and is very popular. They are not very fond of the natives—do not feel the relationship between the ancient Britons and the Celtic race—not much. Mr. Powell is free and affable, and easily spoken to. He is tall, grey-haired, and with most kind eyes, and is very pleasant to his daughter's guests. So I ventured to ask him why he was so popular, when he did not care much for the people? He said :

"I have not given them much reason to like me, but they do, I believe. When relief works were started at the time of the great famine, it was feared that agricultural interests might possibly suffer if they paid at the relief works as much as was paid on the farms. So relief wages were fixed *two pence a day below the regular shilling a day wage*. These mines were worked on the same plan by the superin-

tendent before me ; but when I came I determined to pay them the regular wages, one shilling a day. This pleased them, I dare say. I looked upon it simply as honesty on my part. I could not take advantage of their need and the scarcity of work to grind them down two pence a day. I often wonder how they live on the wages they do earn. I think they have paid for the two pence extra by the extra life they have put into their work. There was another little trifle that has helped to make me popular. The bailiff of the property here called on me to see if I wanted to keep a cow. I did, for Mrs. Powell wanted to make her own table butter. He told me that a widow Hurley's lease was about expiring, and I could have her little place. I spoke to Mrs. Powell about it, although my own mind was fully made up."

"And I said," Mrs. Powell spoke from the other side of the room, "I said that if we didn't keep a cow for a hundred years, no widow would be put out of her home to give us grazing land."

How pretty her motherly face and dark eyes looked to me as she said that.

"I have never done anything for the common people," Mr. Powell went on, "but I have determined to do them no injury."

It is such a pity that this real Welsh gentleman is leaving the place and going back to Wales, for it is hardly likely the next superintendent will be so scrupulous.

* * * * *

I have not written in this letter for some days, as I have been sight-seeing and enjoying myself too thoroughly to leave time for writing.

The Powell family are gone. I miss Dora Powell very much ; she was such a pleasant girl. She made us laugh

over the ridiculous presents which the country people made to them. Every one felt that they must give something, and they have so little to give ! A little girl came down the hills quite a distance to give Dora a goose egg, that was laid by a special pet goose. There were presents of rolls of butter from peasant women who never taste butter themselves, and socks "for the master," that Mr. Powell could not wear. The whole country gathered to see them go away, and they went off amid oceans of blessings and showers of tears.

John Wesley was right. "They are an immeasurably loving people." True, their blessings and good wishes had the tone of the sweet Southern brogue. Their humble presents the Powells did not need, but the loving gratitude was beautiful to see.

After they left, Miss Glass and I went over to Mayo, and are visiting in a beautiful country parsonage in sight of the sea. I would enjoy myself here very much, only for thinking of the common people. I will never forget the scenes I saw at Oakton and Silver Glen ; but here evictions never cause even a remark, and they are going on all the time. The rent is raised—they are not able to pay it—they are evicted ! Their holding is in good order and some one covets it—they are evicted ! It would go well into a grass farm—they are evicted ! The proprietor wants to make a new plantation—they are evicted ! If we go to see an old castle, or a ruined abbey, we are more than likely to come on a detachment of police protecting a bailiff who is turning out poor people from their homes.

It is perfectly wonderful to me the persecuting and prosecuting of them at law, for vexatious trifles. I hardly take up a local paper, but there is some record of prosecution, for what would not be noticed in Canada. I never hear

anyone make any remark on these cases. One was a widow woman, prosecuted for taking from a bog she laid claim to, a small quantity of swamp mud for her garden, valued at one penny by the prosecutor. She was fined three pence, and costs, amounting to four shillings and sixpence. A woman can earn sixpence a day here, so this case involves this wretched widow to the value of nine days and a half's work. I wonder what any court in Canada would say to a lady bringing a case like that before them. Two children were brought up and fined for a like offence. You see a fine, no matter how small, puts the costs on these poor creatures, and law is costly in the extreme in this country. I think I see the contempt with which such cases would be hooted out of any court in Canada. To think of benches of worshipful magistrates and honorable petty sessions, gravely adjusting fines to the crime of stealing mud valued at a penny! If the costs of this exasperating litigation fell on the lady prosecutor, she would think twice before incurring them. If public opinion was in a healthy state, no one would dare incur the odium of such law cases.

Mr. Brown, the minister, whose daughter we are visiting, often tells us stories of oppression of the people and of the famine horrors, but his sympathies are almost entirely confined to the people of his own congregation, as far as I can judge, and yet it is hard to endure to hear what he can tell. One of his members—at least I think she is a member—a Mrs. Cunningham, has a small farm near this. I have often passed her house with the other girls, and it is a very pretty place, the nicest I have seen about here; there are flowers before the door and roses trained up the wall. I was remarking to Mary Brown how superior this place looked, and she said that Mr. Cunningham was an old soldier and had a pension from Government, which two

facts accounted for the superior character of the house and its surroundings. We called in to see Mrs. Cunningham, with some tracts. She is a very sickly woman. I always feel doubtful about offering a tract, for fear it is not wanted ; and I like, if I am to give them away, to select those of the narrative kind, as they are more interesting. I think a good deal of tract distributing is mere waste of time and money, for they are not read. Mrs. Cunningham was glad to get the tracts, which relieved my mind very much. She has heart disease, and looks like one very near death, with her thin white face and sunken dark eyes. When we came home, Mary Brown spoke of Mrs. Cunningham to her mother, remarking on how very ill she seemed. Mrs. Brown said :

"I wonder if she would like some jelly, or if they have it of their own?"

"Not very likely," said the minister, "for Cunningham is in trouble. He has got behind with his rent. These last years things have gone against him ; if he gets time he may recover himself, on account of having the pension, but I heard that the agent was going to proceed to extremities, because Cunningham has made the little place very nice and snug, and another has offered a higher rent, besides a sum for obtaining possession. I pity poor Cunningham."

You may be sure, Davy, that I thought a good deal of the prospect before that poor sickly woman. To lose a home is sad at any time, but to lose a home when there is no possibility of getting another, except the dreadful poor-house, is heart-breaking. I thought of it all night, at least all my waking night, and in the morning, after worship, I reminded Mrs. Brown of the jelly, and offered to take it down. There were tiresome callers, and tiresome calls to make, and it was near evening when Mrs. Brown and I went

down to see Mrs. Cunningham, with the jelly. We found her in bed, very ill, too ill to see any one—a neighbor woman who was waiting on her informed us. We left the jelly for her, and coming back saw Cunningham himself in the lane, the very picture of distress. His wife had had a fainting spell, he said ; the bailiff had been there to evict them, but had left without putting them out when he saw that his wife was so ill.

The next day Mr. Brown himself went down to Cunningham's, because he saw a crowd there. The agent had blamed the bailiff for not doing his duty the day before, and came himself to see that the eviction was carried out. He had warned the poor-house to be ready to receive them, and brought a conveyance of some kind to draw the sick woman there. When he came to the house Mrs. Cunningham was very ill, and the doctor with her. Cunningham stood at the door and wanted to prevent the agent from entering, and there was a disturbance at the door ; but the agent forced his way into the house and to the bedside of the poor woman, who was in strong convulsions with fright, and ordered her out of bed to go to the work-house, and it was only on the doctor's assurance that her life was in imminent danger that he desisted and left the house. Mrs. Cunningham lay in a fit for three hours. There was a little dead born baby, and the mother is still hovering between life and death.

What makes this awful thing the more painful is that there are people living here who defend it in the interest of the rights of property, as if property had rights and humanity had none. There is something in the tenure of land, or the land hunger, or whatever it is to be called, that deadens all conscience. I know, as surely as I know that God reigns, that this state of things cannot last.

Why, an agent here, some time ago, found two men poaching salmon, and deliberately shot one of them dead. His sentence was a year's imprisonment ; and while there is no sympathy at all expressed for the wretched widow, I hear sympathy on all sides for the gentleman in prison for such a trifle. Dear Davy, it is no wonder that wretches, goaded to desperation, commit outrage and murder ; the wonder would be if it were otherwise.

I spoke of this to a gentleman of position—one who has the reputation of being a high-minded, noble man. He said to me that all he was sorry for was that the other man was not shot—he was a common robber, robbing the salmon. In this gentleman's mind a hungry peasant, stealing a salmon, is much more dreadful and wicked than an assassin taking human life. I was disgusted to hear of the ladies who made themselves conspicuous by visiting this murderer in jail, and carrying him flowers and delicacies to tempt his palate.

All my enjoyment here has been poisoned by what I have seen and heard. I met with a lady who drew my whole heart out to her, she was so lovable, but when I complained to her of how the poor people in the wilds of Mayo were treated—they are mostly all Catholics here, you know—she said to me :

"Well, let them leave their superstition and idolatry, and they will be better treated."

I ponder over these things, I assure you. I am going back to school in a few days ; this term will be my last. Is papa coming for me soon, or shall I go back by myself ? Dear Davy, how I do thank God that there is a Canada and a free America for these people to escape to. With all love, your sister,

IDA.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MURRAY BOYS.

"And how ye got him in your thrall,
An' brak him out of house and hall."—*Burns.*

"The Murray boys are back from Scotland, and they're not a minute too soon," said Rose Heney, as her cap border rose and fell over the wash-tub at Mrs. Livingstone's.

"Will they have enough to pay the rent, did you hear, Rose?" asked the lady of the house.

"I hear they have made out the money, every penny of it," said Rose, cheerily. "They worked like slaves, and saved like misers, to do it. Patsy is a slave to work. They have bare enough time, for they have to send it to Dublin this time, as Mr. Sinclair is there now, an' that's the new rule."

"They may make out to pay this gale," said Mr. Livingstone to his wife, "but they will never keep on paying that rent. It was great folly draining that low field to please Sinclair. It would have been better for them to have given up the struggle and gone to America before they did that piece of work for him. Sinclair told Patsy before they went to Scotland that he would rather have possession than the rent; that ought to have been hint enough for them. Patsy thought he said it in anger, and did not entirely mean it, but I am afraid he'll find out that it was in dead earnest. Between Patsy's stubborn desire to reap some benefit from that little field he reclaimed, and his mother's

dread of the sea, they will hang on till they go out at last, naked and bare."

"It would be a great pity if you turned out a true prophet. We will hope for better things," said his wife.

Mr. Livingstone's forebodings were more than justified in a few days. In the office in Dublin sat Mr. Sinclair and his agent, the latter opening and sorting the letters that had arrived by mail.

"Millar writes about that little holding which he wants to square out his farm. What shall I say to him? He offers to increase the fine he is willing to pay for getting possession," said the agent.

"Better say yes, and have done with it. Let him have it. The widow has not sent up the money, of course?" interrogated the master.

"It came to-day, but it is a day late; it should have been here on Saturday."

"It is two days late, counting Sunday, you know."

"I am glad of that. That eldest son of hers is a turbulent fellow, and might be troublesome. He is too independent, and learned to hold his head too high at Livingstone's. I would rather not have a tenant trained among those damned Presbyterians. There is bitter rebel blood in the whole lot; they're not one whit better than the Papists. Captain Allen told me that this Livingstone was as stiff in his back as a lord. Depend upon it, that young fellow, if left on the estate, will make no end of trouble."

"They finished draining that low field some time ago, eh?" said Mr. Sinclair, reflectively.

"Yes, it is done quite a while ago; it is under crop now."

"That field must be considered in arrangements with

Millar. He has not taken it into consideration when he made his offer. It is a heavyish job saved to him."

"That, of course. What shall I do with this money of Widow Murray's?"

"Send it back to her," said Mr. Sinclair, with a meaning smile. "Mark it 'too late'; that will give her a broad hint of what she has to expect. She will find the money useful to pay up her little debts before she goes to America."

"The young fellow said he would rather get shut of the whole affair and go to America. It is a positive kindness to them to second his wish, and the estate will be well rid of them anyway."

"Look after the case of those tenants farther up the mountain. I want the whole rookery cleared out of that; cattle and sheep are more profitable, and even to let for shooting will bring larger returns. Send Widow Murray's neighbors after her."

Mr. Sinclair sauntered out of the office, light of heart and clear of conscience. No one, to see him, would have imagined that he had just passed what was equivalent to a sentence of death on a number of struggling creatures. He had a heart. The death of one of his hounds would have touched him deeply; the loss of a hare, or rabbit, would have roused him to indignant action; but he swept off these human beings with as little thought as if he had merely brushed away a fly that had annoyed him.

Jimsey Maguire brought in the news to Mrs. Livingstone, that Widow Murray's money was returned to her. "It was put in a day too late," Jimsey explained.

The usual scene was gone through; the usual sorrow and despair brought to one more family; one more hearth-fire was quenched, after a more heroic struggle than ever belted

knight made to keep by the sword, what had been won by the sword ; another cry rose from honest industry driven to despair.

There followed exactions that were recovered by more expensive law processes as debt than they could be as rent, and Patsy's little hoard, rejected as rent, was swept away as debt and costs.

"We are out now, like ravens, on the world," said Patsy to his old mistress.

"It is too bad, after draining the field and going to Scotland to earn the money for the rent," said Ida, indignantly. "I never knew before how mean a so-called gentleman could act."

"Going to Scotland was hard on me, if you believe it, Mrs. Livingstone. I was used to being kindly treated here, and I could not put up with things as some did. The Scotch do not consider an Irishman or his feelings of much account ; they treat him worse than a dog. Some of the boys could hide that they were hurt, an' pass it off with the turn of a word, or a joke, but I could not. I had to bear it to make the money ; but my Scotch wages had a bitter taste to me."

"What will you do now, Patsy ?" enquired Mrs. Livingstone.

"Go out to Canada, Patsy," Ida advised. "I'll write to my father about you, and you will be sure of work the very day you get there."

With a little borrowing, Patsy scraped together what paid the passages of himself and one brother to the land of promise. The other brother and his mother were left to live how they could, and get work where they could, till relief came. Ida sent a letter to her father strongly recommending Patsy and his brother, of which she made Patsy

the bearer. She also wrote to her father by post to make assurance doubly sure.

It is a common sight to see the agony of parting friends in Ireland, when emigrants are leaving the land they love behind them forever. Many kindly, demonstrative neighbors gathered to see Patsy and his brother depart to push their fortune in a foreign country; and many a frantic farewell was waved to them, by friends and relatives, whose eyes were red with weeping. When the boat moved away, Mrs. Murray gave a wild shriek and dropped into a dead faint. Patsy heard that cry, and would have sprung ashore, but kindly hands held him back--the boat was too far out. When poor Mrs. Murray came to herself, it seemed as if her heart had died within her.

Two young lady tourists enquired the meaning of the confusion at the wharf, and were highly amused at the thought of an old woman fainting because her sons were going to America.

"As if it were not the best thing that could happen to them," said one.

"These people work themselves up, and make believe to feel in this absurd fashion," said the other.

"We Irish are too keen to feel—we cry with our hearts," said a gentleman who was with them.

"They don't believe that poor people have any right to feelins," said a workingman, scowling after the ladies, as they walked up to their hotel.

With feverish anxiety Mrs. Murray counted the days, trembling at every gale of wind that ruffled Lough Swilly, foreboding shipwreck and loss, and praying with Donegal fervor for the safety of her boys at sea. Before she could have expected it, she received a letter, and eagerly requested Mr. Livingstone to read it for her. It was post-

marked "Quebec," at which Mr. Livingstone was surprised, and contained a pound, and was merely a few lines to say that they had taken the first work that came to hand, as labor was scarce at Quebec and wages good. They enclosed the pound for present necessities and would send more by and by.

To Ida's great surprise, she received a letter from Patsy after some months, which we subjoin :

HONORED MISS IDA : I take my pen in hand to let you know how brother Willie and me got on since we left Ramelton. Crossing the say was not as much as we thought it would be. The weather was purty good, thanks be to God, an' the say-sickness did not last long. We wor in Quaybeck before we expected it. It is a quare town, one part set up on a rock, that looks as high as Muckish, and the other part sittin' at the fut of it. And the streets run up hill and down in every funny crooked direction. They spake the French a good dale here, an' its hard to make out what they're sayin'. I wonder that they understand it themselves. They are very civil chaps, I'll say that for them, an' show their teeth in a laugh a' most if you look at them. Work was throng here, an' so Willie an' I joined in. It was dreadful hard work, an' the hate was awful, but the pay was good, an' that kep us up. We held on till the work got slack, an' then hired as firemen on a boat an' made out to Montreal that way. We worked about the quay there, at anything we could put our hands to till we got a chance to go as deck hands to Port Hope, where his honor, your father, lives. We give him your letter, an' he laughed at it an' at us, an' made us hearty welcome. He kep me to work about the store in respect of your good recommendation, Miss Ida, for which I am thankful for ever. Willie is working on a farm belonging

to Mr. Livingstone, out of the town a bit, and we both hope to send for mother very soon. We are very happy here ; but never think, Miss Ida dear, that we have not many a sore heart thinking of old Donegal an' purty Ramelton. I'd rather hear the crows on the ridge over the Lannon than a brass band any day ; and I'd be friendly with any dog I had ever known on the ould sod, even if he had bit me. With my duty to all the family, I am your humble servant,

P. MURRAY.

It was true that Mr. Livingstone wondered a little over the non-appearance of Ida's *proteges* as the summer wore on. When at last they arrived, and presented Ida's letter, it was with smiles that he read : " Patsy Murray was a real blessing on Uncle Livingstone's farm. He was like Joseph in Potiphar's household, whatever was done there he was the doer of it." " My little girl is becoming as scriptural as her cousin Dinah," he said to himself. He gave the highly recommended Patsy work about the store. Patsy, who had a little learning and a great deal of practical ability and common sense, made himself very useful to his new master, and justified Miss Ida's high praise. Mr. Livingstone found out after a time that he had a clear-headed, capable servant, who learned quickly, and retained what he learned. From the storehouse and packing establishment, he made his way into the store, attended night school in the evening, and practised what he had learned through the day. He made himself so useful that he became an indispensable member of Mr. Livingstone's establishment.

In the meantime Mrs. Murray ventured across to her son, in spite of her dread of the " say." It was not so very long till she and her boys sowed and reaped on a snug

little farm of their own. She took out with her in a flower pot a little whin bush as a reminder of the Donegal hills, which she nourished with great care ; but that prickly emigrant refused to flourish under the cloudless skies of Canada, and died of stove-heat the first winter.

If we take the privilege of looking along the years, we shall see this servant boy, who has native talent, and has arrived in a country where there is liberty for a man to become anything that nature has fitted him to be—where he will have helping hands reached out to encourage him on so that he will prosper greatly—after years have passed, we will see him entrusted by Livingstone & Son with the entire management of a new store, opened in a rising section of the country ; we shall see him buy it out and engage in business on his own account, and become a man of mark in his adopted country.

Long before these things came to pass, a rumor of the prosperity of Widow Murray and her sons floated out of Mr. Livingstone's shop, and ran round the country side, penetrating even to Mr. Sinclair's ears.

"Oh ! yes," he said, "Paddy will prosper anywhere but at home ; here he is perfectly worthless, but he's a fine fellow in another country."

Woe to the system that compels the children of a land to leave it, if they mean to prosper.

Little did Mr. Sinclair dream that the mill of God was slowly grinding out retribution for him, as surely as prosperity for Patsy. Will he be too much of a Christian to take pleasure in his triumph, although he is a Paddy and a Papist ? Let us wait till the grist is ground, and see !

CHAPTER XV.

THE KING IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE KING.

"Despotic power, it mars a weak man's wit,
And makes a bad man absolutely bad."—*Hood.*

The manse was built eventually, finished and inhabited ; and was pronounced a decided ornament to the town. It was called the manse, because it was inhabited by the minister ; but it was his own private property, built at his own expense.

John Coldingham had finished his row of tenement houses, and they were filled with tenants. The rent from these, and the rent of the house occupied by the Earl as an office, went to pay the money borrowed to help in their erection. John was fast becoming a family man, for the twins, Alexander and Dinah, were scarcely steady on their little feet, when another girl baby was added to the household. He was counted a prosperous man, and was a really happy man, with no foreboding of sorrow.

Butler, who had up to then, led a lonely life—never having felt himself in accord with the aunts who brought him up, and who sometimes found it necessary as a means of discipline to remind him that his faults were the faults of the Butlers, while his good qualities were exclusively inherited from the Westons, who, they were thankful to say, had not a drop of the real Irish blood in them—enjoyed his new-found relationship intensely. He had felt and resented the comments—such as "that trick was so very Irish"—on his youthful misdeeds. His aunts had suc-

ceeded in making him love everything Irish and long for his Irish mother with an intensity that knew no bounds. It was this injudicious treatment that, more than anything else, had made him grow up an Irish partizan, made him feel a stranger among his father's people, and compelled him to identify himself always, in his own mind, with his mother's people. Now, when he had discovered his mother in one of whom he could be proud, and whose sufferings touched every chivalrous chord in his nature, he felt a happiness to which he had hitherto been a stranger. It was delicious to come to his mother's house to spend the quiet Sabbath in her company. When they were alone he delighted to sit on a low seat by her side, and laying his head on her lap, feel her soft hand caressingly touching him. He was never weary of asking her about all the particulars of her escape from his father, or of telling her of the remorse that darkened his days before that fatal accident ended them.

"I grew up so like you, mother, that I kept your image before him constantly, and kept you fresh in his memory," he would say to her. "I liked my poor father; when he was himself he was a fine man, and he was never unkind to me. If I jumped my pony over a ditch, he would often say, 'Well done, Butler,' or 'Butler aboo,' not mockingly at all, but proudly. They"—he always called his aunts they, never naming them if he could help it—"they always said such things spitefully, and called me Barney when they were mad at me; but when my father said, 'Bernard, my boy,' I knew he was pleased and proud of me. He never said anything when I began signing my name Bernard only, and dropped the Charles.

"I want you to try not to think hard of him, mother, dear," he would say. "He repented so bitterly. I remem-

ber his large, loose hand lying where yours is now, my mother, and his voice saying, in broken gasps, 'My cruelty left you without a mother, Bernard, and cut off from me the love of a sweet woman. And I loved her, Bernard, my boy, whatever devil spurred me on to act as I did, I loved her dearly.' How many times he said to me, 'Bernard, forgive me for your mother.' He kept asking that to the very last, poor father!"

He would stop then, and look lovingly up into the dark, handsome face above him, when he felt the tears from her sightless eyes drop on his cheek, and whisper, "Don't cry, mother, you have me now."

"How much you have needed me, my son," she would murmur, softly. "Do not think, my Bernard, that I feel hard to your father now. I did for a long time, but for years now all has been at peace in my heart towards the father of my boy. Now, with my recovered son leaning on my knee, I feel towards your father's memory as in the days when I was a happy wife. It is long since I have forgiven your aunts the wrong they did to me. I try to forget it and them as much as possible. They were bigoted and they were mistaken, that was all."

"Poor aunts, they did not succeed in what they set themselves to do. They tried to make me despise everything Irish; they succeeded in filling me with contempt for everything they revered, and in making me, heart and soul, in sympathy with the people my mother belonged to."

"Where did you see Matilda Simson first?" enquired his mother, softly.

"I was in Mayo when her father was missionary there. She was a little girl then. I used to see her passing to school, when I was going to the post-office. I was office clerk at Merriman's, my first situation. Her loveliness is

something to take one by surprise. I worshipped her since the first day I saw her. She is lovely all through, mind and heart. I remember well, looking at her as if she were a revelation to me. Our eyes met, and—we have belonged to each other ever since."

"I would have thought, my son, that it would have been a Celtic maiden, Irish in feature and in name, that would have taken your fancy."

"It was not fancy, mother—I cannot explain. From the first moment that I saw her, there never could be any other. It is curious, but she seems to be the genius of Ireland to me."

"She is thoroughly Scottish—Seaton and Simson ; but I agree with you, she seems to be Irish to the core. I, too, felt akin to her when I first touched her hand. She grew up in the air of Mayo ; she was born there, and inhaled the spirit of Ireland with its air, and love for the sod that first touched her pretty feet, God bless her."

Added to the comfort of mother and son meeting and learning to know one another, there was always the chance of meeting Tillie there. True, Tillie avoided him, and never went to the house if she knew he was to be there ; still they met occasionally, and, through all discouragement, Mr. Butler clung to the belief that Tillie loved him as much as he loved her, if only she could be brought to confess it.

It was when things were jogging along in the even tenor of their way, that the news of the Earl's illness reached Dane Clermont. Many were the prayers breathed to Heaven for his speedy recovery, and many hopes were indulged in that one so much beloved should not die ; but following the news of his illness came the news of his death. Never was any man mourned after more sincerely than he

was, and the sorrow would have been still deeper if they had foreseen what was to befall them in the coming days.

Lord Roland was now Earl of Dane Clermont, in his father's stead, and there were bonfires and rejoicings when he first came to the estate as proprietor. But the people never rejoiced over him but that once !

Before the new mourning was dim, the tenants on the estate realized that they had indeed changed masters. One of Lord Roland's first actions, after coming into power, was to revise matters connected with the estate, which involved doubling the ground rent all round on those who had built houses on his town property, John Coldingham among the rest. The rents were raised all over to nearly double what they were in his father's time.

It was a great blow to the farmers. Some were behind-hand, as will happen in the most prosperous community, from unavoidable causes, a circumstance which the old Earl had always considered. The tenants had been accustomed to kindness and consideration ; the new Earl always believed them blameable when there was any delay in paying up to the day.

Dinah was down at Dane Clermont a short time after the new Earl began revising the rents, and she saw with dismay the changed state of affairs. While nursing the last addition to Bessie's family, John came in from the office, carrying the books with him. There was so much additional work to do that he often brought the books home and worked after hours to keep up with the day's transactions. Dinah and Bessie noticed how pale he was.

"What is the matter, John ?" said Dinah. "You look like death."

He threw the books on the table, with something like a groan, and said, "God have mercy on these poor people !"

"What is it, John? Anything worse than raising the rents?" said Bessie, anxiously.

"The whole man is wrong," said John, wearily. "When he gets into a rage—and the turning of a straw puts him in a rage—he acts like one possessed. It was well for the soldiers under his command when he was cashiered! What a life they must have lived under such a man! Woe to the British army if it has many such officers!"

"Is he so bad as that?"

"Bad! Dinah, you know nothing about it. It is not only the doubling of the rental on the whole estate, but woe to the man who dare plead sickness in the family, bad crops, or losses, as a reason why his rent should not be doubled. Every one who has made any objection, or spoken in any sort of manly tone, such as his father encouraged, will find himself a marked man. He does not seem able to forget or forgive anything. He has such an overpowering sense of his own importance that what he considers an offence against himself is deserving of no mercy.

"I am troubled about Butler. He never had any desire to conceal his sentiments; and he said in the office to-day that the Earl was greedy, more tyrannical than greedy, and more wicked than tyrannical. The other day when the Earl raged and swore at a man till he fairly frightened him out of the office, because he had failed to do what he had been told, Butler said, after the Earl left, that the latter felt so swelled up with his own importance that he would like to punish as if he were a god, 'only,' said Butler, with that queer smile of his, 'he would do it with the vindictiveness of a devil.'

"Mr. Stanley has changed wonderfully since the new lord came into power. He sees everything right that the

Earl does, and talks of the tenants now as 'these people.' He says the Earl knows how to deal with Paddies. Like a piece of furniture with the veneer off, we seem to have a different man altogether. The other day, Jim Devine and Keane were talking just outside the office, and the window was open a little. Jim said, in his free-and-easy style, 'Hold on a bit and wait for me ; I have to go in and face that ould reprobate, Stanley.' That is just Jim's joking way, but a frown, in imitation of his master's, came over Stanley's face. I went out and said to Jim : 'You go home now, and don't come back for a day or two, and then keep a civil tongue in your head.' Jim is quick ; he took the hint and vanished. When I came in, Mr. Stanley asked me who was there. I said that whoever it was, he had moved away. 'If I knew who it was, I would make him sweat,' Stanley replied. 'Don't be so fierce, or you'll frighten us,' said Butler, dryly. Stanley must have known the voice, for when the Earl came into the office afterwards, he said, 'Does your lordship intend to allow every tenant on the place to keep up a private kiln for buruing lime, when they should be minding other work ? There's Jim Devine now ; he spends most of his time at that kiln of his. It would be far better if they all uniformly bought their lime at our kiln.' My Lord considered a few minutes, and made the rule : 'No private kilns are to be allowed on the estate, and no seaweed gathered except the permission be paid for.' Poor Jim Devine has paid for his joke—he has lost the kiln. The Earl stood over him and made him pull it down, and now he and some others are in jail for stealing seaweed, which they have been gathering freely all their lives before. It is hard on Jim, for his wife is sick and his farm work is behind, and a little thing puts a poor man down when his rent is so high. He used to make a

little selling, lime to his neighbors—limestone is the best crop his land yields—it is a poor stony holding ; but that is ended now. There are changed times coming to us all.” When he finished speaking he leaned his head on his hand, as he sat by the books on the table, without opening them, looking more downcast than wife or sister-in-law had ever seen him before.

Dinah drove home thinking of John, and feeling as if the world were all changing around her.

When John and Bessie came up to Rath Cottage, his father-in-law and he talked matters over with one another. Mr. Livingstone saw that he was worried and anxious because he had borrowed the money with which to build the tenement houses ; indeed, he now repented investing all he had ever earned in the Earl’s employ on the Earl’s property. While trying to encourage his son-in-law to look on the brightest side, Mr. Livingstone blamed himself that he did not advise John to try to obtain a Fee Farm Grant from the old Earl, before he began to build. John shook his head.

“The Earl, you know, father, put himself more or less on a footing of personal friendship to his tenants—to me even more than he did to the rest. He was both friend and adviser to me ; I could not speak to him of any guarantee, as if I distrusted him. There is that haughty feeling in the best of landlords, that will not bear to be distrusted by a tenant. They have had absolute power all their lives, and it is as dear to them as their property. I knew then, as well as I know now, that it would have hurt him so much that I should have lost his favor forever. And then, I had no fear ; not a tenant he had, had any fear ; we trusted him completely. He was not a very old man, and we did not allow the possibility of his death to disturb us in the least.

As for Lord Roland, we thought of him in the light of his father's goodness. A Dane Clermont could not be mean—a Dane Clermont could not oppress. Hundreds of times I have heard the Earl say, 'I will never raise my rents, John; I am as rich a man as I want to be.' Of course, I knew him to be immensely wealthy. I believed the Dane Clermont family to be above the power of greed, and I loved and trusted the Earl as if he were my father."

"I'm thinking, John," said Mr. Livingstone, "that we look upon this earth as a continuing city in more senses than one, and to a greater degree than we are aware of. I trusted Sir Arthur Bruce—and he was worthy of it—trusted him so that I would never have asked him for a Fee Farm Grant for this place. I would not sit secure now if he had not seen farther than I did, and let what he saw influence his actions."

"When the old Earl was alive, we all felt as secure as if his ways of thinking and managing would go on forever," said John.

"I can well understand now what Sir Arthur foresaw when he secured so many of his tenants from possible spoliation at the will of the next man. I think of it when I see Captain Allen, like Bunyan's giants, ready to gnash his teeth when he passes a property whose improvements he cannot appropriate," said Mr. Livingstone.

"The Earl has made a large addition to the number of bailiffs, bog-rangers, and other officials that we need. He has situations in his gift as landlord, and in his power as a magistrate, and every one who gets a place under him is an old soldier. He admires their habit of obedience and want of sentimental sympathy with the common people. This is one symptom of his future course," said John.

"What sort of people are they?" Mr. Livingstone asked.

"Some of them seem quiet enough fellows. They like to show their authority, want a great deal of respect paid to them, can stand any quantity of whiskey, and are said to exact a little private tribute on their own account," John explained.

There certainly were great changes taking place on the Dane Clermont estate.

Some time after this, Roseen received a letter from her lover, Jimmy Dunlop, from across the sea. He was making money and saving it, and wanted Roseen to come out to him. She had only to say the word and he would send her money to take her to America, and to fit herself up like a lady into the bargain. Poor Roseen, she loved Jimmy, although he was "the biggest Prodesan within the walls of the world"; but her mother, "and her a widdy woman," depended upon her.

"How can I bear to disappoint the boy, Miss Dinah?" she said, piteously, "and how can I forsake the mother of me that depends on the help I give her?"

Poor Roseen, whatever way she turned was a hard way for her kindly heart. Dinah promised to write to Jimmy, and lay the matter before him, and see if he would have the heart to be patient a little longer. They were talking the matter over, and Dinah had the letter in her hand, when Roseen's mother came into the kitchen by the back way. They saw at one glance that she had trouble in her face. Although Roseen was small and plump, her mother was tall and slim, with a repressed, resolute look, a genuine dweller among the hills. After she had given the time of day and sat down, Dinah said to her:

"You are in trouble of some kind, Mrs. Darrell? I see it in your face."

"Lord love you, Miss Dinah, dear! Is it trouble of

some kind you ask? Trouble itself has come in an' sat down with us ever since the ould Earl was laid in his grave. It isn't only the raising of the rent, though that is hard enough; this one has hit upon a plan that the ould Earl never thought of in all his honored life. They call it squarin' the farms. It's a trick to get paid for what's under crop an' what's bare rock or whins, that would take a lifetime of hard labor to make fit to raise anything. There have been men drawing lines here and there, and settling things without rhyme or reason. They have taken my biggest field clane away from me, an' given it to Tim O'Donnell, and in place of it I have a bit of stony whins that never had a crop on since the mountains were made. Tim has an additional rent to pay for gettin' my field, but I have not a penny the less for losin' it. Here am I, with a bigger rent to pay than ever, and my best field gone. That isn't all. The mountains are fenced off from us entirely now. We used to have the right to turn the young cattle and the sheep up among the heather, but now there's pasture to pay for every hoof. His lordship is going to let the mountains for shooting, they say. An' we have to make the ditch ourselves to fence us off the mountains."

"Did you see his lordship himself and speak to him about the rise in the rent, Mrs. Darrell?" asked Dinah, while Roseen stood by, with wide-open eyes of distress.

"Och, sure I did! I'm just come from there. I went with what I had of the rent this very blessed day, and himself was in the office, and he would not take it because the whole wasn't in it. Dear Miss Dinah, he's the terrible man, out an' out. When he turned and looked at me with his fiery eyes, I was ready to drop on the flure; but I got courage from the desperation I was in, an' petitioned him not to break my back with rent that I never could pay now

when my best field was gone. He called me out of my name, and said what me and the rest of us wanted was to run over the land an' pick out the aisy places, an' he swore a big oath he would put a stop to that. I said, 'My lord, I never can pay this rent.' He swore that if I did not, others would; plenty were ready to step into my place, and that the land would pay better in grass than it was doing. When I said, 'My lord, have some mercy on a poor widdy woman, that's doin' her best; consider me, my lord, I'm on the place that my husband and his fathers before him put their lives into, an' if I'm put out for a rent I can't pay what will become of me? Where shall I go?' Och! Miss Dinah, it's then he did swear, an' he tould me to go to hell or America, whichever I liked. I couldn't spake to him then; I was all of a trimble; but I offered him what money I had, a pound better than the ould rent, but he wouldn't take it out of my hand, at all, at all. He said I must pay in full, or go, and he would rather I would go than stay. What am I to do? I'm just up to the lips in trouble."

"How much are you behind, mother?" asked Roseen.

"I want as much as three pound, an' there's the next cut coming on. I might sell one of the cows, an' that would set me back farther than ever, as to payin' the next gale. Surely, I'm destroyed entirely."

"You musn't sacrifice one of the cows," said Roseen. "I have thirty shillings; I'll give you that. I saved it up to get a good shawl and some other things, but I can wait a while for them."

Mr. Livingstone promised to advance the balance, so that the fear of losing her home was put back for that time.

"You need not go back to the office to-night, for it will be closed before you get there," said Mr. Livingstone to her.

"The best thing you can do," said Mrs. Livingstone, "is to leave the money and your last receipt with Roseen. Dinah is going down to Dane Clermont in the morning, and Roseen can go with her, and pay the rent, and bring back the receipt.

"Sure, it's on the edge of her fut she can go, and not bother the likes of Miss Dinah," said her mother.

"I'll take her down with me," said Dinah, and so the matter was settled.

With a relieved mind, and many thanks and blessings, such as are given by those who believe in them, and have no other coin in which to requite favors, Mrs. Darrell took her way to her home in the hills.

Rose's gratitude for the ride to Dane Clermont was very great. It is not a common occurrence for the mistress to give the maid a ride along with herself that she may reach her journey's end sooner. Dinah started as early as there was any hope to find the office open, owing to Roseen's impatience. As they neared the little town, Dinah asked her if she did not feel afraid to enter his lordship's presence and he notorious for being such a fiery swearing man.

"I would not face him for anything," said Dinah, laughing.

"He may not be there to-day; but if he were the devil himself, as surely as he is his son, I would face him to keep mother with her own roof over her head," Roseen declared.

"Take care he does not eat you up alive," said Dinah to her, as she let her out at the office door.

There was but little time spent in chat between Dinah and her sister, when Rose came into the little back parlor, radiant and triumphant.

The Earl was in the office himself. He must have been in an unusually good temper, for he had taken the money

and granted a receipt, and not only that, but he had actually given her a rebate of a pound for some ditching done on the place according to his orders, by her brother.

Rose was in ecstasies with her success. "I can pay your father this pound," she said, "and the ten shillings he'll maybe let stand in my wages, and my mother will have a fresh start."

"So you were not afraid of him after all, Roseen," said Dinah.

"I was terribly feared at first, for he saw you stop at the door, and heard you speaking to me, and he insisted on my telling him what you said. I did not like to do it, but he insisted. He smiled and showed his teeth, when I said that you told me to take care he did not eat me alive, but he did not say anything about it."

Bessie and Dinah rejoiced with Roseen over her success. She went down into the kitchen to tell her cousin, Nancy Doherty, all about it. Nancy, after her trouble that left her in the world alone, was a hater of all landlords, and it was no wonder. They overheard her saying to Roseen, "Well, what did Lord Blunderbore say to you?"

"Mr. Butler has given him that nickname," said Bessie to Dinah. "I would not like to be in his place if the Earl finds it out."

Mr. Butler said to Roseen afterwards: "And so my cousin Blunderbore was amiable when you called on him. Take care, Roseen; my lord is as dangerous when he shows his teeth to smile as when he shows them to growl."

"I have the office receipt now, sir," says Roseen, bravely; "and I can keep it in spite of his teeth, let him grin or growl."

Dinah wrote to Jimmy Dunlop, telling him of all the struggles in Roseen's mind and begging of him to wait pa-

tiently a little longer. She told him of Lord Dane Clermont's harshness to Roseen's mother, who, if evicted, would then be glad to go to America. She threw more hope into the tone of the letter than Roseen knew of.

Mrs. Darrell was not in town again for some weeks, and Roseen was so impatient to tell how she had sped with the Earl that she begged for a day to go out to see her mother. She was a good servant, honest as daylight, handy and biddable, and seldom asked for a holiday, so of course, her request was at once granted. She never went home empty handed. She went over to the shop the night before and got a little supply of tea and sugar. Mr. Livingstone gave her the making of a couple of aprons of checked gingham. So with her little parcel in her hand, and her receipt in her bosom, she walked along the road to the hills as happy as a queen.

She made her mother glad by the sight of her, told her story, the presents were put away in the chest, the receipt added to the rest in a cracked teapot that was Mrs. Darrell's bank, and then Mrs. Darrell had her story to tell. The payment of the rent was no news to her—the Earl had been up himself and told her of it. He had looked over the place and given advice as his father used to do. He even spoke to her half apologetically of the day she was at the office, telling her that she could not understand how much he had, to try his temper and to worry him. He had also conceded to Mrs. Darrell because she was a widow, and of special grace, the privilege denied to the rest, of drawing in and gathering the sea weed that floated to her shore, free of charge. He said to Mrs. Darrell that if she would be advised by him, he would be as great a friend to her as his father before him had been.

Then he enquired what family she had, and was informed

that there was only the one son left of the family, besides Roseen, whom his lordship had seen at the office, and who was living at Mr. Livingstone's, in Ramelton, for some years. His lordship then advised her to bring Roseen home to help her on the place, and it would put more life into the working of the little holding.

This was the result of Rose going to the office. Mrs. Darrell, who did not trust the Earl, knowing how fickle favor is, mourned over this secretly. His lordship's promise was a doubtful thing, but Roseen, at Livingstone's, always had the power to help her a little in her difficulty.

This second interference in the Livingstone family affairs was something astonishing in Ida's eyes, who suggested that the Earl be told to mind his own affairs and leave the Livingstone hired girl alone. Mr. Butler proposed that Ida become a deputation to go down to the office and tell him so. "It is not right," said Ida, appealing to her uncle from the laugh Mr. Butler's proposition had made; "it is not right for the Earl to interfere and take our girl away when she does not want to go and we do not want to part with her. He should mind his own business, even though he is an Earl."

"It is his business, he thinks, to see that all his tenants are kept to their full capacity as rent producers. If Roseen works at home, her mother may be better able to pay her rent, which will be better for the Earl, but not for Roseen.

Roseen did not go home until her quarter was up. It was not unpleasant to the Livingstones to be able to disappoint his lordship so far; and as she had just entered on a new quarter, the obeying of his orders was deferred longer than he liked. Before the time was up another letter came from Jimmy Dunlop, in which he said he would pay the passage of the family out to America, if they would

only come. Mrs. Darrell, in her newly found favor with the Earl, would not consent to "lave her own country and cross the say to throw Roseen at a Prodestan, an' all his people that mad at him for looking at her, or evening himself to her—she that was an O'Doherty by the mother's side, an' of the raal ould blood." Jimmy Dunlop's father, on the other hand, felt bitter and sore at his eldest son for forsaking him and going to America, for the sake of one that was not of his own kind.

The quarter ended at last, and with many tears Roseen went home to her mother's farm. Nancy Doherty had reasoned with, and had urged her, to go to her lover in America, instead. Every one who can escape from Ireland, ought to escape, was Nancy's bitter opinion.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROSEEN'S ESCAPE.

Riches and lands, and power, and state,
Ye have them ; keep them still.
Spare us the inexpiable wrong,
The unutterable shame
That turns the coward's heart to steel,
The sluggard's blood to flame.—*Macaulay.*

"Do you know, mistress, that Roseen has gone to serve at Dane Clermont castle?" said Jimsy Maguire, coming in with the news, some time after Patsy had sailed for America.

"It cannot be, Jimsy ; you must be mistaken," said Mrs. Livingstone. "He would never cause her mother to take her home to help on the farm, and then hire her to serve at the castle."

"I'm not mistaken, mistress, for a second cousin's wife of mine tould me she saw her goin' down to the castle and was spakin' to her. It's to oblige Lord Dane Clermont, an' only for a while, is the word that's goin'. She's to be housemaid they say."

Mrs. Livingstone said no more to Jimsy, but when Mr. Livingstone came in she told him Jimsy's latest news. "It is a strange thing, is it not, for Lord Dane Clermont to compel Mrs. Darrell to take Roseen out of our service, and then hire her into his own," she added.

"Everything Lord Dane Clermont does is strange to me when I remember his father's course of action," was Mr. Livingstone's only reply.

"The frequent changes made in Lord Dane Clermont's household are unaccountable to me. His servants are coming and going constantly," Mrs. Livingstone said in a pondering tone.

Mr. Livingstone was reading the paper, and this question did not touch him so nearly as it did his wife, who had never forgiven his lordship for depriving her of Roseen's services ; so he answered carelessly :

"If he is as quick tempered as the people say, there is nothing strange about it. The strange thing would be if he kept his servants any length of time, unless they were slaves."

"There are ugly reports going about the Earl and his servants," said the lady, thoughtfully, "but I do not believe them. He cannot possibly have every sort of sin to answer for."

Mr. Livingstone looked up from his paper.

"It is not well to encourage reports by listening to them. There are stories going, but I will not give them a hearing. His bad temper and tyrannical ways are patent facts ; we will not allow ourselves to suppose any more until there is some proof."

He resumed his paper and said no more.

It was not more than a week after this when Mrs. Featherstone came into town and called at Rath Cottage. After the usual greetings she said to Mrs. Livingstone :

"I have got into trouble with our next-door neighbor, as Watty calls him. He feels as angry at me as it is his nature to be."

"What have you been doing to offend the Earl, or how came he in your way ?" Mrs. Livingstone asked, with great curiosity.

"It all happened no longer ago than last night. It was

pretty late, and everyone was in bed but Watty, who was reading, and old Mary in the kitchen, who was fussing about, as she always does before bed time. I had just told Watty to lay down his book that minute and go off to bed, when the kitchen door flew open and something—I could not tell at first whether it was beast or body—rushed in and sank in a gasping heap on the floor. It was Roseen, half dressed, barefoot, and seemingly beside herself from some horrible fright.

“‘Save me! He’s after me!’ she cried, in little gasps, as soon as she got her breath well enough to speak.

“She had run through the plantations, leaving a rag on every bush she passed, for what she had on was torn into shreds. She was drenched with the dew; her hands were cut and bleeding; and her face was as ghastly as a corpse. I am not easily frightened,” Mrs. Featherstone went on, “and I just walked over to the door and looked out. There, sure enough, was the Earl himself, standing a bit away in the damp darkness. I saw him plainly; he was there, as bold as brass, bareheaded, and his face all scratched. Of course I knew him, but I had the sense not to let on I did, and I said sharply, ‘Be off out of this! What do you mean by coming here and disturbing a quiet family at this time of night.’

“‘Send out Roseen,’ says the Earl, in his over-bearing way. ‘She has jumped out of the window in a nightmare; I’ll take her home; I am the Earl.’

“I pretended not to know him, as the safest plan, and I said: ‘Roseen will stay where she is; I’ll answer for her safety to the Earl. Go away instantly, or I’ll complain to the Earl of you. Roseen has been frightened, and she will not go out of here to-night with you or any one else, even if you are an understrapper of the Earl’s.’

"By this time Mary had wakened up to understand the situation. She whipped up a kettle, and shouted as she ran out with it, 'Make off with yourself, you harrow, hickory-faced dog, or I'll scald your eyes out.' There was not a drop of water in the kettle, hot or cold, but Mary was fierce, although powerless, and screamed back, 'Watty, lowse the dog; he'll make a bonnie man o' him that dares to come here and take the purty Earl's name in his dirty mouth.'

" 'I saw that man gnash his handsome white teeth like a mad dog,' Mary said, when she came in with her empty kettle; 'but he went away.' I wonder now where his revenge will come in."

"What will you do?" asked Mrs. Livingstone, much concerned.

"I'll tell you what I did do. I wrote a note to his lordship in the morning, telling him that Roseen had had a bad fright in her dreams and had jumped out of the window and ran up to our place; that she was startled and nervous and not willing to go back. I said we were all frightened when she came up, so that when a servant came after her we would not let her go with him. If he has come to himself, and is ashamed, he may let the whole affair pass off; I have given him the chance to do so. I have not got any answer from the Earl as yet; but little Roseen is so frightened that she will neither go home nor stay at our place—she wants to come here."

"Did she tell you anything of her fright, or of what happened at the castle that night?" asked Mrs. Livingstone.

"She does not like to speak of it, and begins to cry if anyone questions her about it. He came into her room; they had a scuffle, and she scratched his face. Jumping out of the window, she ran, like a frightened hare, up through the plantation to our place. She intends coming

here, keeping through bye-ways and fields, she is so sorely afraid of seeing him again."

"If I knew where she was I would send after her; there will be no danger of the Earl disturbing her here. He will not want this affair known for his own sake. Who would have thought that a Dane Clermont would assault a poor girl that way?" said Mrs. Livingstone.

"Well, it is said that fact is stranger than fiction, and it is a thing no one would expect, that a Dane Clermont, one of such a noble house, would turn into a beast of prey like that."

Mrs. Featherstone shook her head over the delinquency of this scion of a noble house.

"He must be pretty bad, Dane Clermont though he be," she added, in a moralizing tone. "No man can entail his goodness along with his property, and his father must have taken his virtues with him, wherever he went, for his son has fallen heir to none of them."

"I called in at the minister's as I came up through Dane Clermont. He has not the comfort he expected in his fine new manse. The Earl acts towards him as if he had taken some unaccountable offence at him personally, or at the whole Presbyterian body."

"My poor brother is so absorbed in his work that he does not notice many things that would be apparent to us," said Mrs. Livingstone.

To her mind the minister was a person apart, to be left almost wholly to his spiritual duties, to be fended from every care as much as possible, and to be excused for any temporal neglect or oversight, because he was called to higher duties.

"He cannot account for the Earl's coolness towards him at all," Mrs. Featherstone continued. "He says the late

Earl was friendly and condescending, taking an interest in the building of his house, both advising and suggesting, and the present Earl at first seemed to follow in his footsteps, and to be inclined to be even more friendly. He sees a change, and is not conscious of having given any offence, so the Earl's manner perplexes him. If the Earl is as bad a man as I think him now, he will not need much reason for hating any one."

"I wonder if he has taken anything into his head against the minister," said Mrs. Livingstone, reflectively. "I always thought he favored him."

"We all thought that. I have heard it whispered that the Earl favors Tillie; but she might be Countess of Dane Clermont if she would. It is said that that handsome half-Papist Butler has a fancy for her, too."

"You are mistaken about Mr. Butler being a Catholic. He is one of the Protestants who sympathize strongly with the Catholics, on account of the injustice of the past and the prejudice of the present, but he is not one himself. He has a quick-to-feel, kindly heart, and, though he is usually quiet, he has a rash tongue when he sees a wrong committed. The hard things done up at Oakton, and over at Sinclair's place, and here and there through the country, are enough to make any man with a right heart speak out. I have thought over these things a good deal lately myself, and I must say that I begin to agree with Mr. Butler partly. I have thought more than once that Mr. Butler favored Tillie, but no one can tell whom she favors. She has a mind of her own and can keep it to herself. I do think sometimes that she regrets about Alick; but no one can tell if her love is given to anybody, or if she thinks of lovers at all."

"She is the loveliest girl in the bounds of Ireland," said

Mrs. Featherstone, proudly. "She is fit to be a queen, let alone a countess. I do hope that she has grace enough not to be tempted by the title or position of that man."

"Matilda is a queen by divine right," said Mrs. Livingstone, as proud of her niece as Mrs. Featherstone could possibly be. "I know she never will barter her queenliness for any earthly rank a bad man can confer on her, not even if he were Prince of Wales. Not that I ever heard of the Earl wanting her, nor do I believe it now when I do hear it. He's too proud of his rank to ever think of marrying below his degree."

"He has got a new yacht on Dane Clermont Bay called 'The Fair Matilda,' and some say it was named as a compliment to her," said Mrs. Featherstone.

"His compliments may not be very acceptable to my brother or to his daughter. Still there are other Matildas, and after all there is not much truth in these unmeaning compliments, even supposing it was our niece Matilda after whom the yacht was called. Matilda is a very reticent girl; if she received any attention from the Earl which did not please her, she would say nothing, but quietly keep out of the way of a repetition of it," said Mrs. Livingstone. "After all," she continued, "it is more than possible that we are vexing ourselves over imaginary evils."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Featherstone, "we will say no more on the subject. Matilda is precious to us both, and who would take counsel together about her if we do not? She has not been up to our place for a long time, and I miss her very much. The last time she was at our house was when the Earl was away in the south, at his estate down there."

"Matilda does not come here as often as I would like either," said Mrs. Livingstone. "She spends a good deal

of her spare time with her blind friend, Mrs. Weston. I do not wonder at it, for Mrs. Weston is the most fascinating woman with whom I ever met. I do not see her often, but when I do call, I leave as reluctantly as a child leaves a feast. Ida and my girls are as fond of her as if she were a near relation."

"Well, there must be something more than common in her; for a blind woman to attract young girls so much is not a common thing," said Mrs. Featherstone, rising to go. "I expect," she added, as she adjusted her shawl over her comfortable person, "that Roseen will get here before dark. I'm sure the Earl will feel savage towards me because I sheltered her, and of course he will not believe that I did not recognise him. I am not so very easily frightened, and I do not know that he can do anything but swear at me to himself, anyway; and his curses will come home to roost like the chickens, as the saying is. He will keep the matter dark for his own sake, I should think."

While they talked in the sitting room, little Roseen crept into the kitchen, like a frightened thing, and Mrs. Featherstone going down there found Ida and Dinah with her, comforting her with kind words, and giving vent to bursts of indignation between times.

"I declare," said Ida, "I have to pinch myself to be convinced that I am awake, and not dreaming over a chapter of Mrs. Ratcliffe's novels."

"Is it not awful," said Dinah, "that the law cannot touch that man." Her judicial mind wanted a strict punishment meted out for every crime.

Roseen wept much, but could be prevailed on to say little of her fright, or her wild leap and wilder race. She was a changed girl from that night. Formerly she was pretty and vivacious, given to make saucy jokes, and quick

at an answer—now she always wore a frightened look ; indeed, she lived in constant apprehension for her mother's sake, expecting nothing less than that she would be turned out of house and home, to gratify the Earl's revenge. She listened apprehensively for every bit of news from the hills, fearing that the blow had already fallen. When her mother came in, filled with stern indignation at the Earl, wanting to know the whole story of outrage and meditated wrong, Roseen would cry and hang round her mother, mourning over the trouble that would fall on her. She had nothing to tell about herself, only to say over and over again, "God is good ; He kep' me safe." But she did not seem able to trust the same God to save her mother from the vengeance of the Earl.

To their great surprise, however, the Earl made no sign, and the affair, known to but few, was remembered and shuddered over, as a horrible nightmare might be recalled.

"I am glad he has the grace to be ashamed of himself," said Mrs. Featherstone, and she shook her fat sides laughing to herself over his discomfiture.

"It is something in the Earl's favor that he has not revenged himself about Roseen," said Mr. Livingstone to Mr. Butler one evening.

"Do not trust him too far," was Mr. Butler's warning. "How do you know but that he is merely whetting his teeth before he bites. The Earl is not to be trusted."

"Well, it is a matter of thankfulness that a Christian statesman has undertaken to legislate between landlord and tenant with a consideration of the tenant's interest."

The unbelieving Butler shook his head. "No measure of relief will be allowed to pass the Lords until they have found out a way to evade it. Power once held is not given up so easily."

"Will you renounce your unbelief when the law passes," enquired Mr. Livingstone.

"I will, when I see the new law really affording relief to the oppressed," said Mr. Butler. "In the meantime the Earl is working pretty successfully to get the arrangements of his vast estates to suit him. Mr. Rose, of Enniskillen, said to me the other day that the Earl of Dane Clermont was something of a martinet, but on the whole was not a bad fellow. I knew very well that he wanted information, and I hinted to him that Lord Dane Clermont had some farms to dispose of, as he was concentrating small holdings wherever the land was good enough, and that if he became one of his lordship's tenants he would be altogether likely to know what kind of fellow his lordship was.

"There is not a petty session now at which he has not cases of the pettiest and most tyrannical kind. When he is not busy evicting, there's a lot of poor people up for stealing sea-weed, or for transgressing some turbary rules, or some lad suspected of setting a snare. He is the most malignant human being that ever breathed. I never thought anyone on the face of the earth had such a nature. You have noticed what handsome teeth he has, just like his father's. I wish you saw him grind them with rage when he cannot get evidence to convict one he suspects of anything. That a person is innocent of any accusation, he never allows himself to believe. We were up among the hills a few weeks ago, and he was at his best that day. He has all the farms squared to his mind up there now, so that the tenants pay for what is soil and what is solid rock, which is a comfort to him. He had the pleasure of ordering a few girls to tear up the flower roots they had planted at the cabin doors in his father's time, and to ensure obedience he stood watching till it was done, and the sat-

isfaction of abusing a little woman who had presumed to have a large family, and saw her cower and cringe before him and not resent his brutal jokes ; so, as I said, he was in his best humor. We were passing a small flax-mill, from which he had evicted the occupier with great cruelty, refusing to give the least time or the least favor, and stopped to look at the water power. Some one was making interest to rent it from him, and he was making a calculation of what improvements the last occupiers had made, and what increase he should put on the rent. He stood looking at the little fall silently for a while, and then he said, showing his teeth, 'I wish I had a guinea for every drop of water that falls over there.' That man never uses all the interest even of his invested money. His wealth is princely, and he is more eager after money, and gets less enjoyment out of it, than any poor wretch on his estate."

"You have no wish, then, to change places with him, Mr. Butler?" Mrs. Livingstone asked.

"Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" said Mr. Butler, with his solemn smile.

"It is a great mercy that Lord Dane Clermont is only one man. It is to be hoped there is not such another," said Dinah, severely.

"He is but one, that is true, Miss Livingstone," said Mr. Butler, "but have you any idea how many thousands are under him, whose fate he holds absolutely in his own hands. He holds property in five counties. On each of those properties he has already committed acts of tyranny, that, if done by Her Most Gracious Majesty, would cost her three crowns. He can sit in his own office on his own case, find a man guilty without evidence of any kind, and inflict a fine according to his pleasure, and then add it to the rent ; or, if he happens to be more than usually savage,

root the accused out of house and home. He has nothing to do but ask for a *posse* of police, or a detachment of soldiers, to help him, and can get all the bayonets he asks for and have the county compelled to pay for them. If he was the only one, his power reaches so far, and is so vindictive, that it would still be a national calamity. But he is not the only one. Look at Captain Allen. Under old Sir Arthur, happiness and contentment reigned, and the rents were always paid up. Now the tenants suffer untold misery, and, I believe, when the law costs and Captain Allen's salary are deducted, the estate is not so productive as it was in Sir Arthur's time. Both Captain Allen and Mr. Sinclair are oppressive, unmerciful men ; they have not arrived at my lord's bad pre-eminence, simply because they are not so clever. Do you know, Mr. Livingstone, that Lord Dane Clermont's rental is more than double what it was in his father's time already, and if all his plans succeed he will soon more than triple it. Pretty well for the time he has reigned over these people ! To double a rental so soon, and under such circumstances, has involved an amount of suffering that none but God knows. I wonder now what form his revenge will take on Mrs. Featherstone and Roseen. Every housemaid does not escape so soon, or so triumphantly, as Roseen."

"Let us hope that he will think better of it, and let Roseen alone," said Mr. Livingstone.

It was the great comfort of Mrs. Weston's life when Saturday night brought her son home to her, with the pleasant thought that he would remain with her till Monday morning.

It was pleasant to Mr. Butler to feel a boy again, and have the long-deferred pleasure of sitting at his mother's

knee, with Betty, who had nursed him in the long ago, rejoicing over him.

"Do you know, Bernard, how your father's little place of Balticlass came into the possession of Lord Dane Clermont?" asked Mrs. Weston of her son one evening, after he had established himself comfortably beside her.

"He loaned money to my father; you know, I suppose, that he was a great friend of his. Father needed money often when he began to go down hill, and the place went as security. I heard about it often enough from my aunts, who laid the blame of all his wrong-doing on your shoulders. Interest is a very eating thing. The place was heavily burdened before ever I grew up. Lord Dane Clermont made extensive purchases of land adjoining. As soon as I grew up to a full understanding of things, I went to his lordship and asked him to be allowed to redeem the place. My lord advised me against it; said it was an impossible thing to be done; counselled me to strike out for myself and depend upon my own exertions alone. He was very kind, and said if I was set on its redemption he would allow me to do so if I could accomplish it within three years."

"Too short a time, and he knew it," murmured Mrs. Weston, rubbing one small fair hand over the other as they lay in her lap.

Her son looked up at her from his seat on a low cricket by her side, and his eyes took in admiringly every detail of her appearance. The snow-white hair that made a frame for her still lovely face—a face with great patience on it—her dark mournful eyes, that looked as darkly beautiful as they did on that fatal night when they were quenched forever—her grey silk gown—the folds of fine lace about her throat—the regal poise of her head—every pathetic line

in her countenance, speaking of suffering borne with dignity and resignation.

"You have got off the subject, my Bernard; your thoughts are wandering," she said, tenderly.

"I was looking at you, mother, and feeling grateful to your uncle for securing you something to live upon. It is well that you were not dependent on your son. My life has been a conspicuous failure."

"Tell me how it was," said his mother, caressingly.

"I went out to America with a boy's hopes to succeed, and redeem the property. I tried and failed; I was sick a long time; I came back as poor as I went out. Lord Dane Clermont used his interest to get me a clerkship in the bank at Portglenone. I lost it for writing an election squib on the unpopular side."

"It was there you met with Miss Simson first, I suppose?" said his mother, kindly.

"It was there I got my first introduction to her. I was in an office in Mayo for a while after I left school. Her father was stationed there at the same time. We used to meet every morning when she was going to school. I remember to a minute when our eyes first met; I remember the very spot we stood upon; we belonged to one another since that day, I have always believed."

"After you lost your clerkship in Portglenone, what then?" enquired his mother.

"When I lost that situation, Lord Dane Clermont took me into his own office. He gave me a good salary and I have saved it; I have no temptation to spend money. I could not redeem the place—that was gone forever—but I have saved and laid by because I had a hope that Tillie would be mine eventually. I work and wait, and have patience for that."

"Lord Dane Clermont was always kind and generous to me; would bestow favors, give advice and counsel, and use his interest for my advancement. He was a generous man, and would part with anything but land, for the acquisition of which he had a mania. He had always a proverb in his mouth, that originated with one of those sly old foxes that served Queen Elizabeth, about parting with land and losing credit. There is a great change in the management of the estates now."

"How is that, my son?" How fondly her voice lingered over the words, "my son."

"The new Earl is proud of his possessions, but he has an ambition to make his lands great sources of revenue as well. We are all the time making out revisals now. By raising the rents and cutting off the privileges he is adding to his income immensely, and other landlords are walking after his example."

"Dinah Livingstone says 'they are walking after the counsel of the ungodly,' " said Mrs. Weston, smiling. "Every Donegal mountain is to make its owner's fortune by pasturing black-faced sheep, or by rentals for shooting. It's a great loss to the poor tenants, and is equivalent to a sentence against them keeping sheep, and consequently against making blankets and home-made clothing."

"The Earl is wonderfully kind to me, whatever design he has in it; but he has taken a dislike to John Coldingham. I should not wonder if he works mischief to John some day. He says his father spoiled him. He loses his temper at poor Mrs. Coldingham, because she is afraid of him. She is a very timid woman, and blushes and turns her head, as if she were looking where to fly, whenever he speaks to her."

"There are evil rumors of the Earl beginning to be

whispered about the country, Betty tells me," said Mrs. Weston.

"The rumors will turn to certainty, I am afraid. We hear rumors in the office and we suspect there is foundation for them; but he is more careful in his actions down here than at his places in the south and west. There have arisen many scandals there. Mrs. Livingstone's servant, Roseen Darrell, an intelligent, good looking young woman, came into the office with her mother's rent some months ago. He glared at her and smiled at her as if he were Peter the Great. She, poor thing, was delighted because he did not storm at her and swear her out of the office. I told her his smile was as dangerous as his bite, and hoped she would take the hint and keep out of his way. She could not do it, and of course you have heard of that affair?"

"Yes, I heard of it. I am glad it has ended so well."

"It is not ended yet, my mother. Lord Dane Clermont does not forget or forgive; he is waiting, biding his time."

"My son," said Mrs. Weston, thoughtfully, "why does Lord Dane Clermont favor you? He knows your sentiments, I suppose?"

"He does, in a general way, and still he favors me; and what is more, he encourages me to speak out my mind and give my opinion on things in general more than anyone else in the office."

"I hope you do not take advantage of this license," said Mrs. Weston, with the caution that long years of repression had made habitual to her race.

"No. I am not fond of putting my head in the lion's jaws. I have got into the habit of arguing matters with Mr. Livingstone and the girls, or reasoning out things with Mr. Simson; I have no other acquaintances. I fling an

occasional gibe at things in the office, when some poor fellow has just been done for ; but then everyone knows my sentiments."

"You are in a false position ; to remain there with your sentiments is wrong. You ought to leave."

"I know it, and I mean to leave as soon as I can. I am considering what to do, so as not to act rashly. You see, I think about Tillie in connection with everything I do, or mean to do, as if I had a right to do so."

"I was thinking seriously of Tillie myself to-day. There is a faint rumor that Lord Dane Clermont admires her beauty, and it is also said that she might be Countess of Dane Clermont if she chooses."

"She is beautiful enough, mother, for a king to come down after her to lift her to a throne, and that throne would be honored. I wish you could see her. Any position she might fill would derive its greatest honor from herself. I was reading Moore's 'Lallah Rookh' the other day, and the description of 'Nourmahal' seemed to suit Matilda well. I intended to read it to you when I came here, but when I read it over again, there was something wanting."

"Matilda Simson's beauty has the impress of heaven on it. It is not so much the outside loveliness, although she is 'divinely fair,' as conviction that her beauty is the result of goodness and purity shining through and becoming visible."

"Well might the Earl fancy her as his Countess, but she will not fancy him. However, I do not believe the story. He used to flutter about the minister's before his father died, but now he's too much occupied in making much into more, to remember Tillie."

"You saw his new boat called 'The Fair Matilda?'"

"No ; I did not even hear of it."

"Betty collects news some way, and she is generally correct. She says that Miss Simson may be Countess of Dane Clermont if she chooses, and certainly his new boat is called for her."

"She will not choose. If he was lord of the universe she would not accept him, being what he is."

"I think that myself ; but I wish that she were married, and that you were out of the Earl's employ," said Mrs. Weston, anxiously.

CHAPTER XVII.

DAVY'S VISIT AND EXPERIENCES.

Whom do we dub as gentleman—
The knave, the fool, the brute,
If he have but one full tithe of gold,
And wear a courtly suit.—*Eliza Cook.*

It was about the time of Roseen's escape from the castle that Ida Livingstone finished her school days, and came home to Rath Cottage, Ramelton. A faint longing to see her father and her brothers, to see Canadian woods and waters again, began to steal over her. Her father, with the best intentions to come over to Ireland on a visit, to see bonnie Ramelton once more, found himself held in the meshes of business, and his coming was still deferred. He had taken his eldest son into partnership, and this son had brought home a wife to be house-mistress at the homestead.

"I shall feel free enough to go home to Ireland as soon as I get matters squared up a little. I have prospered sufficiently to stay there, if I so choose, and if you would like it," he wrote to his daughter.

"I wonder if I would like it," said Ida to herself, and she would instantly fall to castle-building on the airiest of foundations. If her father were ever so rich—if she were like the Begum's daughter, rich *aux millions*—what would she not do for bleeding Donegal! How she would buy up their mountains and valleys, wide pastures and grand domains, as soon as ever they appeared in the market, and sell them again to the peasantry, putting people where

hares and cattle were now luxuriating, and into the wide expanses of lordly, magnificent loneliness, settling families ! She would fancy crouching peasants turned into independent yeomen, holding up their heads and fearing no man ; how, being once able to study their own needs instead of grinding out tribute that took all but existence, they would begin to use up their unused resources ; how, sheep having succeeded rabbits, home-made blankets would succeed guano bags, as comfort would everywhere succeed misery ; how, eventually, the mountains would unlock the secrets hid in their bosoms, and stream and lake, sea-coast and rich valley, would yield independence to industry, and home comfort to honest labor !

Ah, well ! the vision was delicious ; but the air-castle would tumble about her ears, and she would wake up to know that the bailiffs, deputy-bailiffs, and process-servers were out in full force, laden with notices to quit, so that power, if it so pleased, might be ready to sweep the toilers away ; to know that scantily-clad women, who, up to their waists in water, had fought with the Atlantic ocean for the possession of the sea-weed that drifted on its bosom, were arrested for the theft of it by the lordly proprietor ! “ Tim Doolin is behind with the rent ; God help him,” says one ; “ he will not get a turbary ticket to enable him to cut turf for fuel until he pays up.” Tim goes to the office with the money for the ticket, but it is refused with insult ; he must bring all or go ! When his family begin to suffer, he steals out at night, to cut turf under cover of the darkness. The bog-ranger is on the watch, and Tim is carried off to jail ; and then what of the “ little, long family ” left at home in want ! “ He had no business to have any.” Simon, Martin, and John Whittington are evicted ; they had fallen behind in their rents. They have been out under the sky

for many a night, because no one dare shelter them ; but now they have gone to the workhouse ! There was a heart-breaking scene as husband and wife, parents and children, parted at the dreadful portal ! Ah ! that is the last of them ! No, it is not ; for here is Mary Martin sent to jail for weeks, with hard labor, for creating a disturbance in the workhouse, and using threats, because she hears the pitiful cries of her child, beaten on the other side of the stone wall ! Widow Wallace is skulking, with her children, through the country ever since her eviction, cowering behind ditch backs, and sheltering where she can ! Her children and herself would be sheltered in the workhouse ; but, with the fidelity of an animal, she clings to her offspring and will not go in ! Some day, probably, she will steal a turp, or a carrot, and get penal servitude, and then sink into the criminal classes ! In all human probability the children will then go to the poorhouse !

"There is not much hope for the girls of the poorhouse," said a workhouse official to the writer. "They generally come back here with the addition of a baby."

It is hard to think of, and harder to tell ; but, like slavery, the land tenure of Ireland is bad for both sides—for landlord and tenant. One class cannot be oppressed and degraded, without the wrong reacting on the other. Evil is always two-edged, wounding the oppressor as well as the oppressed.

Ida Livingstone puzzled her head, under its flossy, golden hair, dreamed her kindly day dreams, and woke up to the actual miseries around her, helpless and impotent.

The summer came, and with it David Livingstone, her youngest and favorite brother, made a flying visit to Donegal.

He resembled his sister in possessing stirring energy and

restlessness, and he came upon his relatives like a breeze from the Atlantic.

"He is very like his sister," said Mr. Livingstone.

"Like her, only more so," said Davy.

He fraternized with Charlie at once. Together, with the girls, or without them, they scampered everywhere that there was a prospect of seeing anything, or hearing anything, from Royal Aileach to the Gap of Barnes, round the coast, and off to the little islands lying near.

"How do you like the country?" he would be asked.

"Oh! the country is first-rate, if you had only a little of our independent ownership of the soil, and then what is called Yankee enterprise and energy would follow, and wake the country up from sleep."

"Some of our landlords, indeed, all of them, think they have the good of the country very much at heart," said his uncle.

"Well," Davy would say with a merry laugh, "to look at the people no one could imagine that their welfare was at all in all the thoughts of those who hold the control of their destiny. I believe that people will manage for themselves a great deal better than any one else can manage for them. We see that in Canada. Look at the Murray family, who were literally robbed of their labor and then kicked out of Ireland, as it were; they are doing for themselves splendidly. And the man who does well for himself does well for Canada. Why, father would not part with Patsy Murray for money. And there is no man in the whole of Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, who can say to Mrs. Murray, 'take your son from Livingstone's and bring him home to spend his strength for my profit, and when he has done so I will kick him out to go to America, or the brimstone reserves, whichever he likes.'"

Then Davy would gather up his great bulk—for he was as big as Ida was small—push his yellow hair from his brow and say, "See here, Charlie, where will we go to gather up a few more blackthorns?"

It was an absorbing desire with Davy to carry back a real Irish shillelah for every one of his trans-Atlantic acquaintances. He went to neighboring markets and fairs to watch for young countrymen with good thorn sticks, and would try to bargain them away from their owners. Many a bludgeon, surnamed *bas gun sagart*, many a slender, knobby stick, were bundled together and laid up at Rath Cottage waiting on the sea voyage; but Davy did not feel satisfied. He had many expectant friends on the other side, and he reckoned that he would need a few more to supply the claimants.

He went down to Dane Clermont alone one fair-day, when Charlie happened to be too busy to accompany him. Leaving the croydon at John Coldingham's, he went stick-hunting through the fair. He made quite a collection of sticks that day, bringing them in by degrees, and leaving them with Bessie. One young man had a very handsome blackthorn which Davy coveted very much, but he could not prevail on its owner to part with it.

It was rent-day at the office, and they were very busy. When they came in to tea at Mr. Coldingham's, Bessie enquired if they had seen Davy, for he had not come in. "Look at the bundle of sticks he has bought to-day," she said, pointing to a lot of shillelahs in a corner. "He went out to try to persuade a young fellow to part with a very handsome one a little after dinner, and he has not returned yet."

"Do you know where he is?" asked Mr. Butler. "I bet you will never guess."

"I am sure I never would," said Bessie, laughing. "I am not good at guessing, and Davy is here, and there, and everywhere."

"Well, he's gone down to Dane Clermont castle with the Earl."

"How in the world did that come about?" asked Bessie, opening wide her blue eyes.

"I suppose," said John, "that he was chasing up the boy that owned the blackthorn he coveted, and he came to the office door. There is a new office rule that only one man at a time is admitted to the office. Those who wish to get home early crowd round the office door waiting their turn."

"It is something like going in to confession," said Mr. Butler, gravely. "They are quite sure of penance being laid on them before they come out."

"It was raining a little," continued John, "but nothing to hurt, and Davy noticed that every man who was called to go into the office pulled off his hat in the rain, and walked into the office with it tucked under his arm, while the waiting crowd bared their heads also until the door shut again. Davy is not ceremonious himself—not very—and he was amused and angry at the scene. The Earl always keeps a ventilator open, and everything that goes on outside is heard distinctly in the office. I did not hear anything myself, but I knew by Mr. Butler's face, and the Earl's also, that they were hearing something unusually interesting."

"Oh! Mrs. Coldingham, it was too good," said Mr. Butler, his eyes dancing with fun at the remembrance; "I do wish you had heard and seen Davy, as I did. He sauntered in among the tenants, with his hands in his pockets, and commenced pitching into them for taking off their

hats, asking them what they meant by their crouching manner, if they were freemen and not slaves. 'Why, are you afraid of a sinful fellow-mortal like yourselves?' This, and the Earl listening to him! I saw the veins swell in the Earl's forehead—one of the signs of a coming tempest. I glanced out of the window. The tenants, who did not know Davy from Adam, were angry enough. They feel obliged to put up with the Earl's abuse, because they cannot help themselves but to get berated by a stranger was a different matter. Lowering brows and clenched fists showed how they felt. One was a young lad, a thin-lipped, straight-haired fellow, with a handsome blackthorn stick—perhaps the identical one that Davy coveted—at all events it was one that would have made his mouth water if he had seen it, but his mind was so intent on his lecture that even blackthorns were forgotten; Davy turned to him personally, and said, 'A fine fellow like you ought to be ashamed of yourself, cringing and bowing bare-headed in the rain.' The door had opened just then, and every hat was off and every head ducked. The young fellow gripped his nate bit of timber a little tighter, knit his brows, and, with a slight twist of his thin lips, said to Davy, 'If I had you out of here, and in the shadow of Erigal, I'd dust your jacket for you, my fine buck; I'd tache you to keep a civil tongue in your head among them that's nayther makin' nor meddlin' with you.' The Earl, who could stand this no longer, jumped to the door and threw it open, and instantly every ha. was off. His eye singled out Davy at once, and he stared at him his fiercest stare, while Davy stared back as innocent looking as an infant.

"'Hallo, you, sir!' he said in the voice that makes them all tremble.

"'Hallo, yourself, and see how you like it!' retorted

Davy, and the audacious fellow actually laughed in the lord's face.

"I wish you had seen that crowd of tenants; how their eyes stared, and their jaws dropped, and their mouths flew open with wonder." Mr. Butler laughed one of his rare laughs, as full of merriment as a schoolboy's, at the remembrance.

"'How fierce you are,' said Davy, coolly, when he had his laugh out.

"'Who are you, sir, and what is your business with my tenants?' said the Earl, getting no better as to temper.

"Davy took out his card-case, deliberately extracted a card, and handed it to the Earl, in an off-hand, don't-care sort of style, and said :

"'May I ask, now, who you are, sir, that accosts a subject of Her Majesty in that style?'

"The Earl looked at the pasteboard and said, shortly :

"'A son of the Ramelton Livingstones?'

"'Of Port Hope, Canada,' Davy explained; 'a free-born Canadian.'

"Now, you will hardly believe it, Mrs. Coldingham, but it is a fact nevertheless, that the Earl ironed out the frown on his face, and made something like an apology to Davy; and told him he was Earl of Dane Clermont, and, after some little talk, actually asked Davy down to dinner with him at the castle, and Davy went. The tenants expected that he would send him to jail for his impudence, but the invitation to dinner completed their astonishment.

"I wonder why my lord took Davy off with him. Perhaps he thinks he is a leader of the Fenians, and he is doing a little detective work for the government. He has some motive—he always has."

As Davy did not return to John Coldingham's, and they

knew that the family wanted the croydon next morning, Mr. Butler took it home in the evening. He mystified the family at Rath Cottage, telling them that Davy had been arrested for high-treason, committed against the most high and mighty Earl that day at the fair.

It was an additional surprise when Lord Dane Clermont's car drove up, in the grey twilight, with Davy.

"Why, where have you been?" asked Ida, making a rush at him as soon as he came in.

Davy threw himself into an attitude, and quoted Burns:

"A ne'er to be forgotten day:
Sae far I sprachled up the brae,
I dinnèd wi' a lord,
An' sic' a lord. Stan' out my shin—
A Lord, a Peer, an Earl's son,
Up higher yet my bonnet."

"What induced him to ask you?" asked Ida.

"Christianity; the desire to heap coals of fire on my wretchedly impudent head," said Davy.

"Do talk sense, Davy; what induced him to do it?"

"What took Zaccheus up the tree, my young friend?"

What but mere 'cooriosity,' as brother Sternhold used to say in his exhortations. Curiosity is a strong ingredient in the make-up of my Lord Dane Clermont."

"What induced you to go, then?"

"'Cooriosity' again, sister mine."

"And you went to dinner in a coat like that?"

"He had to tolerate the coat, if he endured the man. I knew he was going to ask me no end of questions, and I declare to you, Mr. Butler, I was tempted to draw the long-bow and invent things for his benefit."

"Did you give him any of the same sort of sauce as you gave him at the office?" Mr. Butler enquired.

"What was that?" enquired Mr. Livingstone.

Mr. Butler told them what he had told Bessie, amid many wondering questions and laughing comments.

"I knew," Davy went on, "that he wanted to put me through my facings about why I was at his office door speaking to his tenants about their humility of manner, so I took time by the forelock and began myself, like a free and independent Canadian.

"May I be allowed to ask if your lordship is an Irishman?" said I.

"Hem! I suppose I am," he said. "Why do you ask?"

"If you are an Irishman yourself, I wonder how you can endure to see your own countrymen standing bareheaded in the rain, bowing and scraping before you."

"As to that," said his lordship carelessly, "it is the nature of these people; they are naturally crawling dogs."

"He then, in the frankest, kindest manner imaginable, told me a great deal about the management of his estate. To hear his story, one would think he really believes that he is the best landlord in the world, and just exists for the good of his people."

"To educate a people up to understand the rights of property, and the want of human rights, which is best for tenant humanity, the duty of being diligent rent-producing machines, and when worn out going uncomplainingly into the poorhouse, is a high and holy mission, and my Lord Dane Clermont is bent on fulfilling his part of that mission," said Mr. Butler, in a sarcastic voice.

"Well, a man can persuade himself of a good deal, if he persistently looks at only one side of a question," said Davy, lightly. "A certain course suits my lord's interests, and he persuades himself that it is good all round. It is astonishing how some men can justify themselves to them-

selves. I have heard really good Christians in Canada argue in favor of cheating the Indians out of the tribal moneys due them for the lands they had surrendered, and which was given to make them independent and self-reliant. Of course they did not call it cheating, in that coarse, blunt manner—they got a fine name for it—but the thing was as like cheating as one pea is like another. Depriving poor men of their rights, to make them independent and self-reliant, is perhaps a kindness to them, but the same argument is never used towards a wealthy individual or a fat corporation.

“His lordship asked me if I had seen much worthy of admiration since I had come to Ireland. I praised everything, and told him of our trip to Tory Island and our interview with the king of that place, and mentioned that I admired him exceedingly.

“‘Why, may I ask?’ said his lordship.

“‘Because,’ I replied, ‘though he is a dwarf about three feet high, with arms and legs, in comparison with his body like the limbs of a black beetle, he yet manages to make out a living for himself and family.’ I told him of our going in to purchase some of the literature for sale in that out-of-the-world place, which we saw in the window, and of our finding the little fellow on his back in the corner, like a mud turtle, flourishing his short arms and legs in a vain attempt to turn over and get up; and that we had found out that the little king had a waspish temper, and that his big wife managed him, when he was more cross-grained than usual, by turning him on his back, until, having exhausted his rage, he promised to be good, and so was let up after he had simmered down.

“That I might not go back to Canada without seeing greater curiosities than his Inishtory Majesty, he showed

me many rare and valuable things collected by his forefathers. There were two coats-of-mail in the great hall, but they were bought and worn by Englishmen; there were none of the coats of bronze chain mail, made and worn by the ancient Irish. There was a collection of the weapons of many lands, but not one Irish short-sword, or even the commoner *skien fada*; nothing that was Irish was in the collection. However, I admired them all, for they were very interesting to me.

"Afterwards, he told me of his wisdom and forethought for the good of the estate, and of the fearful depravity of the tenants—how they destroyed sheep, maimed cattle, shot at process-servers, and did other outrages, that convinced me they were not fit to live. He did not say anything in defence of his own evil deeds, and I did not feel commissioned to call his sins to remembrance. He was very kind, and, in a politely imperceptible manner, put me through an extensive course of questions, that left him in possession of all the information I could give him about Canada, my father's people, and our mode of life there. When he found out that it was because I was hungering after blackthorns that I went to Dane Clermont, he presented me with some nice ones. I wanted to come back to Dane Clermont, but he insisted on sending me home direct, saying that the croydon would be there before me, which it is, sure enough."

"How did you like the Earl, personally?" asked Mr. Butler. "You had an opportunity of seeing our great potentate unofficially, when his mind was in undress and he would be at his best."

"That is the queerest of my queer experiences since I came here," said Davy, looking round on them all very earnestly. "I knew this man was a bad man, who had made

a vile use of his great power ever since he came into possession of it; that he was altogether likely to go on oppressing and crushing poor humanity, that could not obey his behests or come up to his standard of obedience; I knew that in America he would be treated to a coat of tar and feathers for one of the many acts of cruelty that he has been guilty of; and yet, hang it all, I am so mean that I felt honored at the fellow's notice and flattered by his kindness. Fact is, we men are a little breed."

"Yes," assented Mr. Livingstone, "place and power have a wonderful attraction for us. A little kindness, a little talent, a little goodness, a little beauty, goes far when it is in high position."

"It is to be hoped," said Ida, "that your experience of the Earl's kindness, and your being so highly flattered, will do you good."

"If he had a little experience of being in his power, when he was inclined to show no mercy, it would add another leaf to his experience," said Dinah. "It would take a good deal to make Roseen feel honored by his notice."

"It is strange, too," said Mr. Livingstone, "that the people so utterly bad under his rule were so law-abiding under his father; there were no outrages then. Truly, oppression makes men mad."

"I am invited to come again, nevertheless; and if I want to enjoy shooting, and stay till the season comes in, his lordship will be most happy to gratify me," said Davy, lightly.

But Davy did not stay till the shooting season came in. He spent all his time sight-seeing, and what he saw and heard did not convince him that all agents and landlords are immaculate, with exceptions, as newspaper corres-

pondents assert, who have been exposed to the influence that even Davy Livingstone felt powerful. Charlie and he went over to see Bruce Hall one day, because of its deliciously beautiful grounds. They roamed through the woods and sauntered by the lake, watching the coots, swans, and wild geese taking their water exercise, and passed the grand Doric front of the old Hall.

"The fellow that owns this place never comes near it," said Charlie to Davy. "He has not set his eyes on it for years; all this beauty is wasted as far as the owner is concerned."

"A good deal of this ownership of land in Ireland is of the dog-in-the-manger style; they do not use it themselves, and will not let those to whom it would be life and living use it either," said Davy.

As they came sauntering up the walk to the terrace, they saw Sir William himself, supposed to be abroad, walking up and down on the terrace, with a tall, fine looking lady hanging on his arm.

"That is Sir William Bruce," said Charlie to Davy, in a low tone. "I do hope he did not hear our free and easy remarks about him."

"Might do him good if he did," retorted Davy, "and help him 'to see himself as others see him,' as Burns says."

Coming down through the chestnut walk, they came upon a poor scarecrow raking the gravel off the walk.

"Who is that, Mickey, that Sir William is walking with on the terrace?" said Charlie to him.

"Deed, sir," said Mick, scratching his head, "it is a fine 'pented hizzie' that his honor brought from London with him, and the house-keeper told the gardener, and the gardener told me, that he wanted to cow Lady Lucy into having her as a guest in the Hall, but my lady spunked up and

ordered her out ; so the walking with her on the terrace is to provoke poor Lady Lucy inside. You might notice, Mr. Charlie, that all the blinds are down ; that was done by my lady's orders. I saw them on the terrace a while ago, and I says to Mr. Galbraith, the gardener, 'Who is that grand, handsome lady with Sir William ?' And he says to me, 'She's a pented hizzie, one o' thae scarlet women spoken o' in the Revelations, come here from London, a' the way.' That's his Scotch way of talking, and that's all I know about it."

They left the laborer to his work, and went home. When Mr. Livingstone heard of this, he felt pained for Lady Lucy's sake, and he thought of the just man, Sir Arthur Bruce, who lay in his grave, and pitied the poor reprobate who now stood in his shoes and seemed to glory in his shame.

After all, sight-seeing must come to an end, like everything else, and Davy Livingstone sailed back to Canada, carrying with him, sewed up in coarse linen, an immense stock of blackthorn sticks, and leaving behind in Charlie's heart a longing to see Canada and to know something of the world outside of Donegal.

Ida, also, was left behind ; her health had so much improved in Irish air that her father was more than willing to leave her in Donegal some time longer, until he found it convenient to come for her himself. He might, he thought, spend the evening of his days in beautiful Donegal, and sleep his last sleep in holy Ireland.

The only remark about Davy which the Earl made in the office, was to enquire one day,

"Has that Livingstone whelp gone back to Canada yet."

CHAPTER XVIII.

TRIED AND FAILED.

"Of love that never found his earthly close
What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts?
Or all the same as if he had not been?"—*Tennyson.*

Ida, contented to stay a while longer in Donegal, visited with Mrs. Weston, sometimes with Matilda but oftener without her. listened to tales and legends of Ireland with more than half a mind to believe them, learned to play ancient Irish tunes and to sing national songs, ran down to Dane Clermont to see Bessie and frolic with her babies, and sympathized with and helped to the full extent of her purse the numerous cases of distress that came up in the neighborhood. Sometimes she would have slight differences of opinion with the black-browed Dr. Cameron, who had now, however, swung round to the belief that there was urgent need of a reform of the land laws. He was led to acknowledge that there were cases of very great oppression on the part of some landlords, who were inclined to use their power harshly. Others of his ministerial brethren were slowly and reluctantly changing their opinions, too. Mr. Butler said that the main cause of this was the successful efforts made to evade the Ulster Custom, and to nibble away the tenants' rights, so as to make the new law of 1870 of no effect. When these things occurred in their own congregations, over and over again, they were compelled to think.

"It is true," said Mr. Butler, "that there are still a few

of the sons of Bunyan's Mrs. Bat's-eyes, who cannot see anything. Any amount of misery may be inflicted on the dwellers on the hills, and they do not see it ; but when a great injustice comes to their own doors, their eyes become open to the system that permits and upholds it."

"What is the Ulster Custom, anyway ?" Ida inquired. "I have never yet got it clearly into my head. Why is it called Ulster Custom, instead of Irish Custom ?"

"I will try to explain that to you, my little girl," said Mr. Livingstone. "When the seven counties were confiscated, it was the design of King James to plant Ulster with men of Scotch or English extraction, and of the Protestant belief. These settlers got the land a waste, as war left it ; they built, ditched, fenced, reclaimed. What they added to the farm was their property—so was their good-will of the farm ; and these together made tenant-right and was a marketable property like anything else. The landlord rented his farm, and the tenant sold his good-will and improvements. But, in process of time, the improvements put upon the farm became as valuable as the farm itself, and the landlord grudged his tenants the possession of it. It is not so very long ago, now, since the landlords began to eat away the tenant-right, which they accomplished by raising the rent sufficiently to cover all the improvements made by the labor of the tenants. This would have been done to me had not Sir Arthur Bruce, the good man, foreseen and prevented it. If a man refused to pay the new rent, 'Well, leave then,' was the order he received. When he went to sell his tenant-right, and found a man willing to buy, down came the agent, who said, 'My man, consider ; if you buy this farm you buy it under the conditions that I double the rent.' Of course, the doubling of the rent reduced the price the buyer was willing to pay for the

improvements, and took so much of the tenant's labour and confiscated it to the landlord's use."

"That was stealing," said Ida, emphatically.

"Well, it was something of that color," said Mr. Butler, "but stealing is of many grades. A poor man steals, he is a thief; a lady steals, she is a kleptomaniac; a noble steals, he is defending the rights of property; a nation steals, it is enlarging the boundaries of civilization. Punish the thief—pity the kleptomaniac—defend the noble—sing praises to the nation! I know an estate where the noble owner never expended one farthing on improvements, the rental of which has risen by simply confiscating the results of the labour of poor men, from ten thousand pounds a year to fifty thousand, and it did not take so many years to rise gradually up to that. I know a farmer on that estate, whose rent has been increased six times in six years, and in that time has become six times the original amount."

These statements sank deep into Ida Livingstone's mind, and also had their effect on the more conservative Dinah. Ida continued to give sympathy when she could not give money; took upon herself the position of friend and adviser to the erratic Mr. Butler; and was busy and happy after her fashion. So, things at Rath Cottage settled into the even tenor of their way, after the ripple caused by Davy Livingstone's visit had subsided.

"I wish, Mr. Butler," said Ida to him, "that you would moderate your most ultra sentiments before Mr. Simson, at least just now; he is becoming more of your opinion every day. Do not shock him with extreme sayings, if you wish to succeed with your suit. I never saw anyone whom I would rather have for a cousin-in-law," continued the un-

conventional Ida ; " I think everybody likes you now ; but when you express your opinions before Mr. Simson they do sound dreadfully extreme, you know. Do be circumspect, and you may get the desire of your heart some day."

" Thank you for your good wishes, Miss Ida," he would say to her ; " I know the value of the prize I covet, and I want to be worthy of it ; but I cannot help speaking out my sentiments about Ireland and her people, hap what may. All I am, all I have, is dedicated to the cause of Erin. I may resolve to be prudent, but when I hear my country slandered and my people wronged, my heart's thoughts fly out in words."

" I wish, my son," said Mrs. Weston, " that you would try your fate with Mr. Simson and ask him for his daughter. I need not tell you how I love this lovable girl ; she is more than a daughter to me. Matilda opens her mind to me, Bernard, more, I think, than to anyone else ; and I know she has a beautiful, true, noble, unworldly nature. It is a privilege that ought to humble any man to have a place in her white thoughts—to be dear to her innocent heart. I have never lived up to my income, and you have something to depend on besides your salary ; so, Bernard, your mother tells you to try your fate."

Mr. Butler shook his head. " I do not think there is any hope for me, unless Tillie would consent to wed without her father's knowledge, and that she will not do. Mr. Simson thinks radical opinions the sum of all moral evil. He believes no one can honestly hold them without being capable of every enormity of the French Revolution. I have no hope, mother, none."

But, notwithstanding his declaration that he had no hope, the more he thought of the matter the more he felt

determined to know the worst. But he must see Tillie first.

"Was that Miss Simson that I saw pass the office?" he asked Mrs. Coldingham at tea-time one day.

"It could not be, Mr. Butler," said Bessie; "Tillie is up at Aunt Featherstone's this evening. She has not been there for a long time, and aunt felt a little bit put out; so she went up there to spend the evening."

After tea, the office being closed, Mr. Butler walked in the direction of Featherstone farm, and met Matilda by the Bay, under young Watty's escort. Watty was not a whit pleased to be turned back, but submitted with as good a grace as possible when Tillie invited him to come down the following evening to see her flowers.

"I want your advice, Tillie," said Mr. Butler, turning a wistful face towards her, as he told her of his mother's advice, and how he had made up his mind to try it.

Tillie looked at him brightly and repeated:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who fears to put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

"I agree with you that there never was a time when my father is more inclined to listen favorably. Recent events have forced him to think that perhaps the peasantry may have some substantial grounds of complaint. He said to me only yesterday that he was afraid that Mr. Butler was partly right in his sentiments."

They were walking leisurely along, their thoughts bathed in sunset colors, and their hopes bright, when the Earl's car drove rapidly past. He raised his hat to Tillie, and smiled.

"That is his lordship's worst smile," said Mr. Butler.

"When he is angry at the office, and does not want it to be known, he smiles in that manner. I wonder what has put him out now?"

Tillie seemed to understand what had put the Earl out, but she said nothing.

Mr. Simson was in his study—it was one of his busy days—when the Earl's car stopped at the door, and in a few moments the Earl himself was shown into the study.

"I would not allow them to disturb you so far as to call you down," said the Earl, "as I am not going to occupy much of your time, being in somewhat of a hurry myself."

"This is a very great honor, indeed, my lord," said the minister, absently, trying to come out of his subject into the present. "Will your lordship take a seat?"

His lordship sat down on the nearest chair, keeping his hat in his hand.

"I have called," he said slowly, "to take a liberty that only my father's friendship for your family, and my own, could possibly palliate or excuse. I hope I have your permission to speak?"

"Certainly, my lord," said the minister, now all attention. "I am willing to hear any communication your lordship chooses to make."

"I understand," said his lordship, gently, "that my clerk, Mr. Butler, has lifted his eyes to your beautiful daughter, and I thought, in justice to Miss Simson and yourself, that there were some things connected with Mr. Butler which you ought to know."

The minister opened his eyes wide at this, to him, astounding piece of news.

"Surely, my lord, you are mistaken," he said in such a tone of surprise that Lord Dane Clermont knew that he had never suspected this before.

"My father had an interest in this young fellow for his father's sake ; there was a remote family connection. He has always been a difficult subject to do anything for. It is more than suspected that he has imbibed revolutionary opinions, and it is even supposed that he has some connection with the Fenian conspiracy ; at all events he has very loose principles. I retain him in my employ to keep him from getting into mischief elsewhere."

The minister leaned forward in his earnestness and surprise, drinking in the bitter draught of this knowledge. He had rather liked Butler, especially of late, and thought him a fine young fellow of rather keen feelings, that impelled him to use strong language. His Scotch caution led him to reflect that he had heard of the Earl as being spiteful when he took a dislike to anyone.

He said, after a pause, "I am obliged to your lordship for this caution, which I am inclined to think unnecessary ; still, I thank you for it and will be vigilant and take more notice of these things than I have been in the habit of doing. But I must assure your lordship that my daughter, being but young yet, is fancy free."

The Earl still had his hat in his hand, while he leaned his elbow on his knee. He looked into the minister's face, smiling blandly and swaying his hat gently, as if beating time with it to his remarks, and said :

"I am just come down from the castle ; I have not yet been to the office. I passed Miss Simson and Mr. Butler walking together by the shore ; and it is not the first time that I have seen them walking in sequestered places. If her affections are not entangled, would it not be well to know more of Mr. Butler before you allow such an insinuating young fellow to worm himself into her favour. Butler is not his real name, although that is not of much im-

portance ; neither do I count it anything that he is a Catholic by the half-blood—but they are generally treacherous and not to be trusted."

The minister, now thoroughly surprised and alarmed, looked at the Earl with as much astonishment as he had ever felt in his life.

"Is this really so, my lord?" he said, in a bewildered voice, with an expression of consternation in his face. "This news has taken me completely by surprise."

"He has never suspected this," thought the Earl to himself. "Well, he knows it now."

"I see you are surprised," he said, in his gentlest tones. "Perhaps I should not have interfered ; but, I assure you, I was prompted by the friendliest of motives. I thought you should be made aware of this for your daughter's sake."

He rose from his seat to leave ; Mr. Simson, with a sorely disturbed face, rose also.

"Of course," said the Earl, as he took his leave, "this matter remains between ourselves. We are both gentlemen."

In the midst of his perplexity Mr. Simson felt flattered at the easy way in which the puissant Earl had placed himself on a level with him, as he spoke of the secret that remained between them.

Before Mr. Simson had recovered himself from hearing this news, which was indeed like a blow to him, his lordship had taken his leave and was gone. Matilda came in with Mr. Butler, and sent him up to the study, while she moved around arranging things in the parlor, with a happy expectant light in her eyes.

In a very few minutes, Mr. Butler came down stairs and was shown out, in a flurried manner, by Mr. Simson him-

self. Matilda glanced out of the window and saw Mr. Butler pass, with head erect and flashing eyes.

"He has been insulted," she said, and sank down on a chair, the glow fading out of her countenance.

Her father came into the room, with a troubled face. He dropped into a chair, and, sighing deeply, said :

"My daughter, did you sanction young Butler in coming to me this evening to ask for you in marriage?"

"I did, father," said Tillie, looking at him with sorrowful eyes; "I would listen to no one without your approval."

"Do you tell me," he said, "that this young man has won your affections?"

"I love him," said Tillie, speaking very low, and with great calmness. "I thought you might consent, and I advised him to speak to you; and, father, I hope you have not said anything harsh to him, even if you did refuse?"

"I am afraid I did; I was upset. I have been friendly with the young man, but if I had imagined that anything like this was imminent, he never would have darkened my doors. I dislike his sentiments, and I have reason to believe that his principles are not what I could approve of—revolutionary, in fact. I have forbidden him the house. What I know of him has prompted me to this step."

He paused, for Tillie's face had grown ashen white.

This daughter was as dear to him as his heart's blood, and it was a torture to him to cause her pain; but what he saw to be duty must be done at all risks. He had no idea until now how hard this duty was to press on him.

Matilda rose to her feet, and put her hand over her heart to still its beating.

"Father," she said, "listen to me. I have never disobeyed you?"

"Never, my daughter, never; you have been a most dutiful child."

"I will obey you now," she said, with white lips. "Until you are ready to welcome him as a son, he shall be only an acquaintance to me; but know this—as you loved my dead mother, so do I love him, with the one love, the best love, of my life."

Without another word she turned and left the room.

From the office window, himself unseen, Lord Dane Clermont saw Mr. Butler enter the manse and come out again, and he was satisfied.

The next morning, Tillie, with a more listless air than usual, took her seat behind the tea-urn to wait for her father. The girl, Mary, was attending to some duties about the table, and lingered, after her fashion, when she had anything to say.

"It's in high favor the master is," said the girl at last. "It's not every minister that has an Earl calling on him, free and easy, like an equal."

"When was the Earl here?" asked Tillie, quietly

"He came to the door yesterday evening before you came home. I said the minister was in his study and I would call him down. He said 'No, no, my good Mary, just show me up; I will not interrupt or disturb him more than a minute.' So, I showed him up, and he was barely gone when you and Mr. Butler came in."

"It would be better to put Mr. Butler's name first," said Tillie, languidly. "Say 'Mr. Butler and you,' that is the correct way; the absent one first."

She understood it all now; the Earl had been in to stir up her father's prejudices against Mr. Butler. She thought the matter over earnestly. "I have not much courage," she thought, "but I have endurance."

Mr. Simson watched his daughter narrowly, but saw no change in her. She became a trifle quieter, a trifle paler, but nothing more.

Mr. Butler, of course, never came to the manse now, and Mr. Simson missed him more than he calculated upon. But it was impossible for him to be at Rath Cottage, or at Mrs. Weston's, as often as he was, and not meet with Tillie. When they did meet, she was more friendly with him than formerly, that was all.

People remarked that Tillie grew more beautiful as the days passed by, and they observed how fond she was of Mrs. Weston, the blind lady ; while Mr. Butler talked bitterly against the land laws, and served a landlord all the same.

CHAPTER XIX.

MORE CLEARANCES.

"Still, it's ower true that ye hae said;
Sic game is now ower often played.
There's mony a creditable stock,
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root and bianch,
Some rascals vengefu' greed to quench."—*Burns.*

The affair about Roseen had fallen almost into oblivion. The Earl seemed to wish it to be forgotten, and certainly the rest of those who knew anything of it had no desire to keep it in remembrance. Mrs. Featherstone and Roseen felt only too glad to let the disreputable affair fall into the grave of lost things. Indeed, Roseen had no thought of the Earl at this time, her thoughts being taken up with anxiety about her mother, who had fallen into very poor health, the result of over-work. When she took to her bed, Roseen was anxious to go home to nurse her, but her poor mother would not listen to the proposal. "Her son and the neighbors would do all that she wanted," she said, "and Roseen must stay where she was safe, and earning her living respectably." Nevertheless, Roseen had fully determined to go and take care of her, if she did not get better soon. She watched for every neighbor, who came into town, to ask after her mother, and she begged of Mr. Livingstone to enquire of anyone from near her mother's place, who might be in the shop. Every shilling of her wages was sent up to her mother as soon as it was earned, that she might not want for anything Rose could

give her; but all she could do, did not satisfy her loving heart.

Ida had a letter from Davy at this time, enclosing one from Patsy Murray, so well written that all the family rejoiced over it. Especially did Ida exult over the apparent improvement in Patsy's scholarship, and at his success in life. "I work hard all day, and I take lessons after the store closes," Patsy wrote.

"He did not need to tell that he was studying hard and improving fast—his letter proves it," said Ida, proudly. "There is an opportunity in Canada for a man to bring out whatever is in him, and prosper; if he has the elements of success in him there is nothing outside of him to keep him back or hold him down."

There was a message from Mrs. Murray, telling of their little farm, to which rent-day never came; whose taxes, taken all together, did not amount to a pound sterling, and the school taxes included in that, so that learning was as free as air. In spite of the room for them to live in Canada, in spite of the hope and the independence that was within their grasp, still Mrs. Murray felt the sore love-longing for her native place, and thought on the Donegal mountains, in their cloaks of heather, with fond regrets. It was in this letter she told of her nursing care over the root of whins that died in spite of all her tending—perhaps because of it.

Poor Roseen, perplexed about her mother and fretting after her lover, listened to the news from Patsy Murray as it was talked over in the Livingstone household, and heard of his success with a sad heart. She never heard from Jimmy Dunlop now; he was as if dead to her. His father was in sore trouble, having lost his two boys by a fever that was prevalent in the country, while his daughter had mar-

ried a soldier in a marching regiment, and gone away with him ; so that the old people were entirely alone. Mr. Butler had heard a rumor that Captain Allen waited only for an opportunity to turn the old people out. Roseen's heart warned to them, because they were Jimmy's father and mother, but Jimmy's father looked upon Roseen as the beginning of all their trouble, and he grew very stiff and straight as he walked past her when they met, which was an additional sorrow to her. It was at the time that she was most anxious about her mother, that Mrs. Livingstone said to her one day :

"I wonder what has become of your old sweetheart, Jimmy Dunlop. I hear that he does not write to his father. I wonder if he knows how desolate the old man is, who, with his old wife, is trying to worry on alone since the boys died and Mary married the soldier and went away. I think if he knew just how they are situated, he would come home."

"I never hear of him," said Roseen ; "I do not know anything about him."

Speaking about Jimmy Dunlop was a trial to her, and she never mentioned his name when she could help it. After her work was done that evening, she sought out the sympathetic Ida and confided in her.

"He has given me up, you know, Miss Ida, because he thinks that I love my mother better than him. I don't ; it's different entirely ; but one has but one mother, an' they need to be true to her. As he has given me up that aisy, I can only let him alone ; I can't bring myself before him ; but I want you to write to him for me—as if it was from yourself, it was—and tell him that the father and the mother of him is in a bad way, desolate and lonely, with no one to do a hand's turn for them. Tell him he should re-

member his parents now, and pay them for the love they gave him for many a year."

Ida looked at Roseen, as she stood by her side plaiting the corner of her apron, wistful and anxious-looking, and promised to write as requested.

"You will not let on that it was me that was in it," she said, entreatingly. "I would not be bringing myself into his mind, if he has forgotten me."

"Never fear, Roseen," said Ida; "I will take care of your dignity for you."

Roseen was somewhat thinner than before her fright, but looked all the prettier. Ida was considering with herself if it would not be possible to make up matters between the two; for Roseen, with Donegal fidelity, would not accept another sweetheart.

"If it's all one to you, Miss Ida, would you write now; then it'll be on its way, and off my mind," said Roseen. "I do hate to trouble you, but I'm onaisy after what Mrs. Livingstone said; it will aise my mind to know that the news is on its way to him. An' you wor always that aiger to do a good turn, that I know it's no trouble to you to do a kindness to anyone."

The letter was written and sent on its errand, and events happened that drove it out of the minds of both Roseen and Ida.

Dinah, Matilda, Ida, and Mrs. Coldingham drove up to Featherstone Farm to visit their aunt, taking Bessie's twins along with them. The little boy, in his first attempts at saying Sandy, the form in which his name or Alexander was oftenest applied to him, had insisted on calling himself Dandy, while little Dinah was named Dotty Dimple by Ida, in remembrance of some pet name over the sea—so Dandy and Dimple they remained. They were a pretty

pair of rosy, dimpled, golden-haired children, looking out with innocent blue eyes on the world around them.

"Times have changed since we came up here to see the welcome to the old Earl ; I feel myself getting old," said Bessie.

"You ought to feel old, and look old, with your clutch of chickens about you ; but you do not, Bessie," said Ida.

"It is over five years since," said Bessie, reflectively.

"And you have four children already ; I declare, you should feel old."

"There cannot be too many of aunt's pet treasures," said Dinah, stooping to kiss Dimple's soft round cheek.

The welcome at Featherstone Farm always rose to ecstasy in Watty's case, whenever Dandy and Dimple were of the party ; but to-day Watty was as sober as sixty, and lifted the children out carefully and solemnly.

"Why, Watty," said Ida, "what has happened you ? Is the colt dead, or have you quarrelled with your next door neighbor ?"

"I don't know what to do between my lord and Watty," said Mrs. Featherstone, in a distressed tone. "I know he's thoughtless and careless, but he's not vicious. I was delighted this while to see how thoughtful he was getting to be, and such a help to me. He was the most stirring of my boys, but I thought he was settling finely. These last few weeks there have been constant complaints from the castle about him, as if he was the most depraved boy in the universe. There have been saplings cut in the plantation, and Watty is blamed ; snares found in the ditches, and Watty must have set them. He is in the house, or about the house, all the time, and it is not possible for him to do these things. To-day I have had a letter from my lord himself, telling me that if I cannot manage Watty I must

banish him, or I will compel his lordship to proceed to extremities."

"Poor Watty," said Dinah, "it's too bad. What can be at the bottom of this?"

"I cannot tell what to think," said Mrs. Featherstone. "I am greatly perplexed."

"This is revenge for what you did the night you sheltered Roseen," was Ida's interpretation. "He has been keeping his wrath hot all this time, and is now boiling it down into revenge."

"I have thought that myself," said Mrs. Featherstone, "but whether or not, it is cool talk to ask a widow woman to banish her son. My Lord Dane Clermont will find that I am not quite the same as the ignorant people on the hills, who have to obey his every beck and tremble at his nod. He'll find that I have fighting blood in my veins. I will not be trampled upon by Lord Dane Clermont, even if he were ten Earls rolled into one."

"Perhaps he really believes that Watty is doing this mischief. It may have been committed, and then blamed on Watty, you know," said Tillie.

"I do not know, I am sure; but I heard that evictions were to be executed on nine or ten families, Mrs. Darrell among the rest, although she has been a bed-sick woman for three weeks. There's a rumor that he's going to evict Davy Lowry out of his fine row of houses, an old man and woman without chick or child to take care of them, and who have nothing on earth but the rent of their houses between them and the poorhouse."

"I think it shows plainly that the Earl is meditating revenge when he is evicting Roseen's mother and threatening you on pretence of Watty," said Ida. "This rumor about Mr. Lowry may not be true; I hope it is not."

"Surely, if it is true about Mr. Lowry and his wife, Bessie would hear of it, as John would know," said Dinah.

"I can hardly believe that Mr. Lowry will be evicted. He is a canny man, and not behind in his rent," said Bessie. "I think John would have mentioned it to me, if it were so. The Lowrys are almost our next door neighbors. I thought the Earl was better natured than usual lately. He was in our house a few evenings ago—the evening that Tillie came up here alone. He attempted to lift Dandy up on his knee, and Dandy rebelled, the sulky fellow. Afterwards he went to him and kissed him, when I told him to do so, and then rubbed his mouth, and said, 'I've rubbed it off, I did,' the little scamp. My lord laughed and gave him a half sovereign.

"He wants John to put up a carriage house, as a convenience for him at the office, and he also advises the erection of more office houses and a kitchen. John was talking of building a kitchen and offices some time ago, but put it off until we would be entirely out of debt for what we have already done. But it seems as if John must begin building again."

"Tell John to take a fool's advice and build no more until he has got some security against losing it all. This man, lord though he be, is not to be trusted," said Mrs. Featherstone, earnestly.

When they drove home to Dane Clermont and enquired about the rumored eviction, they were relieved to hear that neither John nor Mr. Butler had heard anything of it; and so they dismissed it from their thoughts.

Next day, Mr. Simson was away from home, officiating at a funeral, when the Earl called at the manse. Mary, who showed him in, observed how regally beautiful her young mistress looked as she rose to meet the Earl.

Mr. Butler saw him enter the manse, and was full of impatient curiosity. He knew that Matilda was alone, and that the Earl was aware of the fact.

What transpired at that interview was never known. The Earl kept his secret, and Matilda Simson, naturally reticent, never mentioned the matter. It is safe to say, that, once in his life, the Earl met with one who valued him for himself alone, at a strictly personal value.

Mary, who was a fervent worshipper of her lovely mistress, and was given to building castles in the air concerning her, hovered about, to be ready to open the door for his lordship. In some sort of a waking dream, she fancied she heard her young mistress say to the much dreaded Earl :

"The station you disgrace, the title you dishonor, your possessions and yourself, are alike hateful and contemptible to me."

The restless Mr. Butler, watching the manse door, saw the Earl leave, and his red face had taken a purple hue. "He's biting his nails ; he's in an awful rage. Matilda has been pretty severe," he thought to himself, with a rather gratified feeling.

From that day the Earl called at the manse no more, and took no further interest in the minister's affairs, or the Presbyterian cause.

Matilda Simson, always surpassingly beautiful, seemed to carry herself more regally than ever, and looked as if she were a sovereign princess in her own right, instead of the minister's daughter of a semi-rural congregation in a small town in Donegal.

It came upon the people of the neighborhood like a thunder-clap, when Mr. Lowry was evicted, as he was, a few days afterwards. No one knew the reason why, for he

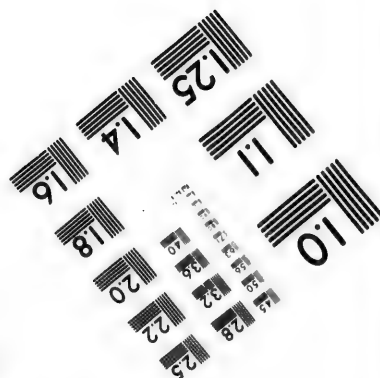
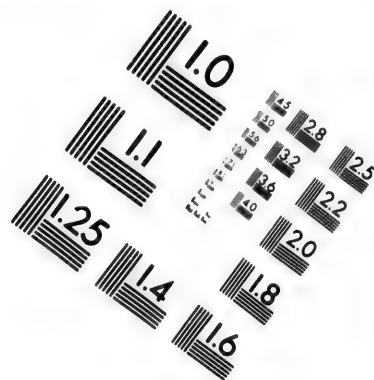
owed no rent. It was a clear case of the landlord claiming all the tenant's improvements as his property, and then doing what he would with his own. The blow seemed to paralyze Mr. Lowry, who kept repeating, "His father would not have done this, for he was a just man; and it was he who advised me to build, as a provision for my old age."

There was much sympathy for old Mr. Lowry—such sympathy as had never been shown when a Paddy and Biddy, with their little ones, were evicted on the mountain side, however great the hardship or heart-rending the cruelty. He was an elder in the Kirk, a respectable man of a decent, reputable family, and the neighborhood was so much stirred at his treatment that sufficient money was collected to get him an humble little farm off the Dane Clermont property.

"Ha! it has touched you, and you are troubled," said Mr. Butler to Dinah, when she was expressing her resentment at the Earl's conduct in no measurable terms. "Hearing things with the hearing of the ear is one thing, but when tyranny puts forth its hand to touch our bone and our flesh, it is very convincing. You may measure now, more justly, what others have felt through generations. My Lord Dane Clermont will work the miracle of opening many blind eyes to the disgraceful oppressions permitted in this country, that have been persistently blind through all the years."

"I wonder very much that you stay in the office," said Dinah, "when you disapprove of his actions so heartily. I would say to you, 'Come out, and be not partaker of his sins.'"

"I go farther than disapprove of his actions; I detest the whole system that gives him his power to do these



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things. Coldingham and I are not partakers, but spectators, witnesses as it were. How this will end is not answered yet."

It was rumored that Mr. Simson had preached against oppression at this same time, and some remarks made in the pulpit were supposed by the hearers to refer to the Earl. The tenants were delighted at Mr. Simson's courage. The Catholics especially rejoiced over it, for one of their priests, who had unwittingly given offence to the great man, had been obliged to flit over the boundary of the estate, no one daring to give him a lodging, and Mr. Simson's remarks were a little of what they wished to say. Lord Dane Clermont heard of this sermon, and remarked to Mr. Stanley in the office, that Simson should take care what he preached, and confine himself to the gospel; it might be the worse for him if he went off into political preaching.

When Mrs. Featherstone came down to Dane Clermont to see Bessie, she saw, with dismay, masons at work on the new buildings; men busy mixing mortar and drawing lime and stone from the quarries, while piles of slate and timber were in the yard.

"Is John really going to build again after all the warning he has got, Bessie?" she asked, a little indignantly.

"Even so," said Bessie, with a shadow on her fair young face. "John got a hint that he dare not disregard. If he expects to get any favor, he must please my lord and obey his slightest hint. He has too much invested here to be able to disregard this advice, which was given to him through Mr. Stanley. Stanley is everything in the office now, and John, who used to be favorite, is nobody. So you see, aunt, John is compelled to build, as it were."

Mrs. Featherstone shook her head ominously. "They who are bound must obey," she said. "Our heads are also

in the lion's den, and there is no end to the trouble and complaint between Lord Dane Clermont and us. I am afraid I would begin to build myself, if I thought that would be a means of pacifying him and making him let me and my family alone. It is constant fault-finding now. That stiff-legged pensioner, who is one of the new process-servers, is constantly at the house with some trumped-up accusation. It is a weary world," said Mrs. Featherstone, as she took her leave of Bessie to drive away to her home.

Not many days after, on a lowering cold morning in November, Rose Heney made her appearance unexpectedly in the kitchen at Rath Cottage. Her round, red face and peaked chin were shining and quivering with news, and her grey eyes sparkling with eagerness.

"What is it, Rose," asked Mrs. Livingstone, in the calm voice that always served to quiet down excitement.

"There is to be an eviction up in the hills," said Rose, speaking in a whisper. "Mary got the word from a policeman—a sweetheart of hers—an' the police were ordered to be ready today. Fifteen families are to be evicted, Mrs. Darrell among the rest. Mickey saw them marching off in the direction of the hills a while ago, and then we knew the story was true; so I ran up to tell the news."

Roseen wrung her hands in despair.

"My mother, my mother!" was her cry, "and she's sick; I must go to my mother."

"Stop crying this instant, Roseen!" said Mrs. Livingstone. "This is no time for tears; we must see what is to be done."

Roseen stopped crying and stood there trembling. Mrs. Livingstone stepped to the door and looked out.

"It looks like a fall of some kind," she said after inspecting the sky and distant mountain tops. "If Mrs. Darrell

is taken out of her bed on a day like this it will be her death. I wonder if we could bring her here?"

"Yes, do, aunt," said Ida, quickly; "I will be at all the expense, whatever it may be, and Roseen and I will nurse her."

"Roseen's bed might be given to her, and we could put up the beaudette for Rose. Mickey could get a lodging somewhere else," said Dinah, with the alertness of an executive mind.

"That will do," said Mrs. Livingstone. "Tell James to put the horse to the croydon. Ida, you will come, too, for Roseen will be good for nothing but to wring her hands."

The croydon was soon ready, and everything necessary that could be thought of in a hurry was put in, and the old horse, very unwilling to leave the stable, had his head turned to the hills. It was a cold, raw day; the biting winds drove sudden showers of sleet, mingled with soft snow, in their faces, as they drove along. Although they were well wrapped up, they shivered as they drove against the cold, snow-laden blast.

"He might have chosen a better day for this piece of work," said Ida to her aunt. "This surely is one of the days when, as somebody says, one would not turn his enemy's dog from the door."

"It is a bitter day for bitter work," her aunt answered.

The police had nearly finished their uncongenial task when they arrived. The bailiff with the stiff leg carried out, with the assistance of another, poor Mrs. Darrell, on a sheet, and laid her on the cold wet ground. Earl Dane Clermont, who was personally superintending the brutal work, looked on unmoved. Of course, he did not believe in the reality of her sickness; he told the Sub-

Inspector that she ran into her cottage and got into bed, as the police marched up, so that she might make a scene. He smiled to himself when he saw Mickey and Roseen trying to make a shelter for her head with a quilt, for the blinding snow was falling fast.

Here were scenes sufficient to appal the stoutest heart—to make men wonder over what was possible to take place in the light of nineteenth century Christianity. At one dismantled cabin, on the face of the ditch, lay a cripple, waiting till some Good Samaritan would move him somewhere out of the storm. At another roofless house, a pale woman, with seven little children, and a baby three days old, in her arms, which she was sheltering from the cruel blasts with her own body, cowered by the ditch back. From some cabins, old people came trembling and sat down among their little sticks of furniture, silent with the weight of heavy trouble. At still another, the last of the doomed ones, two little boys carried out the cradle, with a sleeping babe in it.

It was my lord's whim that the able-bodied men should help to tear down their own houses ; and he went about to see how far the habit of obedience would go, watching that his orders were carried out promptly. His spirits were as good as though he were superintending a military execution. On one man his eyes rested with stern approval. His family meal was on the fire when the orders to pull down the house came, and, without waiting to finish cooking, he sprang to assist with such vim and heartiness, that his lord felt that he came up to the standard of good men and true. He determined mentally to mark his knowledge of this man's willing obedience to orders, by giving him some small post among his subordinates, to which a salary was attached.

In all the wide country there were none who dare give shelter to these helpless people, even for one night. For miles all round the Earl's property spread, and the neighboring proprietors had the same stern rule—"no shelter to evicted people."

This barbarous clearance did not take place without witnesses. The priest was there, attending to his people, from the first; the rector came, and his wife also, laden with partly worn clothes for the children, who, lightly clad, shivered in the cutting blast. Many of the neighbors were present as spectators, helpless to assist, but indignant through all their natures, because they were helpless to prevent, or to remedy, this awful deed. It was a thing to be considered, that the rector, the priest and Mrs. Livingstone were trying to do what individual Christianity could do to mitigate the horrors inflicted by one man's will, and were not collectively as able to relieve suffering as he was to inflict it.

The evictions over, Lord Dane Clermont drove away, accompanied by Mr. Butler, and escorted by the police. It would be curious to know how he felt when his eyes had seen his desire fulfilled upon the people, who had been hereditarily placed at his mercy by the old confiscation laws. Truly, the evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones.

It was pitiful to see the abortive attempts at sheltering themselves, made by these wretched people, who cowered among the roofless houses as helpless as they were homeless. Mrs. Darrell was not sensible to what was passing around her, even to the cries of her son Mickey, who clung about her, raving wildly, while neither Rose's coaxing nor the priest's voice of authority could quiet him.

"He's frantic with grief, the poor boy," said a woman

who was trying to make a shelter for the houseless heads of her own nine, out of the bits of furniture that had been thrown out of her home.

The sleety showers had mercifully ceased, but the cold wind still blew fiercely.

"Something must be done at once for the worst cases here," said the compassionate rector.

Mrs. Livingstone's attention was drawn now to another sick man, lying on a bed of loose straw, in an angle of the ditch, whom she had not noticed before; he was one of the first put out. Far gone in consumption, he looked out of the straw with bright clear eyes that had the light of another world in them. Crouching beside him for warmth, was a little cripple boy, and his tenderness over the misshapen child was a pitiful sight to see. Both were covered from the storm by the father's threadbare *cota mor*.

"Something must be done for them," the rector repeated. "This case must be sent to the poorhouse before the night falls."

"They'll take him from me," said the poor father, in a hoarse whisper, straining the deformed child closer to him. "Oh, let us die where we are, good gentlemen."

A tenant on the other estate offered to take the cripple home with him, and shelter him and his family, if they could be got there, and if the rector would stand between him and harm, because he was first cousin to his wife. A cart was procured, the cripple lifted in, and with money to pay for his shelter from the rector, and some clothing for the children, provided by his wife, the poor unfortunate was taken away to a sheiling farther up among the mountains. The consumptive was sent to the poorhouse, in spite of his hoarse cries and protests, clinging to the little lame son with all his feeble might; the authorities there

made short work of parting them. There was no place but one for Mrs. Darrell, and the exposure to the inclement weather hastened the journey thither. The priest administered the last rites of his church, with no roof over her other than the sky, from which the cold eyes of the solemn stars looked down. And God, the Father Almighty, on whom they called in their agony, seemed hid behind the glittering firmament. She died there, by the wayside, before the cold grey morning put out the light of the stars. Mickey clung to his mother's dead body, with fearful cries, calling to her by every endearing term of the sweet mountain tongue, to speak to him. Poor fellow ! he had never been strong ; the struggle with the raised rent had given him work beyond his ability to perform, often on insufficient, and always on unnourishing, food. When the morrow came, he was forced from his mother's remains, and taken to the asylum in a straight-jacket, a raving maniac !

Those whom God has made quick to feel, are keen to suffer !

These outcasts quickly vanished from the hill-side and left the country, except a few that remained and kept bitter memories alive—Roseen and Nancy Doherty being among the latter. The similarity of their sorrow drew them very close together.

In the meantime, outrages began to be reported among the once peaceable and love-loyal Dane Clermont tenantry. Sheep were really missing—not, as in some cases, falsely reported to be missing ; cattle were maimed, injured, or disappeared altogether from the farms whence the people had been so cruelly driven ; and an obnoxious bailiff, who added to his unpleasant duty insolence of his own, was shot at and wounded. A peaceable district became a dis-

turbed one, and more conservators of the peace were needed. The expense of their maintenance was saddled upon the county—another addition to the taxes of the people.

CHAPTER XX.

HOPES.

"Is it a mistake ?

Or does the cloud turn out a silver lining to the night ?"

—*Milton.*

"I wonder what is to be the end of all this ?" said Mrs. Livingstone to her husband. "The cry of an oppressed people is rising to their Maker ; it is a serious thing when that cry goes up continually."

"Do you think God hears or cares for Irish cries ?" said Mr. Butler, who had just come in, speaking with that solemn, repressed smile that was becoming habitual to him. "The Irish cry has risen for centuries ; He bears long ; will He hear and answer at last ?"

"I think you will acknowledge that God has sent this nation a deliverer in the person of Mr. Gladstone. This Act making Ulster Custom into law, will, I think, redress existing grievances. Mr. Gladstone is a Christian statesman, and John Bright is a lover of justice ; the cause of the people of Ireland can be safely left in their hands. But it is a pity that so few of the tenants are able to take advantage of its provisions, because they are too poor."

Mr. Butler smiled incredulously, but made no other answer.

"That is Mr. Butler's unbelieving smile," said Dinah. "He has no faith in the new measure."

"Is it possible, Mr. Butler, that you do not believe in this great measure of reparation."

"I do not think that a measure of *reparation* has ever entered the mind of Britain's most advanced statesman. A measure to prevent future injustice, as much as possible, without hurting anybody, is what is aimed at. I think that you are too sanguine, Mr. Livingstone. Mr. Gladstone, I admit, is a constitutional minister who has a conscience. He has a wish to do right, as far as his judgment goes ; but how far he can succeed in putting a stop to the wrong and injustice that has reigned in this country for centuries remains to be seen. I doubt his ability to right this wrong, even were he vested with the power of the Czar of all the Russias. A man must work with the tools he has. I do not believe that he will get a legislature of landlords to abolish any of their privileges, any more than I believe in wolves legislating for lambs. Mr Gladstone's Bill did not pass into law until it had loop-holes opened into it large enough for the landlord to drive through, if he wants to do so. I do not believe in English legislation for Ireland, at least until the common people are represented, and their representatives listened to."

"Our Earl will not wait for laws, or respect laws," said Charlie, who had joined them in time to listen to what Mr. Butler was saying. "John McInley is evicted to-day, poor old John, and one of the Wilsons. You knew of this, Mr. Butler?"

"I knew it was to be. I heard him swear lately that he would teach every black-mouth among them that he was as much in his power as the poorest Papist on the hills. I did not know that it was carried out, for I have left his employ."

"You have left his employ !" said Mrs. Livingstone.

He certainly had succeeded in astonishing every one present.

"Yes, I have left him," Mr. Butler explained. "I did not intend to dismiss him, as Jim Devine calls it, so soon. I think he imagined, or Stanley told him, that I did not entirely endorse his proceedings; so he took to lugging me round the country with him, that he could judge of the readiness with which I obeyed his orders; but I find that my constitution will not stand the pressure he put upon it."

Ida looked at him questioningly; it was not usual for him to speak so lightly. She saw that he was covering very deep feeling with assumed lightness of speech.

"It is bad enough in the office," Mr. Butler went on. "It is painful to hear him raging at the tenants like Old Harry, while they cower and tremble before him like dogs. Of course, there was a little interest in seeing how fast he could coin new oaths, and what varieties of abuse he could bring to bear on them. It is hard on a fellow, that remembers he is human himself, to watch fevered patients put out on the road in a sleet storm to die—to hear newborn babies mewling at the ditch back in the arms of unsheltered mothers—bed-ridden paralytics lying with their faces to the sky; but when it comes to asking a Butler to jump off the car and gather up poor women's washings and tramp them in the ditch, as he has tramped the other remnants of humanity, it is asking too much. What is it to me that they have broken office rules which forbid them to lay their rags, as he calls them, on the hedges, or spread them on the grass. I could not stand it, and so I dismissed him."

"And these things do not happen in Bulgaria, but in Britain," said Dinah, solemnly.

"We had something of a scene before I left," said Mr. Butler. "He exhausted the English language on me, and I freed my mind to him in Irish, which allowed me con-

siderable latitude for heavy denunciation, while the fact of his not understanding it made him dance with fury. I left before any consequences resulted, beyond a purple face on Lord Dane Clermont, of a deeper shade than usual, and a pale one on myself."

"Do you know why John McInley was evicted?" asked Ida.

"No, I do not, unless because he married again. I heard Stanley say that Sallie Morrison married him for a home. 'Maybe she did,' said the Earl, 'but she might find herself homeless some fine day for all that.' The reason why Wilson was evicted was this: A brother, John, has had sickness in the family since the rent was raised, and for fear of losing the place, necessary repairs were neglected to drive on work that would bring in quick returns for the rent. My lord did not like the look of the farm when he passed one day in an ill-humor, so he evicted him. He thought William looked sulky about it, and he determined to get rid of him also. The brothers are very fond of one another; but as his lordship has little natural affection himself, he has no comprehension of it in others. He proposed to James Wilson to take his brother William's farm along with his own. James is the best-off of the three brothers. Probably he thought that he was doing a kindness, but James said, 'God forbid, that I should get an advantage by my brother's ruin.' And now William is evicted and the rent is doubled on James. He said, 'I'll put your nose to the grindstone, my fine fellow, you and your God forbid.' He raises the rent to impoverish, before evicting him, but he will have to go eventually, you will see. Well, I have done being the one to turn the grindstone for him."

"You are not going away from this place?" said Mr.

Livingstone, more reluctant to part Mr. Butler than he could have supposed it possible.

"I am going up to stay a day or two with Mrs. Weston ; she is a near relative of mine, you know. After that I will go away, like another Jack, to push my fortune. It is well for me that I have no care—that my hat covers my family," he said gaily, as he put it on to go over to Mrs. Weston's. He turned on his heel at the door, and said to Mr. Livingstone :

"Do you know of any one case about here where Mr. Gladstone's new act has afforded relief to persons unjustly evicted? Who has received compensation for improvements, in such a way that they were really compensated?"

Mr. Livingstone paused a moment to think.

"The large majority of those evicted about here are too poor to go to law ; law, as you know, is an expensive amusement. I do not really know of any case as yet in which the law has brought relief."

"When you do know of any case, will you kindly send me word? It is my experience so far, that the legislature of England has not found out the means of bringing into contact with the injustice they mean to relieve, the relief which it is their intention to supply by law. When you know exactly how this law relieves the oppressed and pilaged tenant, shall I hear from you?"

"Of course," said Mr. Livingstone, with a smile ; "but we shall see you again before you leave the neighborhood."

"Oh ! yes, it is altogether likely that I will come to bid you all a more ceremonious adieu ; so good-bye for the present."

"I am so sorry he is going," said Ida, as the door closed behind him.

"I do not see what else he could possibly do," said the

practical Dinah. "With his sentiments, he never had any business in that office at all, at least since the old lord died."

"Dinah considers," said Charlie, "that Butler in the Dane Clermont office is like the other fellow's definition, 'matter in the wrong place.'"

It was but a day or two after this when Mrs. Featherstone came up to Rath Cottage.

"What is in the wind at all, at all," said Dinah to her mother; "only look at Aunt Featherstone!"

Mrs. Livingstone went to the door to meet her relative, who had arrived in great state. She was dressed in her best and stiffest black silk, rarely out of the wardrobe except on sacramental occasions. Her gold watch and chain were worn conspicuously—they usually reposed in her watch-case in the depths of her bureau drawer; while the large brooch, that held the late Mr. Featherstone's likeness, clasped the lace collar at her throat.

"Why, aunt," said Dinah, running out to assist her off the car, "are you going to be presented to the Queen?"

"You are nearer the truth than you imagine, Dinah," she replied, as she marched up the walk with her head well up and a snap and sparkle in her usually good-natured blue eyes. She took Mrs. Livingstone's hand in both hers; her feelings made it difficult to speak. "Lizzie," she said, with an effort, that was almost a gasp, "I have got my notice of eviction! I am come up to get a lawyer's advice and to speak to your good man, Sandy Livingstone, and see what he advises me to do."

Mr. Livingstone was sent for to the shop, to hear of this action taken by my lord, and to give counsel upon it. There was the notice which Mrs. Featherstone had brought with her, with all its cumbrous rigmarole of law phrases,

peremptorily ordering her to deliver up peaceable possession of her farm.

"This farm has been handed down from father to son since the Plantation of Ulster. It was then a waste such as war had left it. Every hedge, ditch, tree, house and drain has been added to it by the Featherstones. I would not sell my tenant-right of the farm for four thousand pounds," said the widow, with a decided set of her lips.

"It is a clear case to come within the scope of the new law," said Mr. Livingstone. "I suppose you will apply for relief under it."

"Whatever the law will do for me, or against him, I want the law to do," said Mrs. Featherstone. "I want him to understand that he has a woman with Scotch blood in her veins to set in with ; not one of the hill folk that has been held down for generations."

Mrs. Featherstone took a lawyer's advice, paid her fees, and in due time the suit began, to Lord Dane Clermont's indignant surprise.

Mr. Simson did not confine himself to making an occasional reference to the Earl, or what might be interpreted as such ; he came boldly out and preached against oppression and tyranny, taking for his text that verse in Isaiah : "I have removed the bounds of the people, and have their treasures, and I have put down the inhabitants like a valiant man ; and my hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people ; and as one gathereth the eggs that are left, have I gathered all the earth ; and there was none that moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped." The preacher felt something of the spirit of Him who feared not the face of man—of those who nailed up the Sanquhar declaration. He spoke with the authoritative thunders of God's law against human villany, and, at least,

delivered his soul from guilty silence. The following week he got his notice of eviction !

The minister was out when the agent of the law came to see him ; but the officer sat down in the hall to wait for his coming. He must obey his orders and make a personal service. Mary, the maid, coming into the sitting-room to enquire if she was to permit that fellow to sit in the hall, waiting for the minister, found Matilda in a chair by the fire with a handkerchief, saturated with blood, pressed to her lips. Forgetting the man in the hall, and leaving the door wide open in her terror, she ran across the street to Mrs. Coldingham's, tore into the sitting-room, among Bessie and her babes, like a whirlwind, and burst out with the news that " Miss Simson was dying, or dead, in her chair."

Bessie sent Mary for the doctor and went over to the manse herself. She found Tillie sitting as Mary had left her, with a handkerchief pressed to her face. Her lovely eyes were bright and clear, but when she tried to speak there was a rush of blood to her lips. Bessie got her to the sofa and laid her down ; then waited for the doctor in an agony of suspense.

Just then the minister's step sounded in the hall, and his voice was heard enquiring :

" Are you waiting for me, my man ? "

The server handed him the paper ; he looked at it without a word, and, waving the man away with a motion of his arm, entered the sitting-room with the paper in his hand. When, without having received one word of warning or preparation, he saw his daughter lying on the sofa with the stained handkerchief pressed to her lips, his heart seemed to stop beating for a second or two. He stood still, like one without motion or speech. The doctor's step was on

the floor behind him. Bessie, looking at her uncle, frightened at the expression of his face, said :

"Sit down, uncle ; do not be frightened. I am just come in, and know nothing about this ; but here is the doctor."

Tillie stretched out her hand to her father, and made a motion to speak to him, but the doctor intercepted by placing a professional hand over her mouth and saying :

"You must not attempt to say one word, or to open your lips, Miss Simson."

After some time the doctor was able to give his opinion. "There has been a rupture of a small blood vessel, but nothing dangerous ; no danger to be apprehended in the world. Only, there must be perfect quiet for a time, and great care."

This opinion of the doctor was a relief to her father. The notice of eviction from the house he had been persuaded by the late Earl into building, seemed a mere trifle compared to this alarm about his daughter.

"Do you think your mother could come, Bessie ?" he said to Mrs. Coldingham.

"Mother has gone with Aunt Featherstone to Dublin, to keep her company, while she lays her case before a lawyer there. Father could not possibly get away now, and aunt would not wait. Better telegraph for Ida ; she is a good nurse."

The minister rushed off to send the telegram, passing the Dane Clermont office in most unclerical haste.

"Is Mr. Simson telegraphing to the General Assembly to come to his assistance ?" asked Mr. Stanley, with insolence of manner, of Mr. Coldingham.

"What is that about the General Assembly ?" asked his lordship, appearing from the inner office.

Mr. Stanley repeated what he had said to John Coldingham.

"Why did you ask that question?" he demanded of Mr. Stanley.

"Because the minister passed up to the telegraph office just now as if he had been blown out of a cannon," he replied.

"Miss Simson has ruptured a blood vessel," John Coldingham explained. "I suppose he has telegraphed to Mrs. Livingstone at Ramelton."

His lordship turned on his heel and went back to the inner office, without a word.

Mrs. Weston and her son sat together in the little sitting-room of the white cottage, an expression of keen enjoyment on her face, and a look of almost boyish contentment on his, while Betty, her kind, pock-marked face sparkling with delight, made errands into the room to have the pleasure of looking at them.

"And you kept my bedroom waiting for me all these years, mother." It was not a question but a loving assertion.

"I always felt you would come," she answered, simply. "I prayed for your coming, as well as for your welfare, every day that dawned and every sun that set, and so did Betty."

"It seems a good thing to think of, that while I considered myself desolate indeed, there was a mother waiting and praying for me. I did not pray often, but I longed, oh! how I did long, for you!"

"Longing and wishing make prayer that is audible to God," said his mother, gently.

"I often think of my mistakes about you, when Ida Livingstone praised you to me first. I thought you were a

kind of old maid ; I never suspected that you were sitting in the dark waiting for me, nor that your dear eyes would never see me, when I penned a description of you in verse for Ida."

He brought them and read them over, laughing most over the verse :

"When Saint Patrick's Day came round,
She strolled through lanes and meadows shady,
And searched for shamrocks in the ground,
And wore them like an Irish lady."

He rose to put his arm round her neck and her face to his, while he kissed the dark eyes that had gratified tears in them.

"The verse is true, after all, Bernard," she said, "for I did search for shamrocks by proxy. Betty always brought them to me and I did wear them like an Irish lady, proud to own myself of the country everywhere spoken against."

"I never felt in accord with my father's people, although I did like him, poor father, he was so unhappy ; but I longed to know more of the Butlers. I never knew anything of them, or had anything belonging to them."

"There was not much to know of our branch of the Butlers ; I was the last of our family. My uncles were mother's brothers. The Butlers were English-Irish ; but during generations the *cead mille failthe* spread through blood and bone and they became extremely Irish. I have in my possession an old broadsword, with a cross on the hilt, that belonged to some one of my ancestors. It is a very old, and but a common weapon, not so interesting as the short cast bronze swords of the ancient Irish, that are dug up on old battle fields. I have read in my youth that no swords like them are dug up anywhere else, except on the field of Cannæ where Hannibal, the Carthaginian, defeated the Romans."

"Will you give me that old sword, my mother?"

"Of course, I will give it to you, if you have the least wish for it. It has seen rough work in its time, for it is all hacked and hewn and battered."

Betty brought the sword and gave it to Mr. Butler, who handled it, and examined it all over, poising it to feel its weight, and trying it by cutting and thrusting in the air. He sat down with it across his knee, and taking out pencil and paper, was engaged for a long time in writing.

"What are you doing, Bernard?" asked his mother, at length.

"Writing on my broadsword," he answered. He arose and read aloud:

TO AN OLD BROADSWORD.

"Grim relic of the days of old!

What chieftain grasped thy ponderous hilt,
When knights were from the saddle rolled,
And casques were cleft and life-blood spilt?
Whose iron fingers, sinewy strong,
Clutched thee of old in battle fray,
When, through the foeman's gathering throng,
Thou cleaved'st thine own resistless way?

"Tell me, in Clontarf's deadly fight,

Didst thou not hear the maddening cheer,
As suddenly the invader's might
Was quelled by Brian's conquering spear?
Didst thou not deal, with cut and thrust,
The blows that fell like winter rain,
And dashed upon the crimson dust,
The proudest warriors of the Dane?

"And then at Tyrell's Pass that day,

Wert thou not brandished in the van,
When hundreds closed in fierce array,
With foot to foot and man to man?
When Irish Kernes, with right arm bare,
Made English standards swerve and reel,
And burst upon the startled air
The awful slogan of O'Neil!

Perchance when round fair Limerick town,
Surged war's tempestuous bloody tide,
Some Celtic soldier of renown,
Did bear thee bravely by his side.
And 'neath our country's flag unfurled,
He bore thee bravely through it all ;
Nay ! was among the first that hurled
The Sassenach foeman from the wall !

"Or, when King James in vain essayed
To conquer Derry by his arms,
The maiden city asked thine aid
To shield from force her virgin charms ;
And thou didst hear the bitter wails,
And see the sorrow and the gloom,
Till with the sunlight on her sails,
The Mountjoy crashed across the boom ! "

"Who crashed across the boom ? " said Ida Livingstone, walking in.

"You have spoiled my poem, Miss Ida," said Mr. Butler, with a face of comical woe.

"I hope not ; I would rather not have come at all. Aunt Livingstone is away with Aunt Featherstone to Dublin to consult some learned limb of the law. I have been busy all morning, and thought I would rest myself now, Mrs. Weston."

"You are always welcome, Ida," said Mrs. Weston.

"But if I have spoiled anything, or stopped the flow of inspiration, I am sorry I came. Perhaps I had better go back."

"Never mind, Miss Ida, inspiration may come again ; we will forgive you ; take a seat," said Mr. Butler, magnanimously.

"Your aunt is determined to fight the Earl as far as the law allows ? " questioned Mrs. Weston.

"Quite determined," Ida answered. "She has some money to fight with, having the advantage over many poor people so far. I consider it her bounden duty, in the in-

terest of all, to see what the law is capable of doing for her. She and aunt have gone to Dublin together to get the best advice."

Betty entered hurriedly, a look of alarm on her face.

"What's wrong, Betty?" asked Mr. Butler, turning to her quickly.

"Nothing is to say wrong," said Betty, "but Jimsy Maguire has come for Miss Ida. She's telegraphed for, from Dane Clermont."

Ida rushed to the door to Jimsy Maguire, who stood waiting.

"Who sent the telegram, Jimsy?"

"Mr. Simson, I think Miss Dinah said, when she opened it. They want you to go down at once; so I harnessed up and came over for you."

"Have you the telegram, Jimsy?"

"Yes, I have," said Jimsy, diving into his pocket and producing it.

Ida read: "Come at once; Matilda is very ill."

"You will go, of course," said Mr. Butler, whose face had taken an ashen hue.

Ida turned to Mrs. Weston, who was standing on the floor as pale as her son. "I will send you word back with Jimsy," she said.

"I am very fond of Tillie," said Mrs. Weston, with a tremble in her voice. "I am a good nurse, in spite of my blindness. If she asks for me, be sure and send me word."

"I will," said Ida, kissing her and shaking hands with Mr. Butler. "You shall have news every day," she whispered to him.

She hurried off, and Mr. Butler put up his old sword and sat down with his head on his hands, not to finish his verses that day—oh, no!

Ida made Jimsy rattle old Jack at an unwonted pace over the intervening distance until he drew up to go more slowly before the manse door, lest they should alarm the invalid. It was a great relief to know that the doctor pronounced her in no danger, if kept quiet ; but she was rigorously prohibited from speaking. Her eyes followed Ida so wistfully that she set herself to see what she wanted. She got a slate and pencil and laid them beside her, and Tillie wrote, "Mrs. Weston." "She knows, I told her," replied Ida. She then closed her eyes contentedly and fell asleep.

The watchers waited up all night—the minister feverishly anxious—the doctor coming and going, and making light of the attack. "It was nothing to be alarmed about," he said ; "Miss Simson will be all right in a day or two."

The next day she was fevered and troubled looking, and it was the doctor's opinion that she wanted to see some one.

Mr. Simson thought of Mr. Butler with dismay, but he was prepared to consent to anything she wished. He placed the slate near her with his own hands and put the pencil into her fingers, asking tenderly, "do you want to see any one, my daughter?" Tillie wrote, "If Mrs. Weston would only come." Mrs. Weston was sent for immediately and answered the summons at once, and from that day Tillie recovered rapidly.

Mr. Simson wondered at the tender touch and the deft handiness of the blind woman. "No one would imagine she did not see," he said to Ida. "She nurses my poor girl as if she were her mother."

Ida was cheery and helpful, and was as eyes to Mrs. Weston. And little notes, containing news of the invalid, reached the white cottage every day. Matilda recovered very rapidly, and soon was able to walk about and enjoy

the open air when the day was mild. When fully recovered Mrs. Weston, with a tender farewell, returned to the white cottage again.

It seemed as if this illness of Matilda's had left her more vigorous than before. The listlessness and lassitude that had marked her for some time back, entirely disappeared. That she was more beautiful than ever, every one acknowledged.

The complete recovery of his daughter was a great relief to the minister's mind. He had determined on his own course ; that was, to resist not evil. He had determined to submit to eviction, so long as British law authorized it ; to resign the house he had built with his own money to Lord Dane Clermont ; to resign his charge, also, and seek another field for labor, where a man, it was to be hoped, of another spirit from my Lord Dane Clermont reigned.

In the meantime, an offer of employment as Superintendent at the mine of which Mr. Powell had had the sight, in the hills of Tipperary, was received by Mr. Butler, and he accepted it, and was to leave Donegal in a day or two. He saw Tillie once, when she came with Ida to the white cottage to thank Mrs. Weston for her kindness. They met, eye to eye, and knew that they loved and trusted one another fully.

"There is no parting, really," she said ; "we are one."

"This parting is like death to me," he answered.

CHAPTER XXI.

AFTER THOUGHTS.

"Vengeance to God alone belongs ;
But when I think of all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame."—*Walter Scott.*

Mrs. Darrell was laid in her grave, her son, Mickey, was shut up behind the bars of an asylum, and Roseen, still serving at Rath Cottage, was changed from a light-hearted, loving girl into one as bitter of spirit as her cousin, Nancy Doherty. These two drew closer together, because their troubles were alike, and they nourished the same resentment in their hearts. Except the brothers confined in the asylum, they were both friendless on the face of the earth. Nancy, the elder by a year or two, and having come through her great sorrow first, felt like mother and sister in one towards Roseen. She blamed Rose for not having married Jimmy Dunlop and gone with him across the sea to the free new world. In that case she would have been able to offer her mother a refuge, when cruelly robbed of her home in Ireland, or before it came to that. And then Roseen would cry bitterly, and say that she had done all for the best ; that she had refused to go out with Jimmy, or go to him when he sent for her, entirely for her mother's sake ; and Nancy would have to use many a sweet mountain word to soothe and comfort her. The one tender spot in Roseen's heart, so full of bitter recollections, was love for Jimmy Dunlop's father and mother, and a deep sorrow that they kept themselves so far aloof from her. One

evening, Nancy Doherty happened to be in the kitchen at Rath Cottage alone with Roseen.

"I heard," said Nancy, "that old Jimmy Dan'op is likely to be behind with his rent this gale. It is a wonder that Jimmy does not write home to them; surely he will not forsake his father and mother in their old age and trouble."

"Did you hear if they were far behind?" asked Roseen, anxiously.

"I didn't hear how much, but I did hear that things have gone against them this while back, an' no wonder, two old people like them worryin' on alone, an' they so old. Old Jimmy an' his wife wor late marryin', an' now they're nearly past . . . an' no son or daughter to look to them."

"An' we have no fathers or mothers to look after," said Roseen with a shivering sigh. "I wonder if they'd take the loan of a pound or thirty shillings from me to help them out; sure, I haven't the mother of me to save for now, God help me."

"You need a new shawl, Roseen," said Nancy.

"Sorra a new stitch will go on my back till God comforts the pain in my heart, Nancy. I couldn't bear to put on new things, as if I was happy, and the thoughts of my mother in her grave, and Mickey where he is, on me from every morning till every night, ever and always."

Nancy thought for a while. "I'll tell you what," Roseen, she said, thoughtfully, "I'll give you thirty shillings more, that'll be three pound, an' you go up, in the name of God, and lend it to them. It'll help them, maybe, to hold on till news comes from Jimmy from across the sea. It will be a good action that will recommend itself to God. And when they pay you, then you can pay me."

"I don't like to go near them, sure," said Roseen, sadly. "They don't like me ; they'd think it was an unlucky fut-mark I'd lave on their door-step."

"Hush, Roseen ! Blessed is the fut that carries help to sore need. God notices, an' His blessin' can't be kep' back from us if He sends it. Sure, He may make the grudge turn into liking, an' liking may soften into loving in time. You wor their son's choice ; they'll mebbe think of that at the last."

Roseen pondered for a while, undecided. "They think Jimmy putting his fancy on me was the worst luck ever happened to them ; an' sure it was none of my doin', he took the fancy all by himself. But I'll go, Nancy ; they're in the height of trouble now, an' mebbe they'll soften to me. If I have the good luck to help them, sure you'll get your share of the blessin' for puttin' it in my head this day."

Never since her mother's death had Roseen crossed the threshold, excepting to visit Mickey in the asylum, who never knew her when she did get leave to see him, which was not everytime she made the journey. Now, when she asked an evening to go up the hills to see the neighbors, Mrs. Livingstone consented gladly, rejoiced that Roseen seemed to be getting over her trouble a little bit.

The fall had been very wet ; the crop in consequence was poor. It was rent day, and James Dunlop and his wife felt particularly downhearted. The rent was not made up ; every effort possible had been put forth by the old couple, but eight pounds were wanting. He had gone away early on an almost hopeless errand, to try to borrow the balance until next fair day, when he might sell as much as would enable him to repay it. His wife sat by the fire in an agony of suspense, her usually busy hands lying idle

on her lap. She seemed to have lost all strength to go about her accustomed tasks, until this great sorrow either passed or settled down on her. Things had been going back hopelessly for a good while now. They had had sorrow upon sorrow. Jimmy's falling in love with Roseen, and falling out with his father, and going away over the sea, was the first trouble. Mary's marriage with a soldier and going abroad with him, was the next stroke. The illness and death of their two sons, one after another, was a blow that had awakened the sympathy of all their neighbors. Since the boys had died, James Dunlop failed considerably; he was not so strong to work as before, and there was a tremble sometimes in the stalwart frame, an uncertainty in the once sturdy tread, in fact he was a broken-down man. His wife heard his steps coming up the *loanen*—she knew it well—and her heart beat high with anxiety. His large frame blocked the doorway for an instant, and his wife looked at him anxiously and scanned his face with a troubled look. No need to speak—the glance was enough.

"You did not succeed?" she said, with a groan of despair.

"No," he answered, dejectedly. "They all have as much as they can do to meet their own wants."

She turned to the fire, took up the tongs and commenced arranging the turf around it with great care; but she could not manage to hold the tongs firmly in her trembling hands. Laying them down, she burst into tears. James sat down by her, and, with a hand on each knee, stared steadily into the fire, for the first time in his married life making no attempt to comfort her.

After a time she said to him through her tears:

"Must you go to the office the day?"

"I must go ; it is better to meet evil than wait till it comes to you," said her husband. "We'll read a bit of a Psalm before I go ; I have aye found a word of comfort in the Psalms."

He reached down the Bible, and, opening it at random, read aloud, in a voice that gained steadiness as it went along, the twentieth Psalm, beginning :

"The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble ; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee ;

"Send thee help out of the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion."

His voice grew strong, as it rose in that grand, universal litany that has lifted human souls heavenward through the passing ages. They knelt down, and he called upon the name of the Lord his God. A timid step drew near the door, and stopped, arrested by the voice that was rising up in earnest supplication. It was a sacramental moment, and so the intruder felt, for she, too, knelt by the outside of the door, and, leaning her head against the cottage wall, took from her bosom a rosary, and began reciting the prayers of her church. And, when James Dunlop had ended his petition and rose from his knees, Roseen pushed open the door, with her country's exclamation, "God save all here."

This sort of greeting was not usual to her lips ; it was forced out by the solemnity of the occasion.

James Dunlop was startled—he was even offended. Here was his enemy boldly coming into his house in the day of his calamity. He could not all at once adjust his mind to the situation. Intuitively he knew he was wrong to feel hard to Roseen, nevertheless he did ; and yet with Irish politeness he set a chair for her.

"Sit up to the fire, for it's a cold, raw day," he said.

He gave no other answer to her greeting. Roseen took

the offered chair and sat down in front of the fire. James Dunlop did not sit down again, but stood leaning against the chimney. With Roseen's appearance a wild hope had surged up in the mother's heart, and when she had been seated near her, she put her hands together, to hold them steady, and said, in an eager, trembling voice :

"You bring us word from Jimmy?"

Her husband looked at her, stern disapproval in his face.

"Whisht, woman, and keep your troubles to yourself," he said in a hard voice.

Roseen shook her head, and the movement conveyed a sorrowful negative to the poor mother.

Roseen found it hard to tell her errand. She had risen before daybreak, and walked many a weary step, to be there in time, before he would leave for the office. And now that she was there, seated where she never expected to be, at his father's hearth-stone, between his father and mother, her courage failed her. Her lips were dry, and something in her throat prevented her uttering a word for some minutes.

"I'm sorry," she began, falteringly, and with a great effort, "that Jimmy isn't here this day; an' sorry that I'm the cause of it."

James Dunlop looked into the fire, and bit his lips. Why did this girl come here to remind him of that? He felt very angry, but he could not say a hard word to her under his own roof, and with the echo of his own prayer in his ears. But once Roseen found her voice, it was not quite so hard to go on.

"I heard you were behind in the rent," she said timidly.

"I have no one to save for now, as you know, mebbe, so I brought you the loan of a pound or two, to help till better days come, which will be soon, please God."

Taking the little hoard from her bosom she laid it on his mother's knee—three pounds in all. James Dunlop had only a moment before read out the petition : "Save, Lord ; let the King hear us when we call," and here was an answer, maybe. But drawing himself up to his full height, pride and old resentment struggling against a new born feeling, he replied in a hoarse voice :

"I cannot take the loan of your little savings, my girl."

"James," said his wife, laying her trembling hand on his arm, "take it, in the name of God, that has put it into the girl's heart to bring it in answer to your prayers. It will bring you nearer the sum you want."

"I'll tell you what," said James Dunlop, suddenly, "since the wife wishes it, and you have kindly come here with it, I'll take it, till the next fair day ; I'll pay it to you then, with thanks, if the Captain will wait for the rest."

Roseen's errand was done, and, resisting the old woman's entreaties that she would wait and partake of a cup of tea, she retraced her steps home with a glad heart. James Dunlop got ready to go to the office, with a lightened mind. "I am in my seventy-sixth year," he said to his wife. "I was ten years of age when my father died and my mother was left to struggle on as best she could. For sixty-six years now, the rent of this place has been paid to the day, to my knowledge, and a day's grace has never been asked. I'm only five pounds behind, and surely, though he is a hard man, he wont go to crossness with an old tenant for the value of waiting a month or so for five pounds."

It was rent-day at the office. Captain Allen was not in the best of humor, for, owing to the wet season and the consequent poor crops, rents were coming slowly in, and the pressure for money was even greater than usual. The owner of the next farm to James Dunlop's came into the

office and paid his rent in full. He was a little man, with a cute and cunning cast of countenance. As he pocketed his receipt, he asked, with assumed carelessness :

"Has old Jimmy Dunlop paid his rent this gale, your honor?"

"Not yet," responded Captain Allen, promptly. "Why do you ask?"

"I'm thinkin'," said the little man, cautiously, "that he'll be likely to be short, an' ask for time this gale. It's folly for an ould man like him, nearly past his labor, to be keepin' that bit of a howldin'; he can't do justice to it by raison of his age, an' he entirely single-handed." He hesitated a moment, smiled cunningly, and putting his hand into his breast pocket he brought out a parcel of bank notes. Holding them between his coat and himself, he turned so that Captain Allen could see the money, which he then slipped cautiously back into his pocket. "We are a little forehanded, you see," he said, with a slow smile, "and if the little place would be changing occupiers, I would be ready to lay down this bit of money on getting possession."

"How much have you?" asked Captain Allen, carelessly.

"There's better than two hundred pounds there."

"Hem!—well, we'll see," was all the reply Captain Allen vouchsafed, but the little man seemed satisfied, and shortly after left the office, with a smile on his lips.

He was not gone long when Jimmy Dunlop stooped his tall figure at the office door, and entered, with grey, uncovered locks.

"Well, Dunlop," said Captain Allen, briskly, "you have come with your rent, I suppose. I'll have to be raising the rent on that place of yours a little more; land is rising in value all over. I suppose you will not mind that; you are a snug, forehanded man!"

The old man stood silent for a second, like one who had received a blow. This was a bad beginning for him.

"I used to be forehanded, sure enough," he said, "but this year the crop has been poor, and I'm a little behind for the first time in my life. I hope your honor will give me till after the next fair day to make up the balance. There is only five pounds wanting, and I hope your honor will take the poor season into consideration and wait on me till after the fair."

With an humble bow he laid the money before the Captain, and watched him nervously while he smoothed out the notes, doubled them with a professional air, counted them over rapidly, and found the sum was indeed short five pounds. Pushing the money back to James Dunlop, he said, sternly :

"Here, my man, when you come to pay your rent, pay it and have done with it, and don't keep back part ; I will not take it."

"Give me a little time," said James Dunlop, imploringly. "It is not more than five weeks till the fair day ; I'll make up the balance then, at whatever sacrifice."

"I'll not give you an hour," said the Captain, in a loud, angry tone, contemptuously pushing the small bundle of notes a little nearer to the pleading tenant. Here was the opportunity to secure the money shown to him by Phil Devine, and he was not slow to take advantage.

James Dunlop took up the little parcel of money and began to roll it up, nervously. He must make one more effort to soften this man, for the sake of the old partner of his life, sitting waiting at home.

"Do think better of it, and take this money, your honor ; give me the little time I ask for. We have been on this estate for generations. I remember the rent-days for sixty-

six years now ; in all that time the rent has been paid up to the day. I never asked for an hour's grace till this day."

"There's the door, my man, be off with yourself ; it's lost time to stand there giving us your family history."

The poor old suppliant straightened himself up in a moment ; he saw that it was useless asking for mercy.

"If your employer was here, prodigal though he be, he would not treat an old tenant this way. If his honored father was alive, you dare not treat an honest man as you have treated me this day." His blood was up and his eye flashed like a freeman's.

Captain Allen started up in a rage : "Leave the office this instant, you old scoundrel, before you are kicked out," he shouted, with the usual garnish of profanity.

James Dunlop put his hat on his grey head and walked out of the office without another word. He walked away, head erect, straight and stiff as a soldier ; but when he got into the road he reeled a little, like one foot-sore, and then trudged blindly on, carrying the evil burden of bad news to the anxious watcher at his hearthstone.

"I'll make that scoundrel smart for his insolence," said Captain Allen, when the old man left. "I'll salt him ! He'll pay dearly for this !"

Two gentlemen, who happened to be in the office at the time, on business of their own, were witnesses of the scene. They left together, and, as they walked away, commented upon Captain Allen's method of treating a defaulting tenant.

"Hang it all," said one, a Mr. Montgomery, "I am an agent myself, and I'm not one of your sentimental sort, but I did feel sorry for old Dunlop to-day."

"Oh ! Allen knows what he is about. I dare say that old fellow has a balance at the bank, or a stocking hid in

the thatch, for all his plea of poverty. You can never be sure about Paddy—when his story is real and when it is only make-believe.”

“I have known that man since I was a boy myself,” said his companion.

“What kind of an old fellow is he?” enquired the other.

“A decent, respectable, old man, as honest as daylight, who has always paid up to the day, before this. He has struggled hard to pay up now, but this year has gone against him, and he’s alone—lost his two fine boys lately. It will be the workhouse for him, without escape, if he’s put out of his place.”

“Well,” said the other, slowly, “I don’t see what else Allen can do in his employer’s interest. You saw that little old fellow showing the notes that lined the breast pocket of his old coat; he’s ready to pay well for getting possession, and money is a consideration in this world. The old man you are so sorry for—and it is a pity of him, if his story is true—is done anyway; *there cannot be any more got out of him*, and the sooner he settles into the poorhouse the better for himself and the less loss there will be for his landlord.”

His companion, sitting at his own comfortable hearth that night, warmed and fed, lacking nothing, wore a face of anxious redness, as he gazed into the glowing coals, till his wife enquired with concern what was wrong. He told her of the scene at the office, and the impression it had made on him.

“Was that the old man who was here to persuade you to buy the grass seed from him?” she enquired.

“Yes, it is the same man. I bought the grass seed from him almost for charity; I really did not want it. I bought it that he might be able to pay his rent; he has failed, and

Allen will show him no mercy. There is another man who wants the little holding and will pay smartly to get possession."

"What kind of man is he?"

"He is a good, God-fearing man, and he has as hard a life as if he were a criminal, and then the poorhouse at the end of it all."

"And can nothing be done?"

"I do not see that anything can be done; as Galbraith said to me coming home, the man is done out—no more can be expected from him. I'll tell you what I think. As sure as God lives, some judgment will come on the landholders of this country, for their cruelty and mercilessness to the people!"

"My dear, you are both landlord and agent yourself."

"I know that, and I have done some things I would fain wish undone; but I never saw those things as I did to-day, listening to that selfish, overbearing brute."

"If you feel like that, you should think of making restitution," said his wife, laughing. "I advise you, if you fear a coming judgment, to take Daniel's advice and break off thy sins by righteousness and thy iniquities by showing mercy to the poor."

"You are saying that half jokingly; I have thought it over in earnest."

In a few days a neighbor of James Dunlop brought Roseen a letter, giving back her three pounds. "We will not forget that you had the heart to help us, and it was not your fault that it was of no use," wrote the old man. Captain Allen kept his word. He did not serve a writ of ejectment, and a writ for rent, that might cost only two pounds ten shillings; but he had a writ issued for debt from the Superior Court in Dublin, involving ten pounds of costs.

All the cattle and effects were sold at a sacrifice, to satisfy the debt and costs, and the old couple, penniless and friendless, had no refuge, save the workhouse !

Jimmy Dunlop ! were there no strong drawing at thy heart-strings, when the parting of father and mother took place at the workhouse door—a parting that had all the bitterness of death in it !

Over this calamity Roseen shed as bitter tears as she did over her mother's shelterless head on the wild Donegal hills. Yes, tears enough have been shed to make dew-drops for every heather-bell on the Donegal mountains. One generation passes away, and another comes, but still the national woe grows broader and deeper !

“Woe awaits a country when
She sees the tears of bearded men,”

sings Walter Scott. Still more fearful is the silence that comes when the tears are all shed !

CHAPTER XXII.

LAW OF 1870 TRIED.

"I know well these nobles, and
Their thousand modes of trampling on the poor
I have proved them ; and my spirit boils up when
I find them practising against the weak."—*Byron.*

All the sorrow and woe that festers in glen and on mountain side, the tears that are shed, and the groans that sound up to the throne of the Highest, pass unheeded and unknown as far as thousands of their fellow countrymen are concerned. How many, sitting at comfortable firesides in Antrim, know of the outrages against humanity that have preceded the recorded outrages amid the Donegal hills ! In other lands these things are better known. News travels over the sea where no gate of prejudice shuts it back. More letters than Ida Livingstone's record individual opinions of these transactions. Another letter from Ida to her brother, written some months after Davy's return to Canada, furnishes an additional chapter in *The Days of a Life* :

"DEAR DAVY : It is easier to write to you now of what occurs here, since you have been over, and know some of the people and feel more interested in their affairs.

"The first person I will mention, is that lord that you 'dinnered' with. When you were here you heard of his assault on poor Roseen. We thought that he would have been glad to allow the waters of oblivion to settle over that matter, for his own sake ; and we knew that the injured party

would have been glad to allow it to remain covered up for ever. But he must have revenge, and so he evicted Roseen's mother, and a great many of her neighbors, to keep her company, I suppose. Dinah said he felt like Haman, when he thought scorn to lay hands on Mordecai alone; anyway these hill people, the most of whom owed no rent, were put out with Mrs Darrell. Aunt and I went up there along with poor little Roseen, whose mother had been ill in bed for a long time, and was still bedfast when the eviction came upon her. It was a dreadfully stormy day. I cannot write of what I saw there; it brought back to me all the horrors of Oakton Glen, but it touched me nearer, because I knew the people so well.

"Oh! Davy. Mrs. Darrell died there, on the roadside, under the sky; aunt and I were there at the time. Aunt would have brought her home to Ramelton, but it was too late; she died under the sky, and a stormy sky it was. Her son Mickey went out of his mind, and was taken to the asylum, raving mad. Dear Davy, I try to pray about these things, for surely God cares for these human creatures, but my anger rises and takes away all my words. I feel, as Dinah says, that I do well to be angry. I can only say in language which I have read somewhere, 'Lord, where shall thy judgment find this man!'

"I think over the fact that a few who were there, and wished to help, were so powerless to do it. The priest suffered with and through his people; the rector and his wife, God bless them for it, were there, earnest to help; aunt and I, as well as others, did what we could, and it all was so little; while the evil this one bad man could do was so great. I was sorely troubled. The faith that held me up when mamma died, seemed powerless then. My heart kept asking, is evil stronger than good? is the devil stronger

than God? But perhaps the mills are grinding on slowly, in spite of my impatience.

"It is astounding to a Canadian mind, to see the length this man, with the handsome purple face and savage white teeth, can go unmolested and unrebuked. He defies the law—has done it quite lately; shakes his fist, metaphorically speaking, at the executive; rages like a roaring lion among the mountains, on which he has the landlord's claim since confiscation time; and there seems no power in this maternal government to govern him. He is at war with his own people, and seems to stand, with the devil's help, an Ishmael, single-handed against the world.

"The London *Times*, a paper that hates Ireland, said in an editorial lately, that the Irish landlords rule with a rod of iron and ignore their duties with a face of brass. I do not know any landlord by his deeds so well as I know Lord Dane Clermont, and, of course, I think the *Times* meant him. For the sake of humanity, I hope there are not many such as he, with broad lands in five or six counties, and such great power used so badly.

"Aunt Featherstone is to be evicted out of her home—a home the Featherstones made—it is supposed as revenge, nay, we are sure of it, for she owes neither him nor any man a cent. She is fighting him by law. Uncle Livingstone hopes that the act of 1870 will do her justice, but Mr. Butler prophesies disappointment. Tillie's father has been evicted, for having preached against oppression. He will submit to injustice for conscience' sake: 'I say unto you, that ye resist not evil.' I will watch with great interest, whether the fighting aunt or the non-resistant uncle will come off best. Mr. Simson has resigned his charge, scripturally: 'When ye are persecuted in one city flee to another,' and is looking for another field.

"Tillie took suddenly ill with hemorrhage of the lungs, and frightened us almost to death. She is quite better now, is more beautiful than ever, and has accepted Mrs. Weston's invitation to make her a long visit until her father gets settled. Mr. Butler gave up his situation in the Dane Clermont office—could not stand the pressure any longer, he said—and is gone down to Tipperary, having got a situation where Mr. Powell used to be.

"There is a young licentiate of the Kirk mooning after Cousin Dinah; this is according to the eternal fitness of things.

"Before Mr. Butler went away, I dealt with him like a friend and a faithful *confidante*, to cause him to moderate his utterances before his intended father-in-law on all Irish questions; so that mildness on his side, united with the modification of opinion forced on Mr. Simson by the inexorable logic of circumstances, might bridge for him the gulf that separates Irish Toryism from Irish Liberalism. He took my advice, when he did not forget, and then tried his fate and failed. Uncle Simson sent him off in despair. Tillie loves him—she could hardly help it—but she will marry no man who will not be as a son to her father.

"We had a very pleasant evening at Mrs. Weston's before he left. He writes nice verses and sings well; and, when he can be got to play and sing, as he did that evening, he makes harp strings from heart strings and touches them to any melody he chooses. He played the 'Coolin Song,' and had us all in tears, and I felt a love for this holy Ireland throbbing in my heart, as if I had listened to that wizard of music and song, Turlough Carolan; and then he left the instrument and would play no more.

"We sat round the fire while he went off into the future,

on the wings of prophecy, and foretold of the Ireland that is to be ; and I saw every lofty word reflected in Tillie's face, and I knew that they were one in heart. Now he is gone, and the last evening we spent with him made us like and admire him more than ever. We have no one now to tell us about the ancient glory of the little island, or who built the abbeys, tore down the castles, and fought and triumphed in the old wars, except Mrs. Weston ; so we miss him very much.

" We have just received news to day that swallows up all other news. Aunt Featherstone has won her case ! I will not write any more until I can tell you all about my Lord Dane Clermont's defeat ! I thought it was impossible to defeat him !

" I resume my pen to tell you about Aunt Livingstone's triumph. The judge reserved his decision for a while, but it came soon enough. The executive of the law in Ireland is all on one side, the side of power ; the people, who are shorn like sheep and hunted like wolves, are on the other. This new law of Mr. Gladstone's is not popular with those who are appointed to execute it. Some who sit on the judge's seat to execute this law, cannot keep from sneering at it, even in open court. What they can do to defeat the law shall be done willingly. Many of the landlords, fearing that their power is departing, are compelling their tenants to sign away the benefits of this law, and on all hands it has hardly the ghost of a chance. The worst feature in the tenure of land here is, that men who are noble and good, who would scorn to abuse their great power, and who live among their tenants as the old Lord Dane Clermont did, will oppose, with all their might, any curtailment of their power, even while they acknowledge that in some instances

it is used harshly. When the news of the decision came it was sacrament time, the preparation service being held on Friday. Uncle Simson was here. He has received and accepted a call to a country congregation in County Down, and has come for Tillie, to take her to her new home. There was a strange minister present, a great preacher named McRory. After the sermon, Mr. Drew, Doctor Cameron, and the stranger, called on Uncle Simson, and were there when the news of the decision came. The conversation was about the late occurrences in Dane Clermont. I had more sense than when I gave my opinion so freely, on the day of Bessie's marriage, like a saucy girl, as I was. I remained quietly in the remotest corner, listening to the ministers. Some of them censured Uncle Simson for giving up his property to Lord Dane Clermont's rapacity, without appealing to the new law, made expressly to remedy such cases. Uncle Simson thought that obeying the Scripture command, forbidding to resist evil, was the safest plan.

" 'My sister Featherstone has appealed to the law ; I believe it will result in her ruin, financially,' he said.

" 'But she has gained her case,' said Uncle Livingstone.

" 'The judge has not yet given his decision,' said Uncle Simson.

" 'Law is the convenience of lawyers, but it is an expensive amusement for the people,' said Dr. Cameron.

" 'This law will not be the final settlement of the land question ; it will not be accepted honestly and allowed to work what relief it can. Every lord, so disposed, will drive his coach and four through it,' said Mr. McRory.

" 'I have great hope from this law,' said Dr. Cameron, 'but I find my views changing on the land question with the logic of events. I once thought that change of any

kind was inexpedient, to say the least; now I think the relief this law will afford has not come a moment too soon. If it does not give all the relief needed, let us agitate constitutionally for more, and never cease agitating until we get all wrongs redressed.'

"It would take a more sweeping reform than any English legislature is prepared to give, to curb the tyranny of my lord Dane Clermont," said Uncle Livingstone, shaking his head.

"What do you think of the land question, Mr. McRory? Is there a need of reform in the land laws?" said Dr. Cameron to the great preacher, and I leaned forward to hear his answer.

"I declare to God, I am afraid to speak about it," said Mr. McRory, with solemnity. 'I have seen so much injustice—injustice that cries aloud to heaven—perpetrated in the name of the law, that it makes my heart sick to think about it. I know an estate with an honest rent-paying tenantry, racked to produce, in excess of what it was producing, the interest of a one hundred thousand pounds gambling debt. I cannot bear to speak about it. I believe that all iniquity trails its own punishment after it, and that there will be redress, or retribution, for these things. God grant to lawgivers, and executors of the law, wisdom to steer the ship of state safely over the dangerous rocks and into smooth water.'

"You speak too much from feeling and sentiment," said Mr. Drew. 'I do not see matters in such a desperate state, at all. There are hard things happening—what has happened here, for instance—but I do not see that you can right all wrong by act of parliament. These cases of Mrs. Featherstone and Mr. Simson are exceptional ones.'

"The power of wicked men to do evil can be curtailed

by law,' said Uncle Simson, sternly for him, 'if the law sets about it with the intention of doing so. Our cases are not exceptional cases in Ireland.'

"The law of debtor and creditor, of landlord and tenant, is of about the same strictness in every country, even in free Canada, so much praised by our young friend, Miss Ida Livingstone. Is it not so, Miss Livingstone?' said Mr. Drew, looking over to where I sat.

"I am not a lawyer,' I said, feeling wrathful against Mr. Drew for bringing me into the conversation, and not agreeing with his argument, 'but I know what the public opinion of Canada is, and no landlord or creditor in Canada dare turn out new born babies and their mothers into a ditch in a storm, be their indebtedness what it might; nor drag out sick people to die on the roadside. Neither in Canada is it possible, because of the might of public opinion, to rob a minister of the gospel of his own house, either purchased or built by his own money, or evict a respectable lady like Aunt Featherstone, who owes no man anything, and whose right to her farm is, by generations of labor, greater by far than Lord Dane Clermont's claim to it.'

"Mrs. Featherstone has got a verdict in her favor,' said Mr. Drew, 'which proves that law is not altogether powerless here.'

"Charlie came into the room just then. He said to his father that the judge had given his decision in Aunt Featherstone's case, the award being eight hundred pounds.

"Eight hundred pounds!' said Uncle Livingstone; 'is it possible?'

"I was afraid it would be something like this,' said Uncle Simson, shaking his head. 'I do not remember a case where the law gave any relief.'

" 'Is there no relief in this verdict,' said the stupid Mr. Drew; 'eight hundred pounds must be something, surely?'

" 'How much will be left after the law costs are taken out?' enquired Mr. McRory.

" 'If anything will be left, it will be a mere trifle,' replied Uncle Livingstone; law costs are very heavy, and this verdict is not nearly one-third of the value of the tenancy. It was all the work of the tenant; the landlord never expended sixpence on it.'

" 'British law is so clumsy, so expensive, and so uncertain, that it seems to be planned in the interest of lawyers,' said Uncle Simson. 'If no scriptural command impelled me to the course I have taken, I would take that course from a natural and prudent dislike to further loss and unlimited worry.'

" 'The executives are against this law,' said Mr. McRory. 'I have seen by the papers that Chief Justices and Lord Justices have sneered at and openly reviled the law. This has been complained of in Parliament with no result.'

" 'How much is Mrs. Featherstone's tenant-right worth?' enquired Mr. McRory.

" 'Strangers value it at over three thousand pounds,' said Uncle Livingstone. 'She herself would not take four thousand for it. The judge knew all this; he knew the cost of law, whoever else did not, and the shameful spoliation of a widow is in the name of a law passed for the express purpose of redressing this very grievance.'

" 'Lord Dane Clermont is not pleased with the decision; he has appealed the case,' said Charlie.

" 'That means a further cutting down,' said Uncle Livingstone.

" 'He says,' continued Charlie, 'that he will not leave that Featherstone hag the nails to scratch herself with.'

“‘That is very like a speech of his lordship’s. How much he differs from his good father!’ said Uncle Simon.

“‘His father, unintentionally, I am sure—I hope it was unintentionally, for his soul’s sake—sowed the seed and the present Earl is reaping the crop,’ said Uncle Livingstone.

“The ministers had gone, every one to his own flock, before the final decision came, which cut down the award to three hundred pounds!

“Lord Dane Clermont has his revenge—Aunt Featherstone is ruined! The law that should have redressed her grievances, only robbed her under the mockery of a decision in her favor. Lord Dane Clermont took her farm, she now took what Lord Dane Clermont had left, and said, ‘See, you are redressed; admire the benevolent kindness of a maternal government, and the high-toned conscientiousness of a Christian statesman, who has planned this redress for you.’ ‘I am robbed; my property is confiscated,’ screamed Lord Dane Clermont, and his scream is heard, but aunt’s voice is not heard.

“‘I struggle hard to keep my belief in Mr. Gladstone’s intentions,’ said Mrs. Featherstone to aunt, ‘but whether a Jingo lord or a Christian premier rule, we are equally robbed, and robbery done under the highest Christian protestations is the hardest to bear.’

“Dear Davy, no wonder aunt speaks bitterly—she is ruined out-and-out. She has gone over to Glasgow, with her boys, to hide her poverty and her misfortunes together. Mr. Gladstone need not go to her for a certificate of character as a Christian legislator, or he would get a very poor one. The treatment she has received in the name of the law is enough to make a rebel of any one. Let us thank God for our Canadian liberties and hold them fast!

“It was a sad day to us all when aunt bade us farewell.

As far as aunt is ruined, so far Lord Dane Clermont is jubilant ; but the thought that she dare show fight at all is gall and wormwood to his spirit. He was shrieking in the House of Lords that his property was being confiscated away from him, and the sympathy for him in that august assembly was very great.

"Since Mr. Butler went away John Coldingham has felt, more than ever, out of favor at the office. He is in poor health, too, lately. I do not think that any disease but worry ails him. He tries to keep up, and be cheerful, for the sake of Bessie and the little ones—they have a flock of them—but you can see the worry under the cheerfulness. He has taken to forebodings of the future, and that in an Irishman is a bad sign. How fortunate it would have been for him, if, instead of taking old Lord Dane Clermont's advice and building in Dane Clermont, he had taken his savings, and, when he married Bessie, emigrated to the new world !

"Poor old John McInley, who was evicted from his own house in Dane Clermont, after he married the second time, has since then been going from bad to worse. I saw him out begging the other day, going with the meal-poke on his back from door to door, asking for alms. Once he was in decent broadcloth, in his position of elder, serving the tables at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He did no wrong—he owed no money—he is reduced to beggary. Some say this is an instance of the mutability of all earthly things ; to me it is a sign that the robber baron of olden times is by no means extinct ; that law, or the semblance of law, can do all that the robber baron did, as effectually, if a little more plausibly. I was reading the other day that in the successful rebellion of Hermann, the deliverer of Germany from the hands of the Romans, that left Augustus to

wail over his legions, the successful insurgents wreaked their bitterest vengeance on the lawyers. If ever a successful insurrection occurs here, which Heaven in infinite mercy forbid, law-makers and lawyers will surely be in as bad odor as they were in the time of the German insurgents. I think this whenever I remember the law's decision in Mrs. Featherstone's case.

"I am lonely, Davy, so many friends are away—the helplessness of everything makes me sad. I would like the rest that a visit to Canada would give, I think, so that my hopefulness might get from under pressure for a time. Tell father this, and forgive this dreary letter—I feel dreary and write accordingly, to paraphrase somebody's utterance about meanness. IDA."

There would have been more bitter forebodings in the heart of John Coldingham, if he had known the benevolent intentions that were nourished in the breast of Lord Dane Clermont towards him. He was in a measure pleasant with him, but always seemed to want this or the other alteration or addition made to the buildings, and John, in spite of his wife's good management, and his own economy, found himself unable to get out of debt for the last building he had erected according to Lord Dane Clermont's suggestion.

He knew well that his father-in-law would have advanced the money to relieve him from this debt, but he shrank from letting it be known that he was embarrassed. The money borrowed for the first building which he had completed after he was married, had been long since repaid, and he had made strict determination to go into debt no more. His present debt was incurred to please my lord, and under compulsion.

Lord Dane Clermont had recently been shot at, and now travelled with a body-guard of police, and so did Captain Allen ; and accounts of outrages perpetrated here and there were frequently appearing in the papers. As neither why nor wherefore was given, it seemed unaccountable to people at a distance, that in quiet, country places, such outrages should be committed. What savages ! was the exclamation. Yes, bad laws, bad government, an oppressed and landless people, are some of the causes of savage deeds. So all history testifies.

"Do the law-makers know that the law of 1870 is a failure !" said Mrs. Livingstone to her husband one day, as case after case came to their knowledge of power evading or defying the law.

"They know all about it," her husband replied. "No one knows better than our legislators do that making laws in the English parliament for the relief of the Irish tenants is one thing, and compelling men like Lord Dane Clermont to obey those laws, is decidedly another. After all, law is only obeyed so far as it is the exponent of public opinion. It is not unpopular to evade or ignore this—it would be unpopular to honestly accept it. Mrs. Featherstone's case of robbery, or spoliation, will never be heard outside of her fields. If Lord Dane Clermont shrieks out that he is wronged, that his property is confiscated, his assertion passes current without further proof. The power that rules, and that has enkindled the fanaticism that divides, is, after all that can be said, the real cause of misery and outrage."

Since Lord Dane Clermont had been obliged to go about guarded, he had felt himself to be at open war with his tenants, and his oppressions were as cruel and as varied as his ingenuity could make them. Serving in his office be-

came hard work, indeed, to John Coldingham. The eviction of his wife's uncle, the destruction of Mrs. Featherstone, the almost daily expulsion of the inhabitants of the land, was not without its warning. His lordship's denunciations of rascally, black-mouthed Presbyterians, as being quite as big rebels as the Papists of the hills, also went to show him what he might soon expect. People of the Drew type, stuck to the universal panacea for all of Ireland's evils, namely,—drive the people out of the country. Circumstances were undoubtedly driving them out by thousands, as they could get the means to go ; the exodus went on and increased, and with no benefit whatever to those left behind. The Irish peasantry still remained the worst fed, the worst clothed, and the worst housed peasantry in Europe ; and those who possessed all, ruled all, had that kind of forehead that cannot be made ashamed.

Since the great famine, the food of the belt of misery ceased to be potatoes and milk, and became Indian meal stirabout without milk, and often not enough of that ! The well-fed man—landlord, agent, newspaper correspondent, and what not—looks on and raises the cry of laziness. You will hear an unthinking person ignorantly compare a meat-fed Canadian farmer's capacity for labor, who never begins work until he has had his breakfast, with the stirabout-fed peasant, who lay down hungry last night, rose this morning from his straw, walked a mile or more, and then commenced work with a sense of goneness gnawing at his empty stomach, while the well-breakfasted on-looker says, " They have reached to considerable perfection in the art of killing time." Truly, it may be said with Hood :

" Injustice is wrought by the want of thought,
As well as the want of heart."

CHAPTER XXIII.

RETURN OF JIMMY DUNLOP.

"He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa',
He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa';
For the summer is coming, cold winter's awa',
And I'll come and see you in spite of them a'."—*Old Song.*

It was spring again, and the world of Donegal looked as lovely to the eye as it did some years ago, when Ida Livingstone saw it for the first time—as fair, and no older looking—nature seeming unconscious of years.

Dinah and Ida were in the front garden, where the early spring flowers were blossoming luxuriantly, already. The sun was sinking in the reddened west; the rooks, winging their way to their airy settlement across the Lannon, in their usual noisy fashion; the little Fahan boat had crept up, swung round alongside the little quay, and the few passengers had got ashore, and gone on their several ways.

"This evening brings vividly to mind, the evening I came here first," said Ida.

"Yes, it was just such another evening as this," said Dinah, "and to make the similarity more complete, here is a car crossing the bridge, not so laden down with luggage as the one you came on. Why, it is actually stopping at our gate; I wonder who it is?"

"It is my father!" exclaimed Ida, who ran to the front gate to receive him, with open arms and a demonstrativeness of welcome that was not possible to the northern blood of her cousin Dinah.

There was a young man with him, who stood modestly

aside, while Ida and Dinah, each after their own fashion, welcomed William Livingstone to his early home.

"Here is an old acquaintance of yours, I believe, girls," Mr. Livingstone said, bringing forward his companion. "Someone you ought to know, I think."

"Why, Jimmy Dunlop," said Dinah, recognising him, "is it possible that it is really you? We had given up the hope of hearing from you again, let alone seeing you. You are very welcome. Did you get my cousin's letter?"

"I got the letter after some time. I had left the place, and it followed me around a good deal. As soon as I got it, I straightened up my affairs, and came over myself, as the best answer I could give to that letter. I have come all the way from California, because Miss Ida wrote that letter. Is Roseen still here?"

"She is in the kitchen," said Dinah.

Ida had danced up the path with the buoyancy of fourteen, taking her father into the house with her. Dinah lingered behind with Jimmy. She was sorry for him, and wondered how he would bear the news that was waiting.

"How did you happen to meet with uncle? Did you cross the sea together?" Dinah enquired.

"I only met with Mr. Livingstone on the Fahan boat, and when he knew I was coming here, he insisted on my taking a seat on the car with him," said Jimmy.

"I wonder how Roseen will tell him; it is better for her to do it than any one else," said Dinah to herself, as they walked leisurely up to the house, after her uncle. When they arrived at the front door, she said to him, "You used to know the way to the kitchen, Jimmy, and you will find Roseen there. She might have had many a sweetheart since you went away, but she has worn the willow for you ever since."

Roseen was sitting at the kitchen window, and the door was ajar. She had been sewing, but her work was lying idly on her lap, and she was looking out towards the glowing west, wistful and sad. Jimmy stopped an instant and looked at her. She was thinner and whiter than she used to be, but prettier, he thought. Her kitchen and herself were a picture of neatness and cleanliness. She was singing softly to herself a song that had no mirth in it. Roseen used to be counted a good singer, and Jimmy himself had often told her that she "bated the larks at singing;" but the soaring gladness had died out of her voice and her face. He listened to her song:

"I look to the west when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west is he I love best,"——

He pushed the door further open, and the shadows made her turn round and look up. Too much surprised to scream, she turned pale, and murmured, "Lord save us!" as if she had seen a ghost.

"Do you not know me, Roseen? Have you forgotten Jimmy Dunlop?"

The remembrance of all the sad news that awaited him welled up in her tender heart, and she exclaimed, "Oh! why didn't you come before this?" and burst into tears.

The tears flattered him. They were tears of joy that he had come, and of regret that he had staid away so long. He caught her to his breast and kissed her fondly, again and again, before she got breath to ask him if he had seen his father.

"No. I came to see you first," he said, holding her as far away from him as his encircling arms would allow, and looking at her with loving eyes. "I wanted to know first if you were married, or had got another Joe. I'll go to see

father next. I don't mind if it is a little late—I could go every step blindfolded."

"Then you haven't heard anything," said Rose, with a fresh burst of tears.

"What is it—he isn't dead?" said Jimmy, taking alarm. She shook her head.

"I heard of John and Tom's death, and Mary marrying that soldier fellow and going off with him, and that the old folks were alone. I gathered up what money was owing me, got clear of everything, and came over as quickly as I could. I came back to do the best I could for them. Is there anything I have not heard?"

"Sit down, Jimmy, an' I'll tell you all," said Roseen. "Captain Allen has evicted them—has evicted them for a balance of the rent. He wouldn't give your father any time to make it up. Phil Delaney's eldest boy has got your place now. The Captain was angered at your father about something he said to him in the office. As I heard, mebber it was all pretence, for they do say that ould Phil made him an underhand offer for the place; but he was that mad anyway that he got a writ, a latty-tat against him, poor man, and sould him out, every stick, for the debt and costs. He got the latty-tat a purpose to put more costs on him; he said he would teach him to give him his impudence. After awhile, Jimmy dear, they had to go to the poorhouse."

Jimmy had expected to find them lonely and desolate, and perhaps in debt and difficulty; but he had not expected the poorhouse. This was a desolation and disgrace he was not prepared for. He started to his feet at once.

"It's too late to get in to-night," said Roseen; "you will have to wait until morning." And Jimmy sat down again, eager to hear more, and everything he heard made his re-

morse more bitter, for he had not realized what might possibly happen to his parents, after he left them in anger. He sat till late with Roseen, and heard of the calamity that had left her alone in the world. As he listened to the story of eviction and death, with the light of the free, new world in his heart, he felt an immeasurable anger against the laws that sanctioned such iniquity and called it Rights of Property ! When he was about to go over to the hotel for the night, Mrs. Livingstone came and insisted on him staying where he was. There was a bed-room ready for him, she said. He stayed gladly, and went to bed, but not to rest. His conscience was awake, and troubled him sorely, as he thought of his neglect and forgetfulness of his parents through all these years. He tossed about till a new day dawned, and rose unrested, unslept. It seemed as if the hours would not pass until it was time to present himself at the workhouse gate. He hired a car, for his parents must be taken out of that without delay. The great gate of the workhouse grounds stood open ; he left the car there and walked up to the entrance, where, after answering a few questions, a subordinate of some kind was deputed to show him through the building. He went from one locked ward to another, where listless men sat round the fire, or stood leaning against the wall ; but none of the old men was the father he sought. They went up stairs to the infirmary—a long, narrow, white-washed room, having rows of narrow beds ranged side by side on each side of the middle aisle. Two or three convalescents, white and feeble, were sitting by the grate ; a white, wan face on each bed—some propped up for breath—some turned away wearily from the light. At the head of each bed a little card told the religious denomination of the sufferer. Jimmy looked along these two rows of human misery without seeing his father's

face. The infirmary is over-crowded, and several new arrivals have their pallets spread on the floor between the beds, so that they are partly hidden. He stopped to look at one.

"This man is near gone," says the guide to Jimmy; "he has no heart to get better."

Jimmy looked at the man, ghastly and unshaven, lying with eyes closed to all the dreary surroundings, with parched lips and sunken cheeks. He did not recognize his own father!

No one was near to wet the baked lips, or smooth the dying pillow. He was one of the many invalids occupying narrow beds, but still unutterably alone.

"Who is he?" Jimmy asked of his guide.

"It's ould Jimmy Dunlop, a small farmer body who little thought once of dying in the workhouse, without chick or child near him."

"My father!" said Jimmy, horrified, stooping over him.

"You don't say that he's your father," said the official.

But Jimmy did not answer. His father's lips moved, but he made no sound. It was hard for Jimmy Dunlop to realize that this was indeed his respectable, honest, hard-working parent, who had labored so incessantly all his life to provide things honest in the sight of all men. He knelt beside him and took the thin hand in his; he was muttering his mother's name.

"Father," he whispered in his ear, "Jimmy's come back to you."

The dim eyes opened, and looked up into his son's face. He did not appear surprised, only glad, as if his son had come in from the next room. It was plain that he recognized him, for a wan smile broke over his face, and he whispered, with an effort.

"Jimmy, my son, has come back to me, and I thought God had forgotten to be gracious."

He closed his eyes again and lay still and silent, but with a contented look creeping over his face and his hand clasped in that of his son.

Jimmy turned to his conductor, who was looking on with much curiosity, and asked if the doctor was in the house.

"Yes," the man said, "he is in the dispensary;" and he volunteered to go for him.

The doctor came at once. It was an event of some interest that a man in good broadcloth, from across the sea, had claimed one of the inmates as his father, with the intention of taking him away. After the first greeting, the question was asked.

"Can my father be removed?"

The doctor was not sure; it depended a good deal on what effect this good news would have upon him. There was no organic disease. He seemed sinking because he did not care to live—just pining away. He stooped over the old man, Jimmy giving place to him, and he saw that he had fallen asleep.

"This is a good sign," he said, promptly. "He must enjoy this sleep undisturbed. I can tell better how he will bear removal after he wakes up. Have you seen your mother yet," he asked, suddenly. "She will be a glad woman today."

"No, I have just come in, and only now found my father."

"Well, then, we will walk over to the other side of the house."

The doctor showed the way briskly into another long, white-washed room, where were many old women, in white

caps and blue derry gowns ; some nursing young babies with feeble hands, the mothers being at work elsewhere. One was washing a sore-eyed babe, that screamed bitterly under the performance. His mother sat by the fire, her hands lying idly in her lap, and her eyes fixed wearily on the smouldering fire on the hearth. There are not many visitors at poorhouses, and many eyes turn to see the strange face ; but Mrs. Dunlop does not look up—she makes a shrinking movement, as if she would like to hide from every eye. The stranger might be one who had known her in her humble home, years ago, when her three boys and her daughter Mary were about her knee. She did not always sit here among the rest, eating her bread by weight and her drink by measure ! Her mind went back to her own cottage, the scene of many sorrows and many joys. She saw her goodman in his chair by the fire ; they sat down to their frugal meal ; the hour of worship came, and they knelt at the family altar ; she saw their snug little sitting-room ; the chest of drawers she brought with her when she was married ; the tea tray, with a bunch of impossible roses on it ; the gorgeous red and green parrot, and basket of wonderful fruit, that Jimmy bought for her daughter, when she was a child, from a wandering vender of plaster of paris monstrosities ; the sampler Mary had worked at school, framed by the village carpenter. And her mind is too busy with the past to look up at this stranger, who comes straight to where she is. The doctor is with him, and she rouses herself to ask after her husband, on the other side of the wall.

“They say he keeps poorly,” she says.

“He will soon be all right again,” says the doctor, cheerily. “We have got a good medicine for you both—something that will make you young again, Mrs. Dunlop.”

The doctor has never spoken to her in that tone before. There is a ring in his voice that makes her heart beat. She looks up. Jimmy, her son, is there before her, looking so well and dressed so well! She clasped her hands together, and broke into one of the familiar Psalms :

"Blessed is the Lord God, who has not taken his tender mercies from me!"

It was wonderful how calm she was. The great joy was not too much for her to take into her heart. She was soon ready to go with her son to look up a decent lodging, to which they might move the sick husband and father, so that he might breathe the free outside air before he died. As they drove along, happy tears would start and be wiped away, and her withered hand would feel after her son, as if to satisfy herself that it was not all a dream, and that he was really there.

They found a comfortable, furnished lodging, at a farm house near Mrs. Weston's, where the people were so glad to make a little to help the gale of rent rising in the distance, that they were ready to do without their humble parlor and the two small bed-rooms opening off it, and accommodate their own family as best they could in the meantime. To these lodgings is the old man brought carefully from the poorhouse, lying on his bed. His eagerness not to die there is touching. Many must die there, many as good as he is, he acknowledges; but this one man has a wonderful deliverance wrought out for him, and is carried away in a triumphal procession by his son, to the envy of the undelivered, for whom is no miracle, who are left behind. But he does not die; he gets better, slowly. And as the weeks go by, he is able to be moved to an easy chair, and bye and bye to get on his spectacles and read for himself in the Psalms of David, *waling* out bits of triumphant thanks-

giving, and reading them over to his old wife, who can enter experimentally into the meaning of them. He says as he closes the book :

"Hey, Jean, woman, how much there has been between David and his Maker before he could write like yon. It's as if he took all my poor thoughts and set them in order and made music and prayer out of them."

The doctor comes and goes, saying jokingly : "Why, man, you are getting on like a house on fire. I find you better every time I come."

"I was dying of heart-break, doctor," he says ; "but my son has come, and happiness is a great help to the doctor," which the doctor laughingly acknowledges. And Roseen comes to see the old couple, brought there by Jimmy. She comes in timidly, and blushing. Then Jimmy's father takes her small hand in his broad palm, and holds it while he tells the story of the three pounds she brought to help them with the rent.

"She must have got up before daylight to be up at our place at the time she was. It was not the money," he says, "that I thought so much of, as the heart that was in her towards us for your sake."

His mother has been quietly weeping, while the old man speaks ; sad recollections were thronging upon her. She says, through her tears : "My heart opened to her that day and took her in as a daughter, and now she is as dear to me as if she was my child as much as you are, Jimmy."

Jimmy heard all this with a glad heart. "I always knew that if you were once acquainted with Roseen you would like her for her own sake," he said, proudly.

As he saw Roseen home over the hill and down the narrow street, he pressed her to marry him off-hand.

"You know, Roseen, that their being against it was all

that put between us before, and now after all they have both said, you have not any excuse."

Roseen's tears were falling, and she did not answer.

"You have fretted too much already," he went on, "and I have a right to comfort you. When I was over the sea, I saw many nice girls; when I was angry at you, I thought I would try and like one of them, but I could not; I had to come back to you. You must not put me off again, Roseen. You have no one to hold you back now."

"No," said Roseen, "through her tears, I have no one. I lived for my mother, and she is gone, and Mickey died in the asylum yesterday. Hard, sore trouble has come to me, but God is good; and I'm glad, sure enough, for the comfort that has come to your father and mother."

It was no time to talk of marriage just then; but after Mickey was buried, and Nancy had advised her, Roseen saw no reason why she should not say yes. She did say it, and they were married.

Jimmy bought her a silk gown to be married in, Mr. Livingstone gave her the most fashionable silk jacket in his shop, and Ida bought her a bonnet of the newest shape, trimmed with a curling feather. In remembrance of her mother, Roseen asked to be married in the little chapel up the mountain, where she and her mother used to go to mass, and by the priest who stood at her mother's death bed. Jimmy hired a car and took her to the mountain chapel, and was married to her by the priest; and he laid in the good man's hand a larger marriage fee than he usually got. And then Roseen was married to Jimmy by Doctor Cameron, in the lodgings he had taken, so that his father and mother might see the ceremony and be glad with him. Dinah, Ida and Charlie were all at the ceremony; and the young couple were invited to Rath Cottage,

and rejoiced over, because joy had come after sorrow. as sunshine after rain.

It is a singular fact, but it is a fact, that old James Dunlop would have preferred staying in Ireland for the rest of his days to facing a new country in his old age, while his wife, afraid of nothing but parting with Jimmy again, was willing to circumnavigate the globe, if her son were only with her. As old James grew stronger, they prepared to leave Ireland behind them forever. Jimmy was somewhat astonished when he detected the unwillingness of his father to go over the sea with him.

"I'm sure, father, Ireland has not been so kind to you, that you need cling to her so much," he said to him.

"Ireland has always been kind and tender to me, Jimmy," the old man answered. "It's the people that have got a footing in Ireland that have been cruel. I would not ask better than that the mountains that looked on my cradle might throw their shadows over my grave, if it was God's will."

"I like the country best that allows the poor man to make a decent living, and does not grudge him to have some comfort as he goes along. Here, in this blessed Ireland, if a poor man has a coat to his back, or his wife a decent shawl, sure, his betters, as they call themselves, grudge it to him. Give me the free land that gives a home to her people where they can stand straight up like men," said Jimmy.

"I'm sure it is a good land, Jimmy, and has been good to you, and thankful I am to follow you to it; but for all that, transplanting is hard on old trees. It is a good thing that God's sky is everywhere over all the world."

Before they departed, Roseen went down to bid good-bye to Mrs. Coldingham and Nancy Doherty. It was

Jimmy's whim that his wife should go down in her wedding finery, and let them see what a beautiful bride she was. He was going to hire a car, but Mrs. Livingstone, who said that Roseen was more like a daughter of the house than a servant, insisted on them taking the croydon. As they drove along, Jimmy turned frequently to look at his wife, feeling proud of her, and acknowledging to himself that the new dress became her well—that she was even prettier than he had thought her. Roseen did look well, and blushed like her namesake, under his fond, proud look. After all the sorrow, happiness came to her and made her a radiant bride.

As they entered Dane Clermont, it was their luck to meet its dangerous Earl, as he drove out with his escort of police. It was with proud triumph that Jimmy Dunlop looked squarely into the eyes of this man—so much hated, so much feared. Lord Dane Clermont looked at Roseen, resplendent in her unaccustomed dress, and bared his cruel white teeth, in an evil smile. It was a boast of the Earl of Dane Clermont that no one could escape him; he had said, "that Featherstone hag did not make much of opposing me." Here, however, was one intended victim that was escaping him triumphantly, and he was powerless to prevent it.

John Coldingham and his wife took kindly leave of Roseen and her husband, and gave them many tokens of remembrance to carry away with them to the new world. Nancy Doherty said she had made up her mind to go out to them some day; but at present there was a tie binding her to Ireland—the poor brother of hers in the asylum at Letterkenny. As they drove back to Rath Cottage, Roseen said to her husband:

"My heart is sore, someway, for Mr. and Mrs. Cold-

ingham. They're in that bad man's power, and he means mischief, as I heard Mr. Butler say before he went away. Mr. Coldingham has a real worried look, and so has she."

"We can only hope you're mistaken, Roseen. The like of Mr. Coldingham, that knows business, is not so easy to oppress and bully as poor men like my father."

"I know that," said Roseen, "but learning did not do any good for Mrs. Featherstone, or Mr. Simson, or Mr. Lowry, or Mr. McInley, or the Wilson boys; they all had learning, more or less, and he robbed them when he had a mind to do it."

"Well, Roseen, let us be thankful that we're getting shut of the whole concern. It seems that the only chance for the people of Ireland is to leave it."

It was really a happiness to Jimmy Dunlop, with his wife and father and mother to leave this Ireland. Strange enough, his father, when able to look after things connected with getting ready, seemed to put his regrets under lock and key for the time being; and so they sailed away to distant California. Jimmy Dunlop took to farming in the sunny land by the mighty Pacific. His father, getting back something of a robust old age, helps a little, and wonders a good deal over the remarkably luxuriant vegetation of that favored land. He sends a letter, once in a while to an old neighbor, praising Roseen, and telling of the prosperity of the farm, and of the size of some gigantic vegetable productions—mammoth squash, or the like—and the neighbor says:

"Boys a boys! Man a man! Jimmy used to be a God-fearing man, but he has taken to tell big stories since he went over the say, sure."

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEATH OF JOHN COLDINGHAM.

"Death is sure to those who stay and those who roam."—*Tennyson*.

"Well, Ida," said William Livingstone to his daughter, "you have had a long stay in Ireland, and have grown healthy, have Donegal roses on your cheeks, have become learned in all lore, and political and patriotic—in fact, more Irish than the Irish; your maid, Roseen, is married and off to the new world; now what do you say to stopping here for life, or shall we go to Canada again?"

"Father, I would like to stay here," said Ida. She spoke solemnly, while her father had spoken partly in jest. "I would like to stay here if I were very, very rich, and could do anything to mitigate the sorrow around us. I would like it to be my hand that would unclasp the belt of misery that girdles Ireland. I find I have much need now to lean my faith on my favorite text: 'The Judge of all the earth will do right'; everything seems so hopeless."

"You have become a politician of the most extreme kind," said her father, still smiling.

"If to be hot with indignation, and almost past prayer with feeling, is to be political, then I am political, father. You have only heard—I have seen. It is not altogether this bad man, and that bad man, who, by their deeds, make the system visible; it is the system itself that makes the actions of these men possible, that is so horrible. Why, look here! They talk of land hunger! In this little country, every castle, whether the lordly owner ever visits it

or not, must be encompassed by miles and miles of desolate splendor, while the poor laborer cannot get a rood of garden ground. Miles of mountain for shooting must be preserved, while the peasant may not cut enough heather to make a bed for his ass, for fear of spoiling cover, or be fined by office rules what will take the bread out of his children's mouths for a week or more. Game is preserved; people are crow-bar'd and pick-axed, and wasted out of the country, and there is no remedy. I feel that it will be like forsaking a righteous cause to go away, and I am powerless to help, if I stay."

"You forget, my little woman, that the law is to be altered yet farther, so as to remove Ireland's misery. There is a new law to be introduced into parliament by that Christian statesman, Mr. Gladstone, that will do justice to the peasantry of Ireland and remove all just cause of complaint."

"It may be, father; it is not very likely, to me. No law has given real redress thus far. Look at all the property that has been seized by the strong hand, despite the act of 1870. In the case of Aunt Featherstone, the law was as unjust as the tyrannical lord; the verdict was a mockery and the judge was a cheat. Between them they stripped her of everything. The law proclaimed aloud, 'I will give you redress,' but assisted at the robbery. 'See how ye are favored, ye ungrateful Irish!' If there were but one man in Ireland with power to do all the wickedness that has been done by Lord Dane Clermont, there should be a law made to curb his power, without asking his consent; but that will never be done."

"Well, Ida, we must decide as to what we will do. On my part I think we should enjoy life fully. Neither you nor I are cut out for reformer and king."

at wrong, without doing anything towards redressing it, hardens the heart into indifference, as we see all around us here. Besides, I am afraid the fires of patriotism may burn up my little woman altogether. I would like to take a short trip around the coast, and as far as the lakes, if you would care for it, while you are making up your mind. You would have to see much misery by the way, for last year's bad harvest, and this year's want, has increased the wretchedness."

"I must be able to look at wretchedness, if others of God's creatures, who are as precious in his sight as I am, must endure it. I would like to see the lakes, and it would be ever so much pleasanter to see them in your company," replied Ida.

"We might as well go now, I suppose, as you have got Roseen's wedding off your mind," said her father.

Before this intended pleasure trip was entered upon there came news to Rath Cottage that young William had left his situation in Dublin, and gone out to Australia, to enter into partnership with his brother there. Aleck, who was prospering greatly in self-exile, wrote that he was coming home to see them. Evidently a lingering hope was drawing him home again.

A message came up from Dane Clermont to say that John Coldingham had taken sick suddenly, and to ask Mrs. Livingstone to go down to stay with Bessie a day or two. Mrs. Livingstone went of course, and Ida urged her father to delay their trip round the coast till John would recover, as she did not like leaving Dinah alone while this cloud hung over the family.

Mr. Livingstone agreed that it was best to wait for a time. He liked to go down to his brother's shop, and chat with customers whom he had known when a boy, and

who were now, like himself, middle-aged men, but to whom Ireland had not been as motherly as Canada had been to him. There he was sure to hear of Sir William's last folly, and Captain Allen's last piece of tyrannical exaction, or oppression ; and also how Mr. Sinclair's boys were aping the expensive habits and demoralizing vices of the aristocracy, and were quite able to spend all that their father could, by any means, exact from the peasantry on his place.

Ida and Dinah waited anxiously for news from Dane Clermont. It came in due time, and was cheering news after the alarm ; the patient was much better, and not in any danger after all. He had come in from the office, flushed and heated. It had been a sultry day, and his lordship had been angry, and had rated his clerk violently. Bessie, knowing all the annoyances that make John's life there bitter, has a comfortable dinner prepared, and is cheerful and loving ; her winning ways will soothe him if anything will. But he has no appetite, says it is too sultry for eating, and wanders out into the yard, looking at the new kitchen, new stable and coach house, not yet paid for ; comes back and sits, coat off, near an open window ; plays with the children for a time, and then goes to lie down in bed, saying that he does not feel well.

He was not very sick, he said, in answer to Bessie's alarmed enquiries—only feverish and weak, and had taken a little cold—no cause for alarm. But Bessie is very much alarmed, and at once sends for the doctor, who confirms Mr. Coldingham's opinion. There was nothing the matter but a slight cold ; he was feverish and very weak, but he would soon be all right again. Dinah insisted on her uncle and Ida starting on their trip, as the doctor had given his opinion that John's sickness was but a temporary one, and there was no need for them to delay their journey. So

William Livingstone and his daughter set out on their tour to the west, relieved of all anxiety concerning John Coldingham.

One day, about a week afterwards, Bessie was sitting by her husband. He was not sick, he said, and felt no pain, but he was unaccountably weak.

"I want to speak to you, Bessie," he said, in a faint voice. "I would advise you—in case of the worst—to try and sell your-tenant right, and get from under Lord Dane Clermont. I would like"—his lips paled—his eye-lids trembled—his head fell back on the pillow. Bessie thought he had fainted, and, slipping her arm under his head to raise him, called for her mother. It was the doctor's step that sounded on the stairs, and it was the doctor that came in answer to her call. He felt the pulse, and lifted his head from Bessie's arm, and laid it reverently down. John Coldingham was dead! She did not know, and how was he to tell her?

"Will you step out and ask Mrs. Livingstone to come here?" he said, in the desperation of the moment.

"Is anything wrong?" faltered Bessie.

"Do not wait, that's a good lady; call your mother," said the doctor, at his wit's end to know how to break the news to her. "What a comfort that her mother's here," he said to himself, "but who would have thought he was so near his end!"

John was dead! Who can measure the anguish those few words brought to the wife that had loved him all her life! Silence covers so much under its dark pall!

It was a sad comfort to loving Bessie, after a while, when the sun and stars became visible again, to know that he had spoken those few words to let her understand what his wishes were in that supreme moment; but it was a still

greater comfort to know that he was persuaded of the power and goodness of Him to whom he had committed his trust.

Bessie was nursing her seventh child when she was left a widow. She was younger than her years, when she was married, and through all her wedded life she had been a sacred trust, a precious treasure, to John Coldingham. She had been cared for with loving tenderness, and helped over the rough places of this world, and now she did not feel able to go alone.

Many were the kindly words said about John Coldingham by the hill tenants.

"He was a kindly man to everyone," said one.

"He never said a hard word, or did a hard deed, to anybody," said another.

"He was different from ould Stanley," said a third. "He'd give the good word to a body, when he could. God rest him!"

It was some comfort to the bereaved wife when these kindly words of respect for his memory came to her ears. The tenants from the hills had turned out in great numbers to the funeral, making it the largest that had streamed out from Dane Clermont for many a day. But all was over now, and the bereaved wife began to realize what it was to be alone. Her mother had gone home, purposing to send Dinah down to stay with her for a time.

It was the first day of being entirely alone since the funeral. It had been raining through the night, and was dim and showery all day. The weather, so damp and dreary, was in sympathy with the widow's feelings. She was sitting at the window with her baby on her knee. There was some comfort in the thought that Lord Dane Clermont was away at his estates in the west, and had been away

through all her great sorrow, until her dead was buried out of sight. A knock—a sharp, imperative knock—sounded on the door—the knock of one determined to be heard, and determined to be admitted, on short notice.

"It's the Earl," said Mrs. Coldingham, starting up and then sitting down again, while the perspiration broke over her white face.

Dandy ran to the door, and admitted the formidable Earl. He entered briskly, followed by the child took a seat, and made a few remarks about the weather ; but never adverted to her loss, which might be from delicacy.

All those who had anything to do with the Earl of Dane Clermont learned to study his face. They learned to know the smile, that showed his even white teeth, and the frown, when the veins of his forehead stood out like purple whipcord ; but none of them knew whether the smile or the frown was the worst sign. In all these years, Mrs. Coldingham had seldom seen the Earl's face. When he spoke to her, she looked down, she looked away, she looked anywhere but at him. While he talked to her, she sat and trembled, remembering that she had lost him who stood between her and every annoyance. He saw her fright and enjoyed it. At last he said, in a mild tone :

"What do you intend to do, Mrs. Coldingham?"

"I do not know," said Bessie, in a faltering voice. "I have not had time to think yet," and the tears came into her eyes.

"Well," said his lordship, still smiling, "I do not want to hurry a lady's thinking, but it is as well to make up your mind."

Bessie glanced at him helplessly and looked away. Her timidity had always had an exasperating effect on him, but now he smiled and looked more feline even than usual.

"I may live on here, or I may sell out and go to live near my own people," she said at length, hesitatingly.

"Sell out what?" asked his lordship, in a low growl, like a tiger not yet ready to spring.

"Our houses, that John built here by the old Earl's advice," said Bessie.

"All the houses on my property are mine," said the Earl, with a snarl, that showed his teeth as effectually as his dreadful smile.

"Yours!" said Bessie, opening wide her blue eyes.

"Yes, mine!"

All the mother was rising in Bessie's heart. She looked straight into the face of the dreaded Earl, like a timid creature brought to bay, and said, calmly: "Your lordship knows well that these were built, and every stone in them quarried, at the expense of my husband's savings, the savings of his whole life. They are not yours, my lord, but the inheritance of John Coldingham's widow and orphans."

He used to hate her for her shyness, that would not look him in the face; for the mother's boldness that looked him in the face now he hated her still more. He did not smile now; but he thundered out.

"I'll have you to understand once for all that every house on my property is mine. You ought to know that by this time, for all the damned impudence that runs in your rebel breed; you don't own a stone in the wall." He rose as he spoke, and struck the wall with his open hand.

"If you mean this, my lord," said Bessie, rising also, instinctively clasping her baby close to her breast, "you have still the father of the fatherless, and the God of the widow, to meet and answer to for your villainous deeds."

And then my Lord Dane Clermont let loose his powers

of raging, and poured out on this woman all the abuse he was master of—"Gave her a lick with the rough side of his tongue," as he said himself. She stood, pale as death, breathing hard, like an exhausted runner, her baby held over her heart, with a rocking motion to still it, while words, the vilest that the advanced intelligence of our civilization could supply, were hurled at her like missiles. Poor little Dandy, his eyes blazing with helpless wrath, clenched his little fists and ground his teeth in impotent rage.

When my lord had exhausted himself for the time being, and turned to go, he stopped to glare at the small hero, who stood, feathered up like an enraged robin, in his path, and hissed at him, "As for you, you young cub, you'll come down to grub in the dirt yet, like your cousins the Featherstones."

He strode down the hall, slammed the door after him, and was gone.

Dandy shrieked for Nancy, who came suddenly, as if she had not been far away. Nancy was brave, but she, like many others, did not care to encounter the Earl of Dane Clermont in his wrath, but she listened to his threatenings eagerly at a safe distance. She got her mistress into bed with all speed, and then sent for the doctor. Dandy meanwhile found his cap, opened the front door, and sped away on his small legs towards Rath Cottage. He ran on, breathless and desperate, not heeding the rain in the least. A gentleman, driving in his car, pulled up beside the mud-splashed little wayfarer, who was sobbing as he ran.

"Hallo! Dandy, what's the matter; are you running away?" asked the gentleman.

"I want my grandma; my ma's dying," said Dandy, through his sobs.

"Jump up, my little man, and I'll take you to your grandma," said the gentleman.

Dandy scrambled up and took his seat by the gentleman, who naturally wanted to know more of what had alarmed the boy, and sent him for help in this desperate fashion.

"Why do you want grandma ; what ails your ma ?"

"My ma is dying," said Dandy, "because the bad Earl swore at her."

"Who is the bad Earl, Dandy ?" The gentleman knew very well who was meant, but he wanted to get Dandy's version of the affair.

"Lord Dane Clermont," said Dandy, stoutly. "Nancy says he is a son of the devil. Does the devil swear ? He swears like everything. He swore at my ma till she shut her eyes and began to die, and then I ran away for grandma. I wish that I had a gun to shoot him, for calling my ma names."

"Hey ! Dandy, are you getting into blood and murder so early ? See what grandma will say to you."

Mrs. Livingstone and Dinah were sitting by the fire in the back parlor, when Dandy came with his tear-stained face.

"What is it, Dandy ?" said Dinah.

He burst out crying afresh, and said to his grandmother :

"Come quick ; ma's dying !"

"Why, she was well as usual when I left her this morning, Dandy."

"Ah, but she's sick now, for Lord Dane Clermont called her bad names."

A little soothing and patient questioning brought out all Dandy had to tell.

"Isn't this dreadful !" said Dinah. "How long have we to suffer this man ?"

Mrs. Livingstone sent to the shop, for her husband and they both went down to Dane Clermont to see their daughter.

"That such things should happen—could possibly happen—in the north of Ireland, few would believe," said Mrs. Livingstone to her husband, as they rode along.

"Poor Bessie! her recent trouble should have been her protection for some time at least," said Mr. Livingstone; "but what has ever proved a barrier to this wicked man's will. No wonder he rides with a body-guard of policemen at his back."

When they arrived at Dane Clermont, they found Bessie very ill. The doctor said that heart disease was the cause of the sudden attack. Her father, anxious to have the best advice, sent to Derry for an eminent physician, who gave it as his opinion that there was displacement of the heart from some violent shock, or fright. "She was a nervous person," he said, "with a very delicate organization, and seemed to be generally worn out and run down." When he heard of Bessie's recent bereavement, he said that was enough to account for her general feebleness; but that she must have gotten a sudden shock—a very great shock—to account for the state of her heart—a shock that, coming on her in her feeble health, she had not strength to resist. Mrs. Livingstone told him of Lord Dane Clermont's attack on her in the very first days of her widowhood. The doctor was indignant, and, being a hot-blooded man, expressed his indignation in no measured terms. "I would shoot that man as I would shoot any other ill-conditioned beast that was unsafe to be trusted round loose," the doctor said, vehemently, more than once.

Mrs. Livingstone implored the doctor to tell her exactly the extent of the danger that threatened her daughter. He

replied that Mrs. Coldingham would never entirely recover. With the greatest of care, and freedom from anxiety, she might live to be old. But she would always remain an invalid and be liable to death at any moment.

"You have asked earnestly for my opinion and I have given it," he said. "Sometimes it is better not to know."

"In my case it is much better to know. Well, this is another life at Lord Dane Clermont's door," said Mrs. Livingstone, bitterly.

"He is a bad lot; I wonder the country bears with him," said the doctor.

"It has borne long," said Mrs. Livingstone. "I often wonder why God's long-suffering mercy bears with him."

The doctor took his leave, and poor Bessie, waited on tenderly, and with every loving care, got slowly better, and went about, a feeble shadow of her former self.

Before she was able to be up, Mr. Livingstone saw a man coming often to the door, to enquire for her health. Struck by his persistent anxiety, he questioned the man, who said to him :

"Sure, it's sorry am I to trouble round at such a time as this, but I'm in sore trouble myself. There's nothing but trouble any way where Lord Dane Clermont reigns. I'm behind in making up this gale, an' my lord only wants an excuse to tear the roof off the house on us an' banish us out of the place. It was me, Mr. Livingstone, that quarried the stone for Mr. Coldingham's building, an' there's a little balance coming to me. I'd never mention it, your honor, only I'm in a sore place, and it would be the saving of me if Mrs. Coldingham, God bless her an' spare her to her children, could give it to me now. It's only the desperation that makes me ask it, but it is a life and death matter to me."

"How much is it?" asked Mr. Livingstone.

"It was not much, really; only about twenty pounds."

Mr. Livingstone wrote a check for the amount, and sent him away like a man who, under a sentence of death, has got a reprieve. When he gave the receipt to Bessie, he saw by the relief in her face that this indebtedness had been secretly worrying her.

"We should have paid it ourselves, and would, only for that last building John had to finish," she said, feebly.

When Bessie began to go about again, her own feebleness alarmed her.

"Lord Dane Clermont has put a sure nail in the mistress' coffin," said Nancy. "An' its not the first death-warrant he has signed."

Mrs. Coldingham was no more than able to go about, when the eviction took place.

"Only a mere matter of form, Mrs. Coldingham," said the sympathetic sub-sheriff.

They went out—the fire was extinguished—Lord Dane Clermont took possession! They went into the house again, as tenants of my lord, at such a rent as would have been a fair one if he had built the house at his own expense. Sorrow came to the Livingstone family, wave upon wave, at this time. Alexander Livingstone fell sick himself, and he fain would have kept well for Bessie's sake, for he, too, had a wish to try what redress the law would give to his widowed daughter. Matilda Simson came up from the County Down manse, to see them in their trouble, and to try to comfort Bessie.

"I wish my brother William was here," said Mr. Livingstone to his family; "I would like to consult with him. I am inclined to try the law in Bessie's behalf. It is a fearful thing that she can be made the victim of wholesale rob-

bery in this way, and no redress possible. They were to stay away but a week or ten days, and they are gone over three weeks, and such eventful weeks ! There is no knowing where to address a letter to them, either."

"They are moving about constantly," said Dinah. "It would be of no use to write."

When Tillie went to Mrs. Weston's, she mentioned the matter to her.

"Perhaps Bernard might meet with them," said Mrs. Weston, thoughtfully.

"He might," Tilley assented.

That very evening Mrs. Weston wrote to her son. She always wrote herself, guiding the pen so straight that no one would imagine that the letter was written by a blind person.

"There is not the least use in contending at law with Lord Dane Clermont," said Dinah, despondingly. "Again and again there have been appeals to law and where has been any redress ? The law and the lords are on one side—the people on the other."

CHAPTER XXV.

ORGANIZATION.

"Are we thus oppressed?
Then we must rise upon our native sod,
And men must arm and women call on God.
I know what thou wouldst do, and be it done—
Thy soul is darkened by its fears for me.
Trust me to Heaven, my husband—this thy son,
The child that I have borne thee, must be free.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Rumors of the new law, that was, after so many failures, to relieve the Irish tenant from all just cause of complaint, floated on the air; shrieks, of the positive injustice of robbing one class to give to another, were current also. Above all, there were reports of the new movement among the people—an agrarian movement, that threatened to be more formidable than any that preceded it. Conjecture ran wild; and among other disasters there was to be rebellion, more wide spreading than the rising of 1798; and there was to be a massacre, and other dreadful revolutionary acts.

"I wish to God they would rise," was the malevolent exclamation of Lord Dane Clermont. "If they only could be got into the temper that would give us an opportunity of treating them with cold steel! I would give something for a few months of the days of Oliver Cromwell over again."

Cromwell, however, did not rise from the dead to give the Irish a new choice of places. Probably, he sees things in a different light now from what he did on earth; but he left many behind him to talk Civil and Religious Liberty and live Intolerance. In the meantime, the prospect of another bad harvest was darkening down on the land.

There were hot speeches made, and peppery articles written, but the great dumb, suffering multitude, who neither wrote articles nor made speeches, saw the wave of want rolling down on them with despair in their eyes.

Away in the south, Mr. Butler had got accustomed to his duties and acquainted with the people under him, and was fairly successful in his new situation. Transpiring events, all over Ireland, were convincing all but those whose natures were in harmony with the penal laws, that immeasurable wrong was still, under the name of law, oppressing the miserable people. The acts of oppression in Dane Clermont would surely cause Mr. Simson to see that the "mere Irish" had reason for being restless and discontented. Thinking thus, hope began to whisper to Mr. Butler of a miracle that would give him a home in Tipperary—of a reconciled Mr. Simson, living with them, honored and happy—of his mother, making the house pleasant with her gentle ways—and of possible voices adding the music of happy laughter. Fancies like these beguiled many a lonely ride among the mountains.

Riding along one evening late, he was wrapped up in his own musings and unconscious of time or distance. It was a windy night. A full moon overhead was careering through the clouds, like a ship of light plunging among the billows of an illimitable Atlantic. At times the whole country was flooded with a mild light, and again the moon was hid from sight behind piled masses of cloud. The mountain wind was chill, and he pushed his horse into a canter to get over the ground more quickly. It was a rough country through which he was travelling. One side of the road was unreclaimed land, sloping up to the mountain foot; on the other were unreclaimed fields and dwellings, alternating with some undrained bog lands.

He was aroused from his sweet thoughts of home and friends by meeting three of the Irish Constabulary, fully armed, who saluted him and passed at the long swinging pace characteristic of these conservators of the peace. They were on duty, he knew; but what special service they were on at that time was a mystery to him. Down in the fields was a cottage; its dark outline showed against the horizon. Near it was an outside fire, round which some diminutive figures were moving about.

"It might be a rendezvous of the fairies," thought Mr. Butler, smiling to himself, and turning in his saddle he looked after the police, and wondered if they were fairy-hunting. He saw that they turned off the road at a little house, which he had observed as he passed as fresh from the mason's hand.

"I must see what this means," he said mentally, turning his horse's head. Alighting at the new house he noticed that it was more tastily built than common; the windows were slightly arched, and a pretty open porch shaded the door. The police were passing quietly over the fields, in single file, a little distance off. The reports of outrages were rife through the country, and he determined to see what was occurring to-night. He tied his horse in a clump of trees growing near the house, which had never been inhabited as yet. He looked to the loading of his pistols, and went down the field to the light; but he stopped with surprise before coming to the fire, for he saw only a few young children sitting around it, roasting potatoes in the ashes. There were three little girls; the youngest, a mere baby, was nursed by a sturdy little boy—the eldest a womanly creature of about eight years, was dividing some milk into tin cups with scrupulous exactness. There were four small boys including the little nurse—the eldest

evidently an idiot. He might take his hand off his pistols ; no danger of outrage from these outlaws. He watched the little girl's motherly ways when dividing the milk with a prudent hand, carefully measuring that the poor idiot should have his full share, and sparing a tiny drink for the baby on its brother's knee. They were chattering together in native Irish—one of the boys telling a story of the good people, to keep the rest contented until the potatoes were done. The wind was very cold and they were but barely clad, but they were as cheerful as grasshoppers, chirping to one another in their mother-tongue.

"It's a good thing," said the small nurse, "that we have these fine potatoes, and this good milk. Who was that woman who brought them to us, Mary?"

"That was the head woman of the Society," said Mary. "She is good to us and no mistake."

"The potatoes are done," said one of the boys, who had been investigating them with a hungry look. "We may begin to eat, mayn't we, Mary?"

Mary produced a wooden dish, and, satisfying herself that the potatoes were really cooked enough, she lifted them into it and set them brightly in the midst. "Sure, they're just like balls of flour when you crack them open," she said. Every child had a dish of milk, and each one getting a baked potato, they began to eat with the healthy eagerness of child-hunger.

"Give me the baby, Tim," said little Mary, in childish imitation of her mother.

"No, Mary, let me keep him ; I'll be real good to him. See, he likes to be with me."

"Keep the best potatoes for mother," said one of the little girls.

Mr. Butler looked from the houseless waifs crouching

near the fire to the house near them, and saw that the windows were boarded up, and the door shut and padlocked on the outside. At the corner of this house, almost out of sight, the police were standing on guard, and looking at the children even as he was looking at them. Further away was a barn and stable, under one roof, as is customary. He was certain now that this was an evicted family, of whose eviction he had heard some time ago; but where was their mother, for it was a widow's family who were evicted here by the mountain, he had heard. The police were examining the fastenings of the windows of the closed house, when the little potato party saw them. One of the boys clutched hold of his brother, exclaiming, "Jimsy, Jimsy, the war's come again," and began to cry.

From another direction, a woman came with hasty steps. She had her gown pinned up, a red shawl over her shoulders, and wore no covering on her head but a cap. She hurried over to the little group at the fire when she heard the child's outcry. There was a hearty welcome for her.

"Be quiet," she said to the little ones in her own language. "It's only the peelers come back to see us."

The baby, which was dancing its little body with gladness, and uttering the Celtic equivalent for "up, up," while eyes and hands expressed the universal baby language, was taken into the mother's arms.

"There's some potatoes, real nice and hot, mother," said Mary, as her mother sat down on a stool by the fire. "And see, there's milk in plenty, and Con has all he wants."

Mr. Butler came forward, startling the little group, and saying, in their own language, "God save all here!"

"God save you, kindly, Bernard Butler," the woman made answer. "I'm sure I beg your honor's pardon; I

thought you were one of the peelers and I was a bit startled ; not but they're civil enough when they're by themselves."

"Have you been evicted long?" asked Mr. Butler, the pity in his heart shining in his eyes.

"It's a week or two since I was put out."

"Were you far behind?"

"Only a year's rent. Within the year my goodman left me! It was a little after harvest, and your honor knows it was a poor harvest all over; but it was the height of a poor harvest to me when I buried the father of my children."

"Who is your landlord?"

"Colonel Roy."

"He is pretty hard on you."

"There was this in it. My poor husband, God rest him, had big notions. He was handy, and a slave to work, if ever a man was; and he put up that bit of a house on the side of the road, mostly by his own work, for he was a mason and had a natural knack at carpentering; he overworked himself—and he took a pleurisy, and died of it in the latter end of harvest. The sickness, and the trouble, and the bad harvest—everything helped to put me back. The Colonel wanted the place, for he had an offer for it, seeing there was a new house on it. There's many a man mean enough to put in underhand, even for a widow's place. And here I am on the world, like one of God's birds, me and seven children, one a baby, and the eldest an innocent. Another man will have the house he never sweat for, as my man did."

"Why are the constables about here? Do they come every night?"

"Every night. They're set to watch us, in the trust that

we may do something that the law will take hold of. The new man will not come here till we're chased away. They want me to go to the workhouse—me that was reared hot and full, wanting for nothing. They never think a poor woman may go back in her rent, and have the feelings God gave her in her heart, after all. They don't know what it means to part with children, and one of them a natural. They put it to me—it's nothing for me to do ; and they never brought it home to themselves." She pressed the child to her breast and patted the head of the poor idiot, who was holding her gown. "Their father, God be good to us, would turn over in his grave if I deserted the children. Oh ! it was a bitter putting up of a new house to me. If we had been content with the old house we could have managed the rent awhile longer. It's a bad name if you don't improve—it's dead loss if you do."

"But how are you to live? Where do you stay at night?"

"This new Land League sent me a pound this week. I have it in my breast, for the neighbors, God bless them, kept me from breaking it with the goodness of them. They do say this Land League is going to get us into the way of getting justice. They are pushing the government into passing a law to help the poor of the country. We stay about here all day—I get a day's work at times—and we sleep in the barn at night, waiting to see what God will send."

"How did you know me !" asked Mr. Butler, as he felt in his pocket for what money he had about him.

"Know you !" answered the woman, "to be sure I do ; all the country knows you, and they know you have not gone back on your name. They know you have the real Irish heart in you, that you count kin with the people.

And, now, do you think there's any reason for the likes of us to hope at all?"

There was a fearful earnestness in the woman's question, but Bernard Butler saw so little reason to hope, except where hope can be anchored safely—and sometimes clouds and darkness surround Him who is the hope of Israel, the savior thereof in time of trouble—that he could only answer, in the expressive Irish:

"God is still living."

He gave her some money, which she refused at first, reminding him of the pound in her bosom.

"Take it," he insisted; "it will keep the pound whole a little longer."

He left with her blessing in his ears and tears in his heart, and went over to the police.

"On duty to-night men?" he said to the sergeant of the party.

"On duty, Mr. Butler," the sergeant answered. "We are on duty pretty constantly."

"What is your particular duty here to-night, if it is not wrong to ask?"

"Not at all. We have to look up this family, to see that they do not get back into the house again, which would cause them to be proceeded against for taking forcible possession."

"It is a pity of the poor creatures," said Mr. Butler.

"It is that, sir. There's many a pitiful sight in Ireland, as we know better than most. When these people were put out—a widow in her first trouble over her husband's death, with a baby in her arms, and a natural among her seven children—we felt the pity of it, I assure you, sir. The constables on duty subscribed five pounds for them—I was one myself to put in my share—but the authorities

forbid us to give it to them. They were counted better off than their neighbors, these people were. It was making improvements that ruined them."

"It is hard to find ruin in making improvements."

"That it is, but it happens oftener than one would think. This man was a driving creature—worked himself to death, I may say. He put up that house at the roadside, and they never lived in it. It was hard duty seeing her and that long family turned out."

"It is hard, men, to have to do this duty against your own people."

"It is hard, Mr. Butler."

"Good-night, my men, and easier duty to you."

"Good-night, Mr. Butler, and good luck to you."

As Mr. Butler got on his horse, one of the sub-constable came to his side, and said to him :

"Don't go by the short cut through the Colonel's place, for there has been warning given of a raid for arms there to-night. There's some of our fellows on the watch in the plantation, and they have strict orders to fire on the raiders, and bullets often go farther than they're sent, as you know."

"Thank you, Connolly, I'll take care. Did the party who intend to make the raid send word of their intentions to the police barrack?"

"It's not likely, sir," said the man, smiling; "but the authorities got the word and the men are on the watch."

As Mr. Butler rode homeward, he pondered over this news in his own way: "There are outrages," he thought, "more's the pity, but not the wonder of it, considering the scene I have left. Such fearful oppression of the helpless and the weak is enough to drive men into crime. All the chivalry of quick-to-feel hearts is roused against the law

that permits such a crime against humanity. Yet it is astonishing that any men should make a raid for arms in this fashion, and get the news sent to the police barrack so promptly. I have a bit of business with the gallant Colonel, and I have a great mind to call on him. The police will not take a man on horseback for a raider—but if they do!" He looked to his pistols; they were all right. "If I'm made a target of somebody will be in danger of feeling sick."

He met small groups of late stragglers, coming home from market. One old man, trudging along alone, he knew well.

"Good night to you, Martin. How were prices on the market to-day?"

"Poor enough, Mr. Butler; no prices goin' at all."

How do you come to be alone; where's young Martin? It's seldom that I see you apart."

"True for your honor, the boy's with me mostly. We have only himself, you see; and he was with me a while ago, but I sent him back into the town to see what was keeping his mother. We lost sight of her, some way, and I don't like her to be coming on alone, so I sent him back for her, an' I'm just jogging along till they come up. He ran back by the short cut through the Colonel's place."

"I see! Good night, Martin."

"Good night, your honor."

"This lad may get into a hornet's nest with his short cuts," said Mr. Butler to himself. "I will ride on to the Colonel's."

With this deciding thought he pushed his horse into a canter. As he rode up the avenue he heard a rifle shot, and then the sharp report of a pistol. At the same moment he was challenged with:

"Halt ! and give name, or I'll blow your brains out."

"Mr. Butler, of the mines," he answered.

The sub-constable who had him covered lowered his rifle, and he rode up to the door where Colonel Roy was gesticulating and talking at the top of his voice. A servant came to take his horse. He whispered in Irish, "This is a bad night—a woful night."

"What has happened, Curly?"

"Murder has been done," whispered Curly over his shoulder, as he led off the horse.

"What is all this, Colonel; what has happened?" enquired Mr. Butler, going up to him.

"Happened ! We have had the house broken into by a gang of miscreants searching for arms. They had blackened faces and their coats turned wrong-side out. The country should be under martial law—no gentleman can live in it soon."

"Did they get any arms?" enquired Mr. Butler.

"No, sir ! We were warned, and we were prepared for them. They got only an old blunderbuss that would not go off if it was to save their necks. The villains should be shot, every man of them."

"Did the police make any captures?"

"The bloodthirsty wretches were gone before the police got here. I put them in hiding in the plantation; they may wing some of the stragglers."

"I heard shots as I came up," said Mr. Butler.

"Yes, I believe they have potted one of the rascals." Raising his voice, he called, "I say, you men, bring him along."

The constables dragged the body across the grass and gravel and threw it down like a log on the walk before the door.

"Hold the light here," commanded the Colonel.

A lantern was held to the still breathing, bleeding body. It was young Martin.

"There has been a dreadful mistake here," said Mr. Butler. "This is young Martin Kinsella. Here is no blackened face, or turned coat. Let us see if his wounds are dangerous."

"He is dead, sir," said the constable.

Yes, he was dead. Even as they spoke, the breath had left the clay. Both shots had taken effect; the rifle shot, poured in at short range, had torn its way right through him.

"Did he speak after you shot him?"

"No, sir," said one constable.

"Yes, he did," said the other; "he asked for a drink of water."

"How did you happen to shoot?"

"We challenged him, and he did not answer, but commenced running, and then we fired, one after the other, according to orders."

"You have made a horrible mistake, men. This young fellow has not been one of the raiding party, as you can see. His face is not and has not been blackened, nor his coat turned."

"What errand had he here, then?" demanded Colonel Roy. "He was trespassing on my property."

"People are accustomed to cross there as a short cut to town," said Mr. Butler. "I met his father about half a mile back, and he told me he had sent him back to look for his mother."

"All stuff and lies!" shouted Colonel Roy.

"I think," said Mr. Butler, "that you two men might have arrested the boy instead of shooting him down."

"We do not take orders from you, Mr. Butler," said the policeman, firmly.

Mr. Butler called for his horse and rode away, with a heavy heart for the sorrow of the old couple, who had lost their only support in that tragic way. The corpse lay where it had fallen, like a dead dog; there was no movement made to take it up, when he left.

There was a coroner's inquest, and a verdict of murder returned against the police. An investigation was held and Mr. Butler attended. The bench was filled with magistrates. The old father of Martin Kinsella told his story; his agony was so great that the bench declined to cross-question him. The mother's despair brought tears to every eye—it was frightful to see.

In the present state of affairs it would not do to have the conduct of the constabulary called into question, or censured, and thus the matter ended!

Returning from the investigation, Mr. Butler met in with a party of poor Martin Kinsella's friends and relations. One of them, a young fellow called Tom Kinsella, a cousin of Martin's, was worked up fearfully by the result of the investigation. He swore openly that he would have life for life and blood for blood.

"Young man, do you know what you are talking about?" said Mr. Butler. "You'll find yourself on the wrong side of a prison door, if you talk in that fashion; and, besides, you know you don't mean it."

"I do mean it," said Tom, with an oath, "and don't you begin to preach patience and law-abiding to me. You know that Martin was shot down like a dog, and you know he had done no harm."

"I know all that, my boy, and I know that the investigation has not resulted in anything like justice being done.

But this is an excited time, and you can do no good by your wild threats. You cannot bring Martin back to his poor father and mother, but you can do harm to yourself and bring disgrace to your country."

"Have we a country? Have we a law? Have we any rights as human beings? Look at my cousin lying in his blood! Did he do anything wrong? Couldn't those two peelers have taken him up, if they were not sure about him? He had no arms, not even a stick—they were armed. If he had been a prisoner running away, they might have shot him, or if he had resisted when they tried to take him up, they might have been excused some, but not much, for they were two to one, two armed against one unarmed, and they shot him down, and it never was said to them ill they done it; but they have not done with it yet."

"Tom, I know it is all wrong, all a deplorable mistake, but I beg of you to think that God must set things right. Your single arm will not do it."

They had come to the parting of the way, where Mr. Butler took another road to go to his own home. He turned to the people once more, and earnestly begged them to submit to the law, and try to get it altered. No one seemed to heed him very much, and the fiery Tom kept up his passionate threatening, his words floating back to Mr. Butler until the distance between them swallowed up the sound. He laid the reins on the horse's neck and rode slowly on.

"The whole system is accursed," he said, "and should be swept from the face of the earth."

"Well said!" exclaimed a voice beside him. "We are determined to do the sweeping, whether you give us a helping hand or not."

"Is that you, Michael?" asked Mr. Butler.

"Yes, it is I."

"Come home with me," said Mr. Butler. "I want some one to keep me company, for I am sick at heart to-night."

"I will come ; I want you as much as you want me."

When Mr. Butler and his companion found themselves in his small parlor, and supper was eaten, they drew near to the fire to talk over the subject that lay between them. The person whom Mr. Butler addressed as Michael, was dark, like himself, but there the resemblance ended. He was small and spare, and so attenuated that he seemed burning up with one overpowering thought. Mr. Butler looked like a dreamer, when his face was in repose—like one whose mind was retrospective and dwelt largely in the past. His companion, on the other hand, was intensely, eagerly, hopefully perspective.

"I have a great shrinking from any organized movements, for fear of it's lapsing into lawlessness. There is so much that is wrong, so much burning injustice, that organization may become organized retaliation," said Mr. Butler.

"The first plank of our League is this: 'He who commits an outrage is an enemy to his country.'"

"A plank can be laid down, but what power will compel people to stand on it?"

"You are not the Bernard of old, who would willingly die for his country ; you do not even wish, visibly, to live for it. Here is a peaceable, constitutional agitation ; you acknowledge something should be done ; this is the best thing that can be done, and still you keep aloof from the cause of the people."

"There have been many things tried before, Michael ; agitations, meetings of monster size, justifiable rebellions ! What has been done, after all ?"

"Something has been done—not so very much, but something. Every movement, no matter how apparently

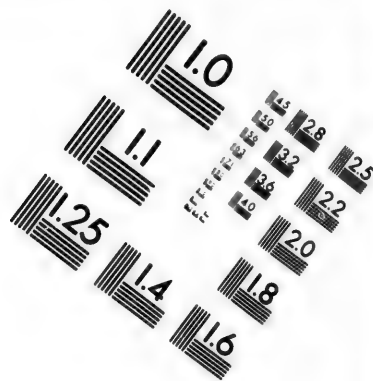
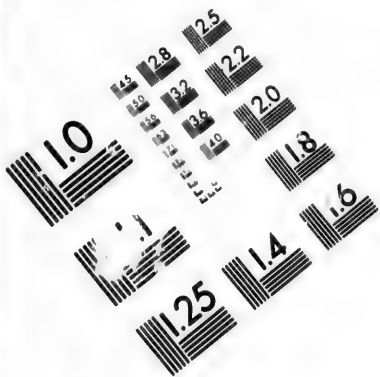
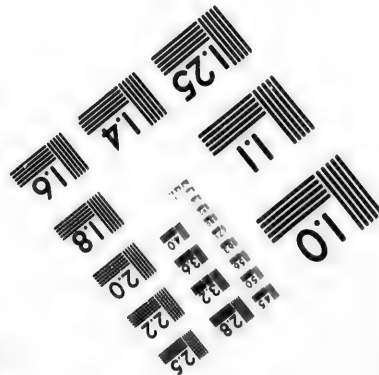
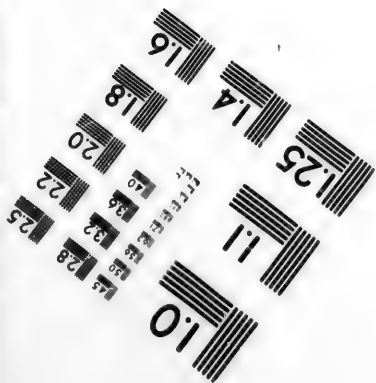
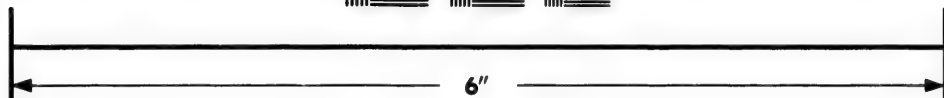
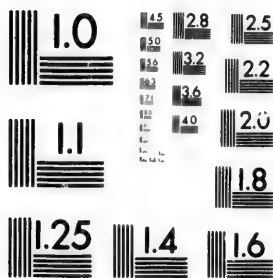


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beaten and defeated, has gained something. This one will be the strongest of all—it has the elements of success in it."

"Why is this so sure?"

"Every other movement depended on the leaders too much. This agitation shall be the upheaval of the might of the people."

"The devil, they say, is easier far to raise than to lay; remember that, Michael," said Mr. Butler, with his grave smile.

"Remember this, Bernard: who would be free himself must strike the blow. We mean a peaceful, constitutional agitation to have some rights for the people of Ireland, who are tenants, that they may not any longer depend on the will of the landlord, absolutely.

"Look at what the Englishman, John Bright, said in Dublin: 'I have thought if I could be in all other things the same, but by birth an Irishman, there is not a town in this island I would not visit for the purpose of discussing the great Irish question and of rousing my countrymen to some great and united action.' If John Bright can think this, and give it utterance, what should we think of the advice he gives—we who are Irish? I was speaking to one of our landlords yesterday—not the worst sort of one—and I said to him: 'Have the common people no rights then?' 'They have whatever rights we grant them in writing,' he answered. So you see that Ireland absolutely belongs to the landlords—the tenants have no rights but what they allow. If the lord is noble in nature, the tenant may be allowed to live in peace and prosper, if he can—while that lord rules—not of right, but by gracious permission. You know all this, Bernard."

"Yes, I know it."

"Well, then, where should you be—on the side of your people, or aloof from them?"

"Beside them, for life and to death, if I saw my way clear."

"Come with us, then, stand with us, through evil report and through good report, until the tenant has a right in the eye of the law to the home of his own building, to some of the fruit of his own toil."

They sat until the stars faded into the dawn, discussing this question. Before they parted Bernard Butler was pledged to the new movement—the Land League of Ireland.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WANDERINGS.

"They have a right—the right of gold is strong—
They stand upon their right their whole lives long."
—*Jean Ingelow.*

In the meantime, William Livingstone and his daughter drive round the wild and romantic Donegal coast—through places bleak and bare, where miserable people are toiling from one generation to another to wring out of its Atlantic-beaten barrenness enough to support the lordly or reverend owner of the soil, and to live on what remains—through places where desolation reigns alone, and where neither human being, beast nor bird is to be seen, except a passing flock of emigrating wild geese, or a speculative crow—they have had a peep into the Belleek potteries—a sail on Lough Erne—a view of the rich valleys of Sligo, and down through desolated Mayo—through fiery Galway, rock-cruised Clare, and past Limerick, on the Shannon—and on to the beautiful lakes!

Many things are to be seen, by the way; but two are preeminently noticeable. Two bad harvests have already occurred, and this third year threatens actual famine, which is an evil that takes the lead of all evils. And the owners of all that is, are rushing into print, into speech; telling of their abundant goodness, loving kindness, bounty, and provident care towards a wasteful, prodigal, lying, lazy drunken, deceitful tenantry, who will not work, who never pay rent, and yet have bank accounts, and stockings of

money hid in the thatch. The shiftless, worthless creatures! Push them still faster out of the country; colonize them on some other nation, and, presto! they will become industrious, frugal, enterprising, and prosperous!

The holders of all find the dim shadows of reckoning coming, and are driven by the logic of events to stand on their defense in this manner.

The lakes of Killarney are pitted with rain drops, whipped up by winds, lowered over by mist—not a favorable time to see their far-famed beauty. Reports of outrages are plentiful, but they are not visible to tourists. What is visible is evictions and evicted people, thick as the flying down of Norland geese in winter weather.

"The harvests have been so bad, that it is impossible to pay rent by the farm produce. Why, then, do you proceed against your tenants with such severity?" asked Mr. Livingstone of a casual acquaintance among the dominant class.

"We know all that, but here is the question. Gladstone is preparing to put through a law of spoliation; we do not know how much mischief it will do, so we are evicting all we can before it becomes law."

"That is certainly taking time by the forelock."

"Yes. Then there is this infamous Land League, which has set the tenants against their landlords. You do not see a tenant bow to a landlord now; politeness is going away from among them, and Paddy used to be polite. They talk of holding the harvest—of standing up to dictate to us what rents we shall ask for our lands. Paddy used to be honest, but this is getting to be a dishonest nation. We will let them feel we have the power in our hands, as yet."

When the gentleman had left, Ida said to her father:

"The height of honesty in that man's eyes is to pay all that the tenant raises to a landlord, and when he can pay no more go out of the house he has built to the roadside, the workhouse, or the grave, without a murmur. To sow that others may reap, is honesty; to hunger while others riot on their labor is the correct thing to do, according to his code of morality."

Before leaving Killarney, Mr. Livingstone made his way into the Petty Sessions Court, which was sitting at that time. His acquaintance of a day was there, conducting a case for his employer, the Earl of Glenflesk. The case was this: He petitioned to have a hut, built in the mearing, or boundary between two lord's lands, removed as a nuisance. The hut was inhabited by a widow, who had an only son far gone in consumption. She had been evicted by his lordship, the Earl, from a holding which she had lived on for a long time, but no evidence was put in to say why she was evicted. The Land League had built a hut for her, which was torn down as being on his lordship's property. The neighbors had then built her a hut on the boundary ditch, which was the cause of the present complaint. The landlord gained his object—permission to tear down the hut as a nuisance.

"I thought even the devil himself would not have grudged me that hut in the mearing," said the woman, addressing herself to the expounders of the law, sitting on the bench in the court room.

"This is a burning shame," said Mr. Livingstone to a bystander. "I wonder what the Almighty thinks of this persecution of a widow woman, and she with a dying son. Could they not wait a little till he did die? Is mercy clean gone from these people?"

On hearing this opinion expressed by the American

stranger, the agent of the Earl of Glenflesk took the opportunity to state, that his lordship was willing to use his influence to have the dying boy placed in the hospital.

"After the exposure which he has received in two evictions, in this weather, and what he will endure in the one yet to come off, it is not likely that he will require his lordship's charity," said a voice in the court.

"Those people are disgustingly ungrateful," said the agent to Mr. Livingstone, as they left the court.

"I do not quite understand what this thrice turned out widow, or her dying son, has to be grateful for," said Mr. Livingstone, looking the agent in the face.

But this ended the conversation, as the man had business elsewhere.

In journeying homeward, they passed through Tipperary, not without the design on Ida's part to see her friend, Mr. Butler. Driving in to a little town, in the shadow of the mountain, they were met by the shrill shriek of fifes on the air, the loud tantara of many drums, and the blare of a brass band. They found the town market-place a sea of human heads, with banners and flags, and such poor attempts at uniforms of green and gold colour, as poverty could get up cheaply. The edges of the crowd were thronged with sympathetic women and ecstatic small boys. It was not possible to drive through this closely wedged mass, and so they stopped at the first hotel and put up the car.

"What is the meaning of this assembly?" enquired Mr. Livingstone of the host at the inn.

"A Land League meeting," the landlord informed him.

"Suppose we walk over, if you are not too tired, and hear what they have to say," he said, turning to Ida.

The innkeeper had answered carelessly enough, "A

Land League meeting," as though it were no concern of his; now, when the strangers seem interested enough to go over, the host showed a more lively interest in them. The Land League cause was his cause, really, when he dare for his own interest show which side he was on; and he now very willingly led the gentleman and lady to the place of meeting.

They made their way through the crowd, under the curious glances of many eyes. There was a rude platform of boards, round which the banners and flags were gathering. On the platform were many priests, and other gentlemen, presumably the speakers who were to enlighten the vast assembly. But before Mr. Livingstone and Ida arrived at the platform, they were met and welcomed by Mr. Butler. He found seats for them on the rear of the platform, well out of sight.

The speeches were appeals to the people to stand firm against their oppressors, or expositions of what the Land League had done for them, and would do in the future. On one side of the market square was a high wall, over which trees waved their leafy arms. Above the wall, some gentlemen showed their heads as listeners to speeches that sometimes denounced them personally and by name.

It was scarcely a surprise to Ida when Mr. Butler came to the front as a speaker. He had inherited the sweet, penetrating voice of his mother, and was one of those men who cannot speak unless they believe every word they say. He had little action, but stood still and repressed, speaking very calmly and in measured tones.

"My countrymen, national questions press on nations, from time to time, with an irresistible force. They must be answered one way or another, in hope or despair, in significant speech, or still more powerful silence. A section, a

small section, of the inhabitants of our land have held in their hands all that there is to hold—the land, the power, the revenue! They have held this in trust for our benefit. They say they manage for us, as we are not able to manage for ourselves. The time has come for our lords and rulers, for whom we have toiled, faring hard in the meantime ourselves, to answer the question: ‘How have ye taught us, fed us, and led us, while we toiled for you?’ The millions of bitter-hearted exiles in other lands, driven hence by injustice and oppression, can answer this! The small mounds of earth, covering the hunger-slain, can answer this! The broad lands, from which the inhabitants have been driven, to make room for cattle, can answer this! The stretches of embowered loneliness round castle walls, as well as the rude cabins without the breadth of a foot of garden ground, can answer this! The thousands of our country people, to-day clinging to the hillsides under an inclement sky, guilty of no crime, but sowing that others may reap, toiling that others may enjoy, can answer this! Let him answer, who, with his own lordly hands, filled up the people’s only spring; let the family answer, whose father built a house and died, and whose mother sits above us, in the shadow of the mountains, roasting the potato of charity in the open field, without shelter! The widow who cuts nettles for her children’s dinner, and yet has to pay rent to another fellow-mortal for the gardenless hovel he did not build, can answer this! My countrymen, no lie can live for ever; no wrong is eternal! We are leagued together to kill the lie, to abolish the wrong, in the name of eternal justice, in the name of the majesty of the people! We are here to say to our lords: ‘Sin no more, lest a worse thing befall you; fulfil the Scriptures, that, he who tilleth the land shall have plenty of bread; not for us to toil and export

great rents, eating only the poor potatoe—the national reproach—or the yellow meal of trans-Atlantic charity, and calling this state of things Law and Order !’ A brighter day is dawning, and if you stand together as one man, you can ask for justice and get it, too. A united people, who know their rights, can ask and receive ; and so, then, let us stand for our country and our people. ‘To the last drop of blood, the last penny, together let us stand or let us fall.’ ”

When Mr. Butler had ceased speaking, he came over and took a seat beside Ida, while the wild huzzas of applause which rang out approval of his words were splitting the sky. He proposed at once not to wait for the rest of the meeting, but to return to the hotel, which they did. When they found themselves in the private parlor, engaged by Mr. Livingstone, Mr. Butler asked if they had heard from Rath Cottage since they came away.

“We have not,” said Mr. Livingstone. “We did not expect to remain away so long as we have ; but all were well when we left, except that Mr. Coldingham was poorly with a cold.”

“I have heavy news for you, then, I am sorry to say. Mr. Coldingham is dead and buried—died very suddenly, before any one of the family began to be seriously alarmed. Mrs. Coldingham has been so frightened and bullied by that scoundrel lord, that she, too, has been at death’s door, and will be an invalid for life. Mr. Livingstone is not well, and is wishing for your return.”

This is, indeed, heavy news. There has to be many questions answered, as to how the news came, and when, and if possible to get further particulars. But further particulars are not to be had, and the only satisfactory way is to go home and learn the worst at once.

“Have you told us all the news ?” asked Ida.

"Yes, all, except that your cousin, Alick Livingstone, has come home from Australia, on the forlorn hope of taking your cousin Matilda back with him as his bride."

"Poor Alick ; I am sorry for him," said Ida ; "he will be so disappointed."

It was at once settled that they should go under Mr. Butler's escort across country to the nearest railroad station. First, they must do him the honor of calling at his house, and resting and refreshing there a little, by which they would lose no time, but be really farther on the way. It was so agreed, and they drove over to his house and rested there. Mr. Butler took some pains to give Mr. Livingstone his reasons for joining the Land League. Mr. Livingstone thought all parties should believe in Mr. Gladstone's good intentions, and wait on the passage of the new law. Mr. Butler pointed out the failure of the law to protect Mrs. Featherstone—the certainty of any law being defeated unless backed by agitation—told him of the injustice and oppression which he had seen, ever deepening in the North, in the South, in the West. The Scotch caution of William Livingstone came out in the question :

"When you have abolished, if you can do it, the old tyranny, are you sure you are strong enough to prevent a newer and crueller one from arising in its place? You need, it seems to me, a little more of the Divine strength of Silence, of quiet daring and doing in the strength of God, for your country and your people—who are my people as well—before you can destroy Evil and put Liberty for all in its place."

After a short rest, the car is brought to the door again, and they start, Mr. Butler with them, for a drive across the country to the station. It was of set purpose, perhaps, that Mr. Butler took his friends this drive through mountain

scenery. On the roadside, camped, were a crowd of evicted people, without any shelter, round small peat fires! Very old people, little infants, women that sorely needed shelter and care, children almost naked, crouching in their rags near insufficient heat! Mr. Butler drew up near them.

"Look at this," he said; "this is going on, all over Ireland, at the rate of about a thousand a week; what is to become of all these? Their rents were, to my certain knowledge, as high as they could pay in the best years, without reserving anything for the comforts of life for themselves. Two bad harvests have made it impossible for them to pay the rent, even if they starved. They asked in a body for a reduction, but their conduct was called insubordination! They were proceeded against for debt, purposely to punish them. The costs were greater than the whole debt—and here they are! Now, what is the use of telling these people that the law will help them, for it will not. If one member of the dominant class was suffering an inconvenience, there would be universal sympathy! I have been here after heavy rains, and my heart was sore at the sight of the old people, and the little children, in their wet rags. How do they shelter at night? What will be the end of it all?"

They stopped and spoke to these poor outcasts, God's creatures, of more value than many sparrows, and heard tale after tale of the struggle for life, the break down, the casting out, and then, with hearts aching with sorrow, they left them sitting there, between Jerusalem and Jericho, waiting to see if the new land law, or the all promising Land League, would bind up their wounds with the oil and wine of redress and amelioration.

"Things seen," said Mr. Livingstone, "are mightier than things heard."

"What has the law done for our people that they should venerate it?" said Mr. Butler. "English law has been an engine of oppression to them, ever since they felt it first!"

"The government has done many things for the benefit of the common people, I hear," said Mr. Livingstone. "Relief in famine time, loans of money at low rates of interest, and helps of one kind and another."

"The government has done and attempted to do many things, in a blundering way, but it has never come into contact with the people. All help must come through the one channel, the landlords; and it has been help to the landlords, in reality. It is not charity, but justice, the country wants."

"What do you Land Leaguers really want?"

"We want the landlord to have what is really his, and the people to have what is really theirs—no more than that. The lords would like to cheat with one hand and fling parings of charity with the other. A candidate for parliamentary honors, down in Armagh, stated boldly that the only Fixity of Tenure the Irish tenant would get was the Grave! But he was not elected! 'We shall let the Irish know that they are governed,' says the bully of the House of Commons. Bless the man! the Irish have known that for centuries, and writhed under it; but the millions of Ireland have suffered dumbly. The time is coming when the few who do not suffer, but have enjoyed all, will shriek out, and write, and publish, until the world shall ring with their wail."

"I am second to none," said William Livingstone, "in wishing Ireland to be as free, prosperous and happy as she ought to be. The men who should take hold of this cause should be men of faith and prayer, that they might be strong with the strength that God gives."

"Do you think, Mr. Livingstone, that there are not praying men and women in this cause. I tell you there are. I know a settlement of Presbyterians, brought here from the North, who have been wronged and robbed as cruelly as the Papists. If this harvest is as bad as it threatens to be, famine will sit down with them, and then you will acknowledge, as you are a Presbyterian yourself, that likely there is prayer rising from among them. But, I tell you more. Not a strong man's groan of despair, not an aged person's dying moan, not a ragged boy's cry for bread, not a baby's wail out in the rain, but is a prayer, and enters into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth! The lives taken ruthlessly by this accursed system will have to be accounted for to the uttermost.

"It is so easy for people to despise those who religiously differ from them! That God who hears the ravens when they cry, watches the fall of a little sparrow, counts the hairs of His people, is Our Father, and the Father of those from whom we differ in doctrine. The outcast, who prays by the cross at the chapel gate, is not out of sight, or out of hearing, of the Crucified. In answer to the cries that rise to him continually, He will provide the men to do this work, for it is His."

"What an enthusiast he is," said Mr. Livingstone to his daughter, when they were seated in the train speeding northward.

"I think just as he does," said Ida. "I have done so since I saw the Earl of Dane Clermont's power for evil, and the powerlessness of the law to give redress. It is of the friends at home I am thinking now. What new atrocity has that evil beast been guilty of against poor Bessie?"

CHAPTER XXVII.

ALICK COMES HOME.

"Methought the stars were blinking bright,
And the old brig's sails unfurled ;
I said : I will sail to my love this night,
At the other side of the world.
I stepped aboard—we sailed so fast—
The sun shot up from the bourne ;
But a dove that perched upon the mast
Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn.
O ! fair dove ! O ! sweet dove !
And dove with the white breast,
Let me alone, the dream is my own,
And my heart is full of rest."—*Jean Ingelow.*

Mr. Livingstone wearied for his brother's return, and talked of trying law, as if he had never heard of Mrs. Featherstone's failure. Sickness, and its consequent helplessness, were wearing on his spirit. He heard the sound of an arrival one evening, and remarked to his wife that they had come.

"I don't think it can be they who have come ; but rest you quiet and I will go down and see," replied his wife.

It was not William Livingstone and his daughter, but Alick, from Australia, who had arrived. He was tall and strong, like a Livingstone, and bearded, like an Australian, and was a welcome sight to his mother's eyes. She hastened back with the news to his father, and Alick followed her in a few minutes.

"I am glad you are come, Alick, very glad," his father said to him. "You are a real Livingstone, only you will still look at people with your mother's blue eyes."

There was much to talk of and to hear, and much rejoicing over Alick's return. His father thought to himself, sadly, "Alick has come to see if Matilda has changed her mind. He has the Livingstone pertinacity, that always hopes on, even against hope, and that will not forget. I wonder what Tillie will say to him, or would have said, if that dark-eyed Butler had never come in her way." Every one in the house knew what had drawn Alick over the sea, and wondered inwardly what Tillie would say. She had been down seeing Bessie, and, coming in a little after Alick's arrival, met Charlie, and saw the rejoicing in his eyes.

"What good news have you heard, Charlie?" she asked, "or has Ida come home?"

"Go up-stairs to father's room, and see. We have had an arrival while you were away."

"You might tell me first," said Tillie.

"Go and see," persisted Charlie.

"I know it is Ida," she said, "and yet I had better go up and see for myself, I suppose."

Thinking it was Ida who had returned, she ran lightly up stairs, and though Alick's back was towards her, stooping over his father, she knew him at once. Her heart seemed to die within her. Alick turned around—Matilda was behind him. Her image had been in his heart ever since he left Donegal, but now, as he looked at her, he saw her fairer than his fondest imagining, but as far away from him as if the ocean rolled between them. She blushed a little, and then grew paler, but held out her hand, and said firmly:

"You are welcome home, Alick."

"Thank you for the welcome," he answered earnestly, and then he seemed to have no more to say.

How many times he had thought over their meeting, and rehearsed what he would say and do, and how he would go back to the free pleasant days of his early intercourse with her, before he began to make love to her. Here they were face to face, talking a few common-places about his voyage, about Australia, and his business there, with an invisible barrier between them. Very soon Tillie slipped away down stairs again, and he saw her no more that night. He sat long with his father, who was unwilling to let him out of his sight, and when he finally retired there was not either sleep or rest for him. To get out of Alick's way, Tillie went over to stay a day with Mrs. Weston, before returning home.

"I am of all people the most unhappy," she said to Mrs. Weston. "A face that is counted fair I would never wish for as the inheritance of my worst enemy. To think of mine drawing Alick all the way from Australia."

"Not the face only, my child, said Mrs. Weston, "though I verily believe it is fair, from Bernard's description; say rather the whole Matilda, who draws many to her, even an old, blind woman like me."

And Mrs. Weston went over and laid her small white hand caressingly on Tillie's hair.

"Do not fret about your beauty, my child. You have not made it, and, thank God, you have not marred it. You have simply grown up beautiful, like any other flower; be content and leave all to God."

"I have come to stay a day or two with you, to be out of Alick's way. It is so hard to meet his eyes, looking at me with all the love in them of all these waiting years."

"You cannot keep out of his way, my daughter. However painful it may be, you must meet him and give him his answer, whatever that is."

The next morning Alick enquired for Tillie, and found

that she had gone over early to Mrs. Weston's. He was not to be evaded that way. He went to the white cottage to see Mrs. Weston, made himself very agreeable, and asked Tillie out with him for a drive. He was determined to have the matter settled at once ; and he did have it settled, although not as he wished. In his disappointment and despair, he intended to go back to Australia by the first outgoing ship, but his mother persuaded him to stay longer, for his father's sake, and Bessie's, and in kindness to Tillie herself, who would brood in silence over the thought that she had driven him away, and, lastly, to avoid raising talk in the neighborhood.

"You must nerve yourself to bear up like a man under what cannot be helped," implored his mother.

"What is designed must happen, in love as in everything else," said theological Dinah, with tears of sympathy in her eyes.

Alick staid on, and tried to enter more fully into his father's affairs, and into Bessie's troubles, and even nerved himself to meet Tillie without apparent flinching.

"I have wished that Alick had staid across the sea," said Tillie to Mrs. Weston, "and that was a selfish wish, for his visit is like new life to uncle, and aunt is glad beyond telling. Even Bessie is more like her old self since he came, and I am sure it is worth while bearing a little annoyance for all that. I must hasten my getting home, at all events."

"Do not hurry away, Matilda, until you are sure your cousin will not follow you home," said Mrs. Weston.

"You are right, Mrs. Weston. Alick's suit would be very acceptable to my father, and I would have to endure his strong reasons all over again ; which have only intensified since I heard them first, I am sure."

So Matilda remained at Ramelton a few days longer,

staying most of her time with Mrs. Weston, but being up at her uncle's and down at Bessie's occasionally, and even taking long drives with Alick and Dinah—painfully pleasant to him, who had so many bitter-sweet remembrances to think over.

"Dinah, Matilda is very much changed ; she never at all flashes into fun," Alick said to his sister, after leaving Matilda at the white cottage, one evening. "Does she ever entertain you with her silent mimicry now? Do you remember how she could lift her head and arch her eyebrows, so like old Mr. Sinton when he was laying down doctrine?"

"I do remember it well, and how she could imitate old Doctor Millar, humping up his shoulders and turning his large nose from side to side, looking so much like a tame raven. I have never seen her the same, since she had that attack of sickness when uncle was evicted in Dane Clermont. She seems to have little hold on life since."

Alick had a new thought given to him: Perhaps this ever-increasing beauty was brightening into radiance that is not of earth.

Tillie was with Mrs. Weston, in the parlor, where she was so completely at home. Mrs. Weston was sitting at the piano playing, and singing, soft and low, the surpassingly beautiful words of the "Hymn Responsorial." The setting-sun streamed in through the western window, and covered her like a glory, lighting up the coat-of-arms and its motto: "The Days of My Life." Matilda was netting, with some bright wool, at the window, and listening to the music. When it ceased, Matilda said:

"I feel very much akin to Mr. Gladstone, when you sing that hymn. In the dust that is raised by political parties

now, we cannot see any man clearly ; but I think he must be great and good, when he discerns the beauty of the gospel in those lines so much as to translate them into English."

"And I," said Mrs. Weston, "feel very much akin to the Greek monk, back in the dim ages, whose soul was so near Christ that he gave voice to those thoughts first. Not that I do not see great qualities in Mr. Gladstone, my love. He is a great man, and knows what he wants to accomplish. It is oftener a greater comfort than you can imagine," Mrs. Weston continued, turning away from the instrument, "to hear those who cannot see one good quality, even sincerity, in those who profess the faith of my fathers, giving voice to their own worship in words first thought out and sung by our saints and martyrs."

"I am often surprised myself," said Matilda, "to find persons, belonging to denominations to which I could not in any conscience belong, giving my inmost thoughts worshipping expression in sacred words."

"Saint Paul says : Grace be with all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Perhaps you can understand that any who so love would be dear to our Lord, although kneeling at a different altar from yours."

Betty put an end to the conversation by coming in with two letters. One was for Mrs. Weston ; the other she handed to Matilda.

"Your uncle told me to bring it to you," she said.

Betty had read Mrs. Weston's letters for her during all the years of her blindness. She would feel hurt if the privilege were now given to another, so Mrs. Weston withdrew with Betty, saying pleasantly :

"Read your letter, my dear, while I am listening to mine."

"Is my letter from Bernard, Betty?" she said to her faithful friend, when they got into her quarters.

"It is just from himself, God bless his purty face."

Mr. Butler wrote :

"My darling mother : At last I see a beam of hope that heralds the dawning of a brighter day for our holy Ireland. I have examined, cautiously and conscientiously, into this most constitutional movement, the Land League. It will, I believe, prevent desperation from degenerating into crime ; and it will bring an element of hope, to keep hearts from breaking. I am sick of what I see from day to day. Is it a misfortune, or a blessing, mother, that I see and feel what others are blind and hardened to, so that they neither see nor feel ? I was through a tract of country where the tenants were dispossessed of their holdings to make room for cattle. The little places they had reclaimed from the bog were run together in a wide grazing farm, and they were put on the barren to begin their weary round of hopeless labor over again. I saw them digging up potatoes, like marbles for size—such a long piece dug for what would do the dinner. Famine stares them in the face in the near future, but hope was there : 'Who knows what God is going to do for us !' Aye ! who knows !

"I will tell you what I think is good for the people in the working of the Land League. They have a lawyer to defend poor people, vexatiously prosecuted for stealing a penny's worth of mud, or threepence worth of seaweed, which they think is their own by right. This is a great boon ; for law is expensive, as you know, and defence a luxury, far above their want of means. Then the Land League exposes publicly, in print, cowardly, cruel and oppressive proceedings. It is so much harder to fight a society and crush it, than to crush an individual. You,

who know so well the Libel Case against Æneas McDonnell, for exposing the character of Archdeacon Trench, and the later trial of John Sarsfield Casey, for bringing into light the infamous proceedings of Mr. Patten Bridge, will understand what a boon this is. The League has taught the tenants to stand together, to ask for fairer terms in a body, instead of individually, and to abstain from taking a farm from which another is unjustly evicted. Of course, there is a hue-and-cry raised against this constitutional movement, as there would be against any movement that had an element of help in it. I can bear to be falsely accused, if I can do any good to my country. You will understand that I have cast in my lot with the men who have formed this League, and will stand or fall with them. You know that our prayer has been, 'God save Ireland'; our faith has been that He will save her. I dare not stand aloof from this movement. Will you explain to Tillie, for me, if she is at Ramelton now, so that she may see this action of mine is offering our united wishes for Ireland in visible doing. This ought not to separate us, but draw us nearer together. Even her father must see that this movement has more of the elements of success in it than any that has preceded it. He will think of his own wrongs, of his sister-in-law's ruin, of all he has known of man's cruelty, and the law's imbecility, and he will hail any movement that has a prospect of succeeding.

Thus far Mr. Butler. Meanwhile, Tillie read, in her father's strong handwriting :

"My dearly beloved child, you have heard, I am sure, of this pestilent association which has arisen as another distracting curse to this most unhappy country—a society, formed to appeal to the worst, and most selfish, and rapacious instincts of humanity. Under cover of an aim to re-

dress the wrongs of the peasantry, which wrongs I admit fully, there is hidden a nefarious plot to dismember the British Empire, and subvert all law and order. It is a deadly blow aimed at our glorious constitution, which, if it succeeds—but success, under God, is impossible—would destroy our dearly bought and precious Civil and Religious Liberties. I am credibly informed that Mr. Butler has actually joined the law-defying Land League, and this at a time when Mr. Gladstone is bending all his great powers to pass a law granting unto the tenant farmers such privileges as neither they nor their fathers dreamed of possessing. There can be no bond between my daughter and a rebel and instigator of rebellion in others. My dear child, my own treasure, we Simsons and Seatons have been a law-abiding people, and none of us shall have fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. Forget this young man, who has proved so utterly unworthy of you. Let us be all in all to each other, until one worthy of you and of me, and of the sturdy God-fearing race whence we have sprung, comes forward to claim your hand. Mr. Drew, who brought me this information, goes very far, farther than I with my experience dare go, against any concession to the clamor of agitation. He blames Gladstone for being influenced by Paddy's blustering and impotent threats, and wishes for a sharp trial of Oliver Cromwell's method of pacifying Ireland. I do not, for a moment, agree with him. I do hope Mr. Gladstone will carry through such a wise measure as will curb such men as Lord Dane Clermont in their outrageous tyranny, but nothing akin to rebellion or rebels for me. From all such doings let us keep our skirts clean."

There was a faint smile on Tillie's face, as she read. Kneeling by the sofa, she lifted her hands to Heaven in

silent appeal. Suddenly, her head fell down on the sofa pillow. Mrs. Weston, coming into the room, heard a slight sound ; she called Tillie, and, receiving no answer, rang for Betty.

Betty ran in, to find that Matilda had another attack of hemorrhage. Mrs. Weston at once despatched a messenger for the doctor, and Betty assisted her to lie down on the sofa.

"There is no danger from this attack," was the doctor's verdict, rendered cheerfully ; "but you must not be making a practice of frightening us this way, young lady."

Mrs. Weston had her large parlor arranged as a bedroom, and Tillie lay there, with a very peaceful look, like one merely resting. When Ida and her father arrived from the west, they found her there, pale and beautiful, lying in the shadow of the coat-of-arms, and under its suggestive motto : "The Days of My Life."

"They are to be few," said Matilda to herself.

"There is no danger," said the doctor to Ida.

"There is no danger," he repeated, when her alarmed father came up from County Down.

Mr. Simson felt relieved when he heard this. Tillie looked so bright and pleasant, was among so many kind friends, and was so well cared for, that he went back to his duties with a hopeful heart, and grateful to her who acted a mother's part to his daughter.

Alick came up, poor fellow, all his love awakened into alarm. When he did get admission, he was surprised. Was this bright girl—bright is the only word that expresses it—an invalid, in danger of her life. Her face looked like the face of one who had gained a victory ; her eyes were bright with a light from afar off ; her cheek had the faint rosetinge, only a trifle paler. Some rays of the sunset had

found and lit up the gold in her hair ; she had always been extremely beautiful, but now this radiance, added to her loveliness, made an unearthly splendor about her. Alick's love revealed to him that earth held Tillie for only a little, a very little while. Another's language was throbbing in his heart, as he looked at her :

"Farther, farther—I see it—I know it—
My eyes brim over, she fades away :
Only my heart to my heart shall show it,
As I walk desolate day by day."

Before he came up he had an interview with the doctor, who had told him there was no danger, even a little more hopefully than usual, for was not he her cousin-lover.

"There is no danger at all," the doctor repeated. "The patient will be better after this attack ; will enjoy better health than before."

On the strength of this opinion, Alick entered hopefully, but when he looked at her, all hope died. The slate lay close to her almost transparent white hand. She writes :

"Come again, dear Alick. I will be allowed to speak to you in a day or two, and I want to see you so much."

She stretches out her hand to him and smiled. Without a word he got up and left. Down the hill, to his home ; up into his own room, where he sat repeating to himself, "all is over." He waited until she sent for him, before he went back. Ida came with the message, and was full of rejoicing, because Tillie was so much better.

"She will be able to be up to-day, but the doctor forbids it," she said, with exultation.

"Why don't you hurry, Alick ?" she said, as he prepared to go with dragging steps.

"But who wants to hurry to get their head cut off," said Ida to herself after he had left.

When Alick entered Tillie's room, he saw a little robin flying about, apparently quite at home.

"Where did you get the tame robin?" he asked of Dinah, who was sitting with Tillie.

The robin, as if aware that it was being talked about, lit on the counterpane, and hopped over it near to Tillie's hand.

"It came to us of its own accord," said Tillie, answering him. "It came in for curiosity, and, liking us, has stayed."

"It sat on a picture last night, and on the top of the bed the night before," said Dinah.

"I am going to send you away, Dinah," Tillie said, smiling. "I have sent for Alick, and I want to talk to him alone for a little while."

"Remember not to talk too much, Tillie," said Dinah, rising obediently. "You remember for her, Alick; you are not to allow her to talk too much. Now, when she is getting better so fast, it would be dreadful to have her get a relapse."

It was a long time before Alick came out of the room. When he did, he let himself out quietly and went home. Finding his mother he told her he would sail out to Australia in the first outgoing ship.

"You saw Matilda; she has consented to go with you?" said his mother, wonderingly.

"Matilda has consented to whatever is God's will, which is Heaven and not Australia, I am afraid. I have given my will up to God's will too, mother. If one cannot marry love they can marry duty. I shall live to make you proud of me yet," he said, in a voice that struggled to be brave.

"It was a sad dispensation that you ever fixed your fancy on her," said his mother, mournfully.

"Do not say that, mother. It is well for me that I loved her; I will be the better man all my life for having loved her. I only wish I had known sooner what I know now; for then I would not have tormented her so. It was hopeless from the first, but Tillie was not to blame."

"No, Tillie was not to blame, but it is all very unfortunate," his mother said.

"She opened her heart to me. If she had not thought herself past recovery, she would not have done so, she that was so reticent. She was powerless, poor girl, to answer my love, and I kept following her up so cruelly. She has given up her heart's love, for duty's sake. I may be as strong as a girl, and go to my post, and do my duty, as bravely as I can, while I live. But, oh! mother, be good to her, love her for my sake!" Alick was moved out of his natural caution and self-control. Sinking his voice almost to a whisper, he said: "Mother, pray for me, that this sorrow may be a blessing to me."

"I would bear this trouble for you, my son, if I could," said his mother, with tears streaming down her cheeks.

When Mr. William Livingstone and Ida arrived at Rath Cottage, it was a relief to them to see Mr. Livingstone decidedly better, and Tillie, although ill, recovering, and bright and cheerful. They went down to see the new-made widow. It seemed as if this frail, white-faced, frightened-looking woman could not be the Bessie who, in her happy days, had a face like an apple blossom. It was well that Lord Dane Clermont had not the ears of Dionysius, for he would certainly have heard bitter opinions expressed about himself. A new trouble had come to Bessie. Dandy had nourished in his little heart every hasty word spoken in his hearing against the Earl. His hatred and desire for revenge had not abated since the day the Earl had abused his

mother. Nancy had found a small fowling piece, that had belonged to Mr. Coldingham, hid behind Dandy's bed, and Dandy confided to Nancy that he meant to shoot the Earl. Mr. Livingstone advised Bessie to send the small culprit home with Ida, so that change of scene might dissipate the dark thoughts from his mind. Dinah, his twin sister, grown out of her pet name of Dimple, was a staid, loving child, with a face like her mother's. She was mourning over a dead canary, and Ida, taking the bird in her hand, talked of the wickedness of taking life to Dinah, for Dandy's benefit. He listened eagerly while she spoke, until he broke in with : "It would not be wrong to kill the wicked Earl, Aunt Ida." Then Ida talked to him a long time. Told him of Cain and Abel, especially dwelling on the agony of Cain, who could bring death, but was powerless to create life.

"You see, Dandy, he had a mark that God's eyes were always looking at, and the devil's fingers always pointing at, and the earth would not cover up the blood, and no one had power to keep it from crying out against him, and he could not get away from it, although he ran here and there, and was a fugitive in the world. He could not run away from punishment, and the blood always cried after him."

"But Abel was a good man," objected Dandy. "It would not have been half so bad if Abel had killed Cain."

"The blood would have cried all the same, and God would have asked why it was spilt, and the devil would have come to torment, and the earth would not cover up the blood."

Dandy began to cry at last, and begged of his uncle to take him out to Canada, away from the wicked thoughts that came into his mind when he saw the wicked Earl and heard his loud voice.

Ida asked his mother to let him go with them to Ramelton, and stay there till Tillie was well enough to go home, when he could go with her.

"Do you intend to go to law with Lord Dane Clermont about your property?" Mr. Livingstone asked Bessie, after Dandy was sent away to his lesson.

"I would be glad to go to law if the law would give me any redress, but look at the fate of Aunt Featherstone. If Lord Dane Clermont can take from me all John's property here, he takes all the savings of his life. Unless I go back to my father's house a beggar, with seven young children, there is nothing between me and the workhouse!"

"You have nothing beside, I suppose."

"Nothing. We were urged to build, and did build a little beyond our means, but not much. John died so suddenly," said Bessie with quivering lip. "It was so unexpected—I never knew before how hard it was to say—'Thy will be done.'"

"If your father thinks it best, you would consent to try the law, would you?"

"Whatever father thinks best, when he is well enough to be bothered about it, not before, I am willing should be done; I am helpless myself."

When they were coming away, Dandy rebelled; he would not leave his ma. She was, after all, unwilling to part with him; so it was agreed to come again for Dandy, when Tillie was recovered enough to go home.

"There has been an extraordinary share of trouble come to us this last few weeks," said Mrs. Livingstone to her husband. "Bessie widowed in her youth, and then brought to death's door by that villain. Your illness, Alick's vain journey—all at once, so much sorrow."

"If you have to look dool and sorrow straight in the

face now," said her husband, "look beyond it to the mercy that led us all our lives long ; look above it, to the hand that regulates whatever concerns us. He knows our frames ; He remembers we are dust ; He loves us beyond the power of our hearts to understand ; and He will not afflict without some blessed design for our good being wrapped up with our sorrow. Trust God and take courage. Go to the Psalms and wale out from David's experience a word of comfort."

When Alick came in, with a steady face, and sat down by his father's easy chair, for he had recovered so far as to be up for a little while each day, and asked, "Would you like me to read a Psalm for you, father?" his father answered, "Get down Burns' Poems, my son, and read me a bit o' Robbie's wit and wisdom."

Alick reached the book in a hesitating fashion, as if he thought his father's choice of a book rather queer, under the circumstances.

"Where will I read for you, father?"

"I want you to read one verse for yourself, my son, out of Robbie's first Epistle to Davie, the seventh verse."

With a smile that would not be repressed, he opened the book of poems and turned to the verse named, and read :

"And even should misfortune come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit o' age to youth,
They let us ken oursel ;
They mak' us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.
Tho' losses and crosses,
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae ither where."

"Was not Robbie right, poor fellow?" said Mr. Livingstone, who had lain back in his chair with closed eyes.

keeping time with his fingers on the arm of his chair, as Alick read out the words. "You may leave aside poor Robbie now. He was quick to learn and wise to know. You see, all his experience, when he was himself, runs alongside of the Bible, because he was a true man."

"Dear father," said Alick, solemnly, "do not be afraid for me. The God of my fathers is not a myth to me. I want to talk to you about Charlie just now," he said, changing the subject. "He is very restless, and longs to see the world outside of Donegal, but he will not say anything, knowing that you need him."

"I know it, my son. Ever since Davy Livingstone come over from Canada, he has been longing to cut loose from his quiet moorings and sail off to see the wide world. My brother coming, and now your visit, all keeps the matter before his mind. I think he had better go with you over to Australia for a while."

"He feels that you need him yourself, more especially now when you are so far from well, and that he would be deserting you to go. I have been talking to uncle, and he thinks Charlie should go for his own sake. Uncle will not return to Canada till you are better, and he will take charge for you, and offers, with mother's consent, to take Charlie's place. What do you think of this?"

"I think well of it. Help is easy to find—reliable help not so easy. It has been our custom to manage without much outside help. I have some thought of giving up business here. If Charlie decides to stay in Australia, I would have no motive in keeping on the business, and as I have been fairly prosperous I can afford to give up."

It was settled so, and Alick sailed back to Australia, after what his mother thought a very short visit, taking Charlie with him.

After Alick had come to a real understanding with Matilda he seemed to have fallen into the place of an elder brother to her. He called at the white cottage often, and bade her good-bye at last, with many comforting words of thanks and brotherly kindness.

Mr. Livingstone had a relapse after Alick and Charlie left, and took to bed again. Mr. William Livingstone told him not to hurry up his recovery too much, for Dinah and he made a strong firm.

There seemed to be a necessity for everyone keeping up their spirits, and appearing cheerful, for the weather was so constantly wet, and the outlook for the crops so gloomy, and forebodings of want in every mind, that it was trying to an invalid.

Tillie was always bright—always better; but somehow, never got the requisite strength for her journey home.

Bessie was still a source of anxiety to the anxious house-mother. She remained feeble and nervous; always in fear and anxiety.

"It is a crisis like this," said Mr. William Livingstone, cheerily, "that brings out the usefulness of idle members of society, like Ida and me. Having no business of our own we are at leisure to attend to that of our neighbors."

To Ida he said :

"Now, when the equinoctial storms have set in, we may as well stay in Ireland till spring comes again."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TILLIE'S DEATH.

"Woe and alas ! the times of sorrow come,
And makes us doubt if we were ever glad,
So utterly that inner voice is dumb,
Whose music through all our happy days we had !
So, at the touch of grief, without our will,
The sweet voice drops from us, and all is still."

—*Jean Ingelow.*

Dinah was sitting by her father's bed one day, after Alick and Charlie had gone away, when he asked her :

"Is Tillie not getting better, Dinah?"

"She is getting better, is very cheerful and bright, but somehow she is slow to gain strength."

Then Dinah went on to tell of the robin that had domesticated itself in her room. "It is so strange, so cute, as Ida says, that it is a great pleasure to Tillie to watch it. A person moving about the room does not startle it, and it takes no notice of any movement, unless some one tries to catch it—then it flies away."

"What does Tillie look like?"

"Very beautiful and bright. Her eyes are clear and shining, as if there was a lamp behind them, and her face looks lovelier every day.

"My sister-in-law, her mother, looked just like that before she died. I remember going down with Mrs. Featherstone to see her. They lived in Mayo then ; your uncle, you remember, was a missionary minister there. Now, when I think of it, there was a tame robin in the room that used to hop over the quilt and sometimes rest on her

bosom, looking into her face. The superstitious people around there said it was a blessed spirit. Mary was a peculiar woman, very unlike her sister, Mrs. Featherstone, very unlike your uncle, also, I must say. She had a capacity for loving unlikely people that I never saw in any other person. Her loving kindness embraced all unfortunate humanity. If she had been the missionary, she would have been a great success. She had the faculty, so rare in humanity, of seeing the difficulties in the way of people in a different station from her own. She knew why Mike was late with his ploughing, and Thady behind with his crop. She did not talk much, was as silent as Tillie; but she could give the right word of encouragement, or suggestion, to the people about her; and their love for her was immeasurable. When she lay sick they used to come into a small bit of shrubbery before the bed-room window, and recite their rosaries for her, till Uncle Simson was annoyed, but she would not endure to have it forbidden. 'Love is ointment of spikenard, very precious, and is acceptable to God; let them alone,' she would say. I think Tillie is very like her. Without any seeming effort she wins love all round. Alick will never love any one else, because he has seen her. Mrs. Weston feels towards her like a mother. Mr. Butler loves her dearly, anyone could see that. Lord Dane Clermont was always polite to her, and, see, even the robins make friends with her, as they did with her mother. Tillie, like her mother, is foreordained to join the angels before her eyes grow dim, or the rose fades on her cheeks. I do not feel anxious about Tillie; there was always a calm around her, an atmosphere that kept her apart—she was like a wayfarer, who had turned aside to rest awhile. But I am anxious about Bessie; there are many earthly cords tying her down. She has poor health

and sore trouble. She was always weaker and more helpless than you. If ever Bessie is in any trouble that you can help her out of, you will act as an elder sister to her, Dinah?"

Dinah did not answer instantly; she felt hurt that her father should think it necessary to bind her with a promise to be kind to Bessie, to whom she had felt motherly and sisterly all her life. It soon passed away—her father was ill—he asked a promise from her to do what she would do while life lasted, promise or no promise. "I am surprised, father," she said, "that you should think a promise necessary. Few sisters have been as fond of one another as Bessie and I have been—I have felt a care over her all my life. If it is any comfort to you to hear me say that Bessie, or Bessie's children, shall never have any trouble that I can bear for them, I say it from my heart."

"I cannot see the future," said Mr. Livingstone, in a tired voice. "I have great confidence in you; you have learned to think, and have grown into a woman, who has resources within herself. You are a woman of your word, as a Livingstone should be. I feel tired, as if I would like to go to sleep. You and Ida might run over to see how Matilda is; tell her I sent you. Tell your mother I want to sleep, and do not want to be disturbed."

Dinah gave her mother the message, and, finding Ida, went over to see Tillie. They found Doctor Cameron there, who was delighted to see Tillie recovering, and glad to have an opportunity to talk to Ida after her trip west.

After some conversation he asked her:

"Is it really true that Mr. Butler has joined that iniquitous Land League?"

"It is really true, Doctor Cameron. My father and I heard him speak at a Land League meeting."

"Were you at a Land League meeting, Miss Ida?" with astonishment.

"Yes, my father and I were both at a Land League meeting. How should we know what sentiments were spoken, or what sort of an audience listened, unless we were there?"

"Well what did you think of the speeches?"

"To my mind there was a good deal of nonsense talked, and a good deal of undeniable sense. The people who listened were of the most interest to me. I looked upon them as a people deliberately disinherited. I did not wonder a bit at them feeling like the crowd round Rehoboam, that said, 'We have no part in David, neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse.' Any one travelling through this walled-up and fenced-in land, can see that in many cases the common people are grudged the sight of the greater part of their own country; that they cannot help being ill-fed, ill-housed, and ill-clothed, when the land has such an immensity of idle people to keep up before it begins to feed its common people."

"You were always a fearful little democrat, Miss Ida, but I am afraid you have gone fairly over to the rebel side now."

"I think more than my cousin Ida have been driven there," said Dinah. "You know, Doctor Cameron, that I was brought up in all the traditions of the elders—the atmosphere of prejudice, so prevalent among us of the North. I have had a fearful struggle, as anyone must have, who, with such an education as mine has been, has had to see what I have seen of Lord Dane Clermont's rule, and how the law upholds him in his atrocities. I confess," said Dinah, looking the doctor straight in the face, "that I have come to a conclusion from which every fibre of my nature

recoiled : that in this matter at least the Papists are in the right in their denunciations of the laws of our country, and we Protestants, with all our intense admiration for our glorious constitution, are deplorably wrong. The treatment I have seen meted out to innocent people here in this country would disgrace the most barbarous country in the world ! The Land League may go too far ; if they do, it is the fault of our own rulers, who will not redress any wrong until the fear of a rebellion moves them."

"Miss Livingstore, you have succeeded in amazing me. Not that I deny the existence of wrong, that calls loudly for redress, but that I wonder to hear your father's daughter go so far."

"I always thought as Dinah does now," said Matilda, with one of her sweet smiles. "I always thought that we Protestants in this land were treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, by wilfully shutting our eyes to the wrongs done in the name of law."

"You differ much from your father in opinion, Miss Simson," said the doctor, drawing down his brows, "and I must say I wonder at it."

"I never thought quite the same as my father did. When we lived in Mayo, I saw much that he did not see. I believe the land system in Ireland is an accursed system, that would not be tolerated in a Christian world, if it was fully known."

"Miss Simson ! Miss Simson ! you are guilty of bearing false witness," said Doctor Cameron, playfully. "Think of the men, the excellent of the earth, who uphold this system, who are landlords under it."

"I do not speak of persons, but of a system," said Tillie, and relapsed into silence.

"Many excellent persons upheld slavery, and would go

into the slave trade to-morrow, if they had the chance, yet it was the sum of human villany!" said Ida.

"The question for us to decide as Christians, Doctor Cameron, is: do we know of the horrors that can be perpetrated lawfully under this system? Are we doing all God requires us to do to get it abolished, or reformed in accordance with Christianity, or are we passing by on the other side, leaving who chooses to deal with it?" said Dinah.

"Really, young ladies, I was worsted when I had only one to contend with, and I must beat a retreat, while I may with any kind of honor. You are too hard on me."

"You will stay and let me offer you a peace-offering for my naughty girls, in the shape of a cup of tea," said Mrs. Weston.

"I have an appointment—I am sorry. A cup of your tea would dispose me to forgive if I were angry, whereas I am only discomfited; so I must reluctantly bid you good evening, young ladies. I retreat in good order, and shall return to battle another day. Miss Simson, recover strength as soon as you can; I would like, if I must be conquered, to surrender to you, who are as merciful as fair."

And the Doctor bowed himself out.

"We will follow, too, for fear of tempting Tillie to talk any more," said Ida. "Good night, you darling Tillie. Good night, Mrs. Weston."

Dinah made her quieter adieu, and the girls went over the hill to their home.

"I have made my confession of faith and astonished Doctor Cameron considerably," said Tillie, taking Mrs. Weston's hand. "I think I ought to get some reward for it; I would like you to send for Bernard. Perhaps he can—

not come, but I would like him to know that I want him to come if he can."

"I will write to-night, my dear."

"Perhaps," said Tillie, with a little hesitation, "you had better send a telegram."

This was the first intimation that Mrs. Weston had of what were Tillie's thoughts about herself. She did not speak for a long time, but sat still and quiet, while the silent tears fell like rain.

"Mother!" said Tillie, softly.

She came at the call and laid her hand on Tillie's hair, without speaking. She did not wish her to know that she was crying, and if she spoke her voice would be choked with tears.

"I feel your sorrow," said Tillie; "I know that you are weeping, but you must not; you must be strong, for Bernard's sake. He has always hoped for a union on earth. I always knew that I must, like my mother, go to the grave early. I am glad we have met and been so much to one another. When there is love there is no parting possible; only separation for a time."

"You have been the brightness of my life since I met you first. I felt towards you then as if I had known you all your life. You have been the desire of my heart, so you must let me alone and let me weep," said Mrs. Weston, through her tears.

"No, my good mother, do not weep, but send the telegram. Let us accept God's will cheerfully; it is best. Call Betty; she will get me some paper, and I will write the telegram myself."

"Shall you send a telegram for your father, my dear?" Mrs. Weston enquired.

"He is coming up to-morrow, hoping to take me home.

Yes, I am going home, and you don't know how glad I am to die here with you, my dear mother."

Mr. Simson's faith was sorely tried when he arrived at the white cottage, hoping to take Tillie home, and found her preparing for another journey. She looked so well, her eyes were so bright, and her cheeks wore the soft tinge they always had worn in health, that he could not bring himself to believe that she was really so near her death. He must have the doctor's opinion—or perhaps the doctor did not quite understand her case, and it would be better to call in additional professional skill. As he talked to Mrs. Weston, in his measured, earnest tones, he noticed for the first time the robin perched upon the head of the bed, its brown head hidden under its wing, standing on one foot like a tiny sentinel who had gone to sleep at its post. There was not a man in the ministry who was less superstitious than the Reverend Mr. Simson, but he did turn a trifle pale when he saw the bird.

"You have a tame robin, here," he said uneasily, to Mrs. Weston.

"That is my robin, papa," said Matilda, answering him. "It came in before Alick came home from Australia, and has staid with me ever since. It hopped on my hand yesterday, when I was alone. It is great company for me. And now, dear father, I have heard all you have said about getting another physician, and you must listen to me now. There has been no medicine yet discovered that can cure death. I know I am appointed to die; I have known it for years. I have felt the same symptoms mamma felt. I would have told you long ago, but I did not want to make you sorrow before the time. You may believe it now, papa, for it is very near."

Mr. Simson got up without a word and left the room; he

staggered a little as he walked out to the garden, to be alone with his sorrow and his God. All the agony of parting with the wife of his youth came back to him with his daughter's words, and he saw himself childless and alone, and he felt the need of crying to the strong for strength to bear this sorrow. It was long hours before he came in, and Matilda, knowing how hard the struggle was for him who had such a strong love for her, suffered in sympathy for him, so soon to be left alone entirely. When he came in, she knew that he had got sufficient strength to say, "Thy will be done." He would not go to rest, but sat with his daughter all night. Towards morning, Matilda, who had been asleep, woke up and listened. Soon the noise of wheels, grating on the gravel, let them know that some one had driven to the door; she smiled to herself, for she knew that Bernard had come. She heard his mother welcome him, she heard him take off his overcoat, and knew he was talking of her softly to his mother, as he stood by the fire. When Mrs. Weston came in to see if she was awake, she said to her:

"I know he has come—I am waiting for him."

When Mr. Butler came in and stopped near the door to look at her, she was so extremely beautiful and bright he knew at one glance that she was passing away from earth—that he was to take his last farewell—and he looked at her with awe-struck eyes of sorrow.

There was no mistaking the love-light that shone in her eyes, nor her stretched out arms, with the murmur, "Dear Bernard." Mr. Simson felt the sharpest jealous pain that he had ever known. This young man, of whom he cordially disapproved, was first with his daughter whom he loved so entirely—she had slipped away from him already.

Bernard knelt by the bedside, speechless with grief, and his tears rained down on the white cover. Her small white

hand was laid caressingly on his short, dark curls, and her face wore an expression of great joy.

"I am glad, and proud to own you before I go," she said. "Father, come here, near me, until you know all my mind. I began to love Bernard when I was a child in Mayo, and I knew that he loved me. I loved the people of my country first, for his sake, and I saw that there were none who really cared for the injustice which they suffered. I thought about it a great deal. People were building churches, and governing congregations, and attending society meetings, and were busy, but the poor were toiling without hope, and were thrown out to die by caprice, and thoughtlessness, and cruelty; and one generation passed and another came, and they were not helped. Father, I kept my love and my opinions to myself, for fear of grieving you; but they were there all the same. I know that Bernard has joined a society that you, or your brethren, cannot approve of; but if it is really aiming at helping the wronged people, wronged and robbed through so many generations, I want to give him my blessing and God speed before I go. Father, I may be laying a hard thing on you to do, but I want you to remember Bernard as a son left to you in my place; to give him the love that was mine as far as you can, even when he most differs from you. Perhaps God means you to work separately, each in his own sphere, to abolish class legislation and the spirit of intolerance that the penal laws bequeathed to us. I bequeath you a son—try, for my sake, to accept him."

Mr. Simson felt the solemn appeal, and solemn charge, and he wondered how, in such a supreme moment, he could notice anything else, outside of the tide of emotion that was mastering him, but he did see the robin wake on its perch, plume its wings and fly down and alight on Mr.

Butler's shoulder, quite close to the white hand of his daughter. A weird remembrance of the same robin that fluttered round his wife's dying bed mastered him for a moment. He laid his hand on Mr. Butler's shoulder, and said in a choked voice, "Bernard, my son," and lifted up his voice and wept aloud. Mrs. Weston came hurrying in. "Calm yourself, Mr. Simson ; such emotion is very injurious to Matilda. Calm yourself, I beg of you."

"You need not fear, dear Mrs. Weston, I am not excited—I am only happy—so happy. Father, remember her who has been as a mother to me through all my illness."

All through that day Tillie lay in smiling quiet. Dinah and Tillie coming up to see her, expecting she was better, knew then that she was dying. She passed away at the setting of the sun. Her face looked beautiful in death, with a sweet smile lingering on the lips.

As the funeral cortege wound up the hill to the burying ground, it was met by Lord Dane Clermont on his car, with his body-guard of bayonets. His quick eye caught sight of Mr. Butler and Mr. Simson among the mourners. He and his escort had drawn to one side to let the funeral pass.

"Who is dead?" he asked, almost aloud.

"Miss Simson, the minister's daughter," he was told.

He raised his hat and remained uncovered until the cortege passed. After it had passed he said to his clerk :

"There goes one of the loveliest and pluckiest girls in all Ireland."

No one knew how much the silent Tillie would be missed until she was laid in her grave. The robin disappeared the day of the funeral—flew out after the coffin, Betty said—and was seen no more. After the funeral, Mr. Simson sat

in the little sitting-room with Mrs. Weston and Mr. Butler, silent and heavy with grief.

It was hard for him to speak what was on his mind, and he sat meditating a long time before he found words. At length he said, "Bernard, I want you to fulfil your part of my girl's legacy, and try to feel for me as a son should feel. I will look more narrowly than I have done into the matters that occupied my daughter's mind so unknown to me, and I will always follow my conscience wherever it leads. Make my home your home, whenever you can ; for her dear sake we must know more of one another. I will not interfere with your soul-liberty."

Bernard wept out his reply. "As her father I have loved and honored you as long as I have loved her."

"As for you, madam," he said turning to Mrs. Weston, "I would be happy if you would make my house your home. It is empty and lonely. I feel towards you as a brother, for your loving care of my child, and I should be glad to have you near me."

Mrs. Weston declined, in her gentlest accents, but promised, to the minister's pleading invitation, to take Betty with her and make him a visit sometime through the winter.

Mr. Butler and Mr. Simson left the white cottage together to journey as far as they could in company, towards their several destinations. They had a compartment in the cars all to themselves, and Mr. Butler endeavored to use the time to explain himself to his adopted father.

"Could you put in short order what you complain of most in the interest of the tenant. There is such a medley of opinions on both sides of the question that busy men like myself only think of it when it is forced upon them," said Mr. Simson to him.

"The core of the matter lies in a nutshell. The laws of tenancy, the power given to the landlord, the whole force of the law, is against the tenant, and in the interest of the landlord. This is the main point of the whole matter. In the eyes of the law, the tenant has no more claim to the home of his own building, or the farm won from the chaos of nature by his own hands, than the common beggar who sought the friendly shelter of his roof for a night's lodging. The law looks upon him in this light, and the landlords can go the length, the whole length, of the power which the law allows him, or stop short, according as his nature prompts him. This is the chief corner-stone on which is built the entire fabric of land tenure in Ireland. This is the central idea, and its twin sister, unlimited possibilities of rents."

"My mind never grasped the subject in that light," said Mr. Simson. "I thought the chief evils were absenteeism, the subdivision of holdings, the bitterness of religious prejudice, over-population, the indolence of the peasantry, and the prevalence of strong drink."

"No, sir; these are evils, but not *the* evil. The evil is the dreadful doctrine that the Irishman shall have no home in his own land; that he shall not have a dwelling, but a stopping place. This is the source from which misery, pauperism and agrarian crime spring, and have caused the laws of Ireland to be a hissing and a bye word among the nations of the earth."

"We have belonged to different camps, Bernard, and have looked at matters from different standpoints. It is not possible for us as yet, to see eye-to-eye in this matter," said Mr. Simson, gravely. "You will come to see me when you can, Bernard," he said at parting. "And these are troublesome times. I do not ask you to violate your

conscience, no more than I would consent to sacrifice mine ; but do not be rash, and take God into your councils. His name is Wonderful Counsellor."

And so at the parting of the ways, these two, of such different modes of thinking, drawn together by ties not of their own tying, stood, with the same grief lying between them, looking one another in the face before each went on his separate road to do the work appointed for him.

No mortal born, any more than Steenie's father, can afford "to sit with their *hankercher* to their e'en," for long, after they have buried their dead out of their sight. They must be up and doing, at their appointed work, whether the eternal Father, or their own will, is the taskmaster. So, Mr. Simson preached the gospel, as he understood it, and cared for his flock, in his own fashion, believing always that Presbyterianism was the hope of the world. Mr. Butler agitated, spoke at monster meetings, wrote violent articles, and became a marked man, among many others.

And the great multitude struggled with debt, with famine, were evicted by thousands, sat in the shelter of the rocks and ditches, drifted into the poor-houses, and the grave ; and it might be said of those who held the governing power in their hands in Ireland, who only wanted peace and order, if it should be the peace of death, and the ordered stillness of desolation :

"You would not let your little finger ache for such as these."

So history repeats itself.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SORROW AND CRIME.

"And are they of no more avail,
Thousands of glittering pounds a year?
In other worlds can mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driven
The cage-lodged beggar with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags unknown, and goes to heaven."

—Burns.

A very unhealthy season darkened down on Ireland the autumn Tillie died. The constant rain made the earth reek with mist, and the breath of decaying vegetation mingled with the moist atmosphere, while the heavy smell of a blighted potato field burdened the air for a long distance around it.

There was a great deal of sickness in the country, and many funerals. It is a strange thing how history repeats itself. There is a succession of ideas—not quite an Apostolic succession—from Bishop Hatto's, "Too many rats to gnaw the corn," to Lord Beaconsfield's "There are worse things than an Irish famine." Lord Dane Clermont, who grudged to peasant women their families, who thought that population should be kept at the point that would provide cheap labor, and by some means be prevented from increasing beyond that, joked about the death rate.

"God is good," said Rose Heney; "sure we all, lord and beggar, ride in a funeral procession before the earth hides us."

Mr. Livingstone was slowly, recovering, and his brother

was winding up the business for him. On account of Charlie having written that he preferred going into business with his brother in Australia to coming back to Donegal, Mr. Livingstone decided to retire from business altogether. Bessie and her children were living on in Dane Clermont, in the hope that Lord Dane Clermont would give her and the children some compensation for the property. She held possession, paying the demanded rent, until she would see what the future held in store for her.

Nancy Doherty had lost her brother, who died in the asylum, so that she laid out, she said, "to go to Callyforny to Roseen and Jimmy," as soon as Mrs. Coldingham could do without her. In the meantime, she ruled in the kitchen, and her stories told by the fire, in the evening, were the delight of the children's hearts. Dandy especially showed a great fondness for legendary lore, and loved to hear of the giants who towered the round towers, poised the rocking stones, and laid down the pillars of the Giant's Causway. One story of a wicked giant, who could not be beaten by superior might, but was destroyed by the cunning of magic, was a great favorite with Dandy, especially as there was an oft repeated rhyme in it :

"The giant, the giant of Northumberland,
Torments the King's daughter of fair Ireland;
He beats her, abuses her, does her such wrong,
And no one can help her but little Doran."

"Nancy," said Dandy, confidentially, as he sat on his stool by the kitchen fire, his elbows on his knees, listening to "Little Doran" for the one hundredth time, "Had the giant a red face, and did he swell up and shout out loud, like Lord Dane Clermont?"

"He might have been like him, only bigger," said Nancy, cautiously.

There was an imperative knock at the door.

"Talk of the devil and he will appear," said Nancy, starting up. "That's Lord Dane Clermont's knock. If he carries on as he did the last time he will kill the mistress outright."

The business on which Lord Dane Clermont came to Coldingham's widow, as he called her, was not over until he found it necessary to fall into a rage. Whether his rages were spontaneous, or got up to suit the occasion, was a disputed question among his tenants. He gave poor Bessie another dose of abuse, although no one ever knew what it was that opened the floodgate of his wrath. As he left the house in his usual tempestuous manner, Dandy, who had been listening to him give his poor mother this second volley of low abuse—for my Lord Dane Clermont did not pick his words out of any drawing-room repository, the lowest billingsgate was good enough to serve his turn—ran after him to the door and shouted, "The devil will get you! the devil will get you!"

Nancy ran to get the door shut and bring Dandy in, hoping that the revengeful Earl had not heard him.

Poor Bessie was laid up in bed again; she was going to get the Fixity of Tenure spoken of in the landlord's speech at Armagh: "The only Fixity of Tenure we will ever grant to our tenants is the Grave."

Bessie was on her death-bed while her father was still fully uncertain whether he would live or die. Ida was now her aunt's right hand, for Dinah was staying constantly with her sister; and a cheerful and capable assistant she proved herself to be.

Bessie was very ill. There was one symptom in her case that puzzled the doctor—a constant shrinking and fear, a constant anxiety, a trembling at times, as if she was in

dread of something. The doctor spoke to Dinah about it. "Mrs. Coldingham has something on her mind. She cannot possibly get better until she obtains relief." He begged of Dinah to try and find out what was troubling her.

Dinah went in to Bessie and leaned over her in the bed; she noticed the shrinking in her eyes, but did not let Bessie see that she was aware of it. She kissed her fondly.

"Do you know how I love you, Bessie, darling? You are the dearest person in all the world to me."

"Except Mr. Farquharson," said Bessie, trying to smile. Mr. Farquharson was the licentiate of the Kirk who was Dinah's lover.

"You need not except any one, and you need not try to joke about it," said Dinah, fondly; "You are the dearest of all—do you know that?"

"I do know it."

"Well, then, share your trouble with me. What is it? I know it is debt, and you do not want to acknowledge it. How much is it?"

"Oh! Dinah," she exclaimed, bursting into tears, "I am so worried. It is the balance of the debt for building those last houses. It is so much, and they are poor people—they cannot afford to lose it. I thought Lord Dane Clermont would give some compensation for the buildings, and then I could pay them. John's good name is involved in it—my dear, dear husband—and I have no means of paying it. Lord Dane Clermont has seized our property, and he cannot be compelled to pay it, although he was the cause of the debt being incurred, and the property cannot be held for it either, only John's impoverished widow is liable. It is surely enough that I and my children must come back to my father as beggars, without bringing him debt."

"Have you these accounts?" said the practical Dinah, in a coaxing voice. "We must look this lion in the face; maybe it is a little mouse after all."

"They are in John's escritoire," said Bessie.

Dinah opened the escritoire, found the accounts, and looked them over. To masons so much, plasters, carpenters, slaters, each so much, and book accounts for the material. The whole was over six hundred pounds. Dinah made her arrangements immediately. Leaving Nancy in charge, she went home and laid the matter before her father, got the money, returned to Dane Clermont and astonished the creditors by paying them in full; and she then carried the receipts to Bessie, who wept so long over them as to alarm those around her.

"Never mind me, dear," she sobbed out to Dinah, "these are tears of relief; I will be better now."

"We do not grudge six hundred pounds to buy peace of mind for Bessie," said Dinah to Ida, afterwards; "but this is still another illustration of the iniquity of the law. Here is Lord Dane Clermont, who has seized all this property, on which he never expended a farthing, and yet he is not liable for the debts contracted in building the houses he has seized and made his own property, neither can the property be held for them. My poor robbed sister alone is liable."

"I heard of cases like this in the west," said Ida. "They were talked over in a company where I was present. A minister's wife of the party said it served them right when they built without proper security; it was a just reward for such foolishness. I asked her if they could help themselves, or were they not in the power of their landlords, as far as getting security was concerned? And Dora Powell said: 'Of course they had to build houses or stay outside.' The poor tenant is between two fires, if he does not

build, or improve, he is held up as lazy and shiftless ; if he does build and improve, he is robbed. In parts he is condemned to have only a spot of potato ground as his wages, and nothing else, and then he is reproached the world over for eating potatoes."

"We did not believe that such things were possible a little time ago," said Dinah.

"'Now it touches thee and thou art troubled.' That makes all the difference in the world to us, Dinah. But I am going to say something that will shock you—I know it—but I must relieve my mind by saying it."

"My dear Ida, I am accustomed to being shocked by you ; so, if you want to relieve your mind by saying something dreadful, why, say it."

"Know, then, that I think professing Mohammedans more consistent than professing Christians ! We profess to believe the Bible, and to have it as the foundation of our national greatness, and we tolerate laws that violate its every precept. They tell me that in a Mohammedan court of justice they can plead from the Koran. Fancy bringing a Bible into a British court of justice ! Can you imagine how it would sound, pleading out of the law of God against the robbery of the Widow Featherstone, or the Widow Coldingham ! The Bible has not much weight in the adjustment of our laws ! And I tell you further, the British nation, to be consistent, should lower its theory or pull up its practice."

"My father will willingly pay these six hundred pounds to purchase peace of mind for Bessie, and to save the poor toilers from grievous loss ; but he knows well that the whole thing is unjust, and he cannot respect the law that allows Lord Dane Clermont to seize the property of my sister and her children, and yet get clear of a debt incurred in build-

ing the property. I see the injustice as clearly as you can see it, and I resent it as deeply."

They thought that Bessie would recover rapidly when her mind was relieved of this great anxiety, but instead of recovering, she sank rapidly.

"I leave my children to you, Dinah; you will be a mother to them," she said before she drew her last breath.

She died in bleak November, when the cry of a failed harvest and a hungry people was sounding through the land.

Lord Dane Clermont evicted the children as soon after their mother's death as he could get the law process to bear upon the case. The judge who issued the writ of ejectment, expressed his sorrow in open court that the law obliged him to assist at dispossessing these fatherless and motherless children. There was not one penny of rent due him, even at his own showing. He evicted them because it was his will to do so—he had the power, and he brutally used it. But they who gave him this power are responsible before Almighty God for his iniquities!

Now, his lordship had spoken of his action in regard to Mrs. Featherstone, as the due punishment of her Scotch pride and impudence. If she had thrown herself on his mercy he would have dealt more leniently with her, he said. It was, therefore, the advice of Mr. William Livingstone that the evicted children, robbed of the fruits of their father's life-long labor, should appeal to Lord Dane Clermont's mercy, and test that quality, of whose existence so many were doubtful. These children, whose father had spent his life in Lord Dane Clermont's service, whose inheritance Lord Dane Clermont had seized, might have been entirely dependant on his mercy. That they had friends into whose love they would be received, was owing to God's

providence. They might not have been so fortunate ; they might have been held between Lord Dane Clermont's mercy and the workhouse.

According to Mr. William Livingstone's advice, the seven children were taken over to Dane Clermont castle, with instructions to ask what Lord Dane Clermont would do for them in his kindness. Arrived at the castle, Dandy and Dimple, with all the rest behind them, made their way up to the grand entrance and rang the bell. The servant who opened the door knew them well, and had all the sympathy for them which he dared to have.

"What do you want, my little man ?" he said to Dandy.

"We have come," said Dandy, carefully going over the lesson taught him, "we have come to see what Lord Dane Clermont, in his kindness, will do for us."

"Poor children ! poor lambs ! You have come to the wolf's den this day," said the servant, in a low tone. "Stand here in the hall till I go up and speak to his lordship."

The children obediently ranged themselves against the wall. They looked like steps of stairs, one head rising only a little higher than the other. The servant went up to his lordship. They heard him say :

"My lord, the Coldingham children are in the hall. They want to know what your lordship's kindness will do for them ?"

His lordship was reading the paper when this audacious message disturbed him. He did not need to take any time to consider what his mercy inclined him to do ; he roared at the servant :

"Put them out ! Go down and put them out of the door this minute !"

This was Lord Dane Clermont's mercy ! The children

were taken to their grandfather's, and thus another tragedy ended.

The time slipped away until the day arrived for William Livingstone and his daughter to return to Canada on a visit, preparatory to coming back to reside in Ireland, so that the brothers might be near one another for the rest of the evening of life.

At the last moment, Davy Livingstone had expressed the wish to take up his uncle's business and connect it with his brother's concern in Canada, and had made an offer to that effect, which Alexander Livingstone had accepted.

Before Davy came over, his father and Ida were going to Canada on a visit. Little Dandy came to his uncle, and, with tears, begged to be taken with him to Canada. The child had felt the wrongs of his family so deeply that he wanted to get away from Ireland, and away from himself.

"If I stay here, I shall grow up with murder in my heart," he said.

It was decided to take him with them; and it was also decided to give a helping hand to Mrs. Featherstone's son, Watty, and Mrs. Livingstone and Dinah agreed to go over to Glasgow to see them, after a little time, and find out if the arrangements made would be counted favorable by Mrs. Featherstone.

"We will call and spend a week at Uncle Simson's," said Ida. "It is so strange that we can also bid good-bye to Mrs. Weston there. It was an unlikely thing for her and Betty to go off on a visit, after so many years of seclusion, and shut up the cottage, that was such a pleasant place to so many. But Uncle Simson will enjoy having her there."

As the time slipped away, Lord Dane Clermont's evil

fame went on and increased. His tenantry and he were at open war. He considered them rebellious and was determined they should feel his power. One place after another was depopulated, under circumstances of the same cruelty as marked the evictions when Mrs. Darrell died, and the small holdings were run together to make grass farms. The darker rumors that gathered round his name—sometimes denied, often doubted—gathered power as the time rolled on, and refused to be hidden. Hints of some peculiar atrocity, or act of beastliness, were darkly whispered. Few cared to look into the truth of these rumors; many disdained to listen to them at all.

There is one from the distant west, who is crossing the sea, and drawing ever nearer, who will meet Lord Dane Clermont face to face.

In the cold grey of the morning of the day after William Livingstone's departure, our old acquaintance, Jim Devine—who is not at all inclined to joke in these days—is starting to the fair. He has some slips of pigs to sell, and a couple of heifers. His son, once the owner of a handsome thorn stick, which he declined to sell, is along with him; the same handsome blackthorn was taken from him by the police some time ago. His wife is in the cart, with her hoarded butter and eggs, and a quantity of fowl, all that can be gathered up for sale—the gathering of this gale of rent being a difficulty even greater than usual.

"The saints above us give us good luck this day, that we may be able to weather through this gale," said Jim Devine, as he got ready to start. "It is a long journey for the poor *giraun*, soft off the grass, to go all the way to Dane Clermont before the fair, so we must be stirring."

The sun was well up in the sky when they got into the shadow of Dane Clermont wood.

"God save us ! what is that ?" exclaimed Jim Devine, as the horse stopped short and snorted with fear.

His son, coming behind, hurried up ; his wife started up in the cart, to see what was the matter.

Under the shade of his own trees, a little way from his castle door, lay Lord Dane Clermont, cold and stiff ! His handsome, haughty face had set in death with the stern frown on it which his tenants knew so well. There were marks of a desperate struggle ; he had made fierce resistance, for the bad man was brave as a lion.

Jim Devine crossed himself in fear, and took his horse by the head to lead him past, as far away as possible from the dreadful thing, eyeing it askance, as if the dead lips might unclothe and the much-dreaded voice speak to him again in the accustomed tones of fierce scorn.

"Let me get out, Jim," said his wife, in an awe-struck whisper ; "maybe the life's in him, if he had help."

"Sorra fut you'll get out, or a hand of yours will touch him," whispered her husband back, his face white and scared. "Woman, you might have sense ! Do you want the peelers after us for the murder ?"

The news flashed across the country and the world like wild-fire. "It is like an *unprovoked* declaration of war," said one English paper.

Nancy Doherty, preparing to go out to Roseen, to distant California, dropped her work and rushed into the sitting-room at Rath Cottage with the news—into the midst of the orphans he had robbed, and the family who had suffered such anguish by his acts. Nancy was beside herself, and, throwing up her arms as she did long ago when calling down vengeance on Mr. Scott, she cried out :

"Lord Dane Clermont is murdered, thank God !"

Dinah, standing in the floor, turned around to listen and said, solemnly :

"Thy judgment has found this man !"

"Be silent !" commanded her father. "Let us mourn for the guilty soul sent suddenly and wickedly into the presence of that God whose every precept he has set at naught all his life."

Dr. Cameron came in hastily. "Is not this a fearful crime? Our country is disgraced! We have fallen on evil days!"

"The avenger of blood has found him at last," said Dinah, solemnly.

"It is an awful thing to bring blood-guiltiness on our already outrage-stained country," said Dr. Cameron.

"Lord Dane Clermont has already stained the country with blood-guiltiness," said Dinah. "If the people he has done to death were restored to stand up around his corpse there would be a small army."

"This murder is a dreadful crime," said Mrs. Livingstone, in a trembling voice, "but I cannot think it any greater crime than the murder of Roseen Darrell's mother, or any of the other murders committed by Lord Dane Clermont."

"My friends," said Doctor Cameron, with tears in his eyes, "your language is most distressing to me, your pastor. Can good come out of evil? He was a bad, vile man—granted—but I never expected to hear any of my flock apparently justifying the wild punishment of revenge. The law should be honored."

"Do not mistake the women folks," said Mr. Livingstone. "You know well, Doctor, that they would not have harmed, or seen harmed, a hair of his guilty head; but they have suffered too much to be sorry for him. You

might as well ask Naboth's children to be sorry when Ahab's chariot was washed in the pool of Samaria."

"What law has ever curbed Lord Dane Clermont in his wicked career?" asked Dinah. "You know that the earth was weary of bearing this man—a day of reckoning had to come. I am not surprised that one who held himself above all law should at last perish without law!"

"May God grant wisdom to our legislators to enable them at length to set bounds to arbitrary power, or Heaven will hold them responsible for Ehud's dagger, and Jael's hammer," said Mr. Livingstone.

There was a world-wide commotion over Lord Dane Clermont's awful death. His evil deeds had been perpetrated in five counties only—his fearful end rang from one end of Christendom to the other.

He had a magnificent funeral. It is a question if he was mourned by any living human being. The grand cortege that accompanied his remains to the vault of his ancestors was, after all, but the body-guard he had required in life; for the populace of that distant city, knowing all his evil fame, arose in a mob, and would have torn the poor body to pieces but for the guard!

Ignorant of all this, Mr. William Livingstone, Ida and Dandy whirled along through bonnie County Down to the manse of Mr. Simson.

"I should not wonder if Mrs. Weston's visit should lengthen into a residence with Uncle Simson. She is such a pleasant companion, so good and so clever," said Ida to her father.

"Mr. Simson's views and Mrs. Weston's are a little dissimilar, are they not?" said Mr. Livingstone. "I should

think a blind woman and a cantankerous servant would be rather a burden than a pleasure."

"That is because you do not know them as well as I do ; if you did, you would think it great good fortune if we were in Uncle Simson's place."

There was a kindly welcome for them at the manse, where the blind lady, as a legacy from his dead daughter, was an honored guest.

"I think you should stay with Uncle Simson ; you seem to belong to him," remarked Ida to her blind friend.

"Mr. Simson is kind enough to press us to stay. He appreciates Betty highly, and the comfort she is able to create in the kitchen regions ; but there are many reasons why it is better for us to return to the white cottage."

It so happened that Mr. Butler came north to speak at an election, in the Land League interest, and came to the manse to see Mr. Simson, and was astonished at meeting his mother and Betty, as well as Ida Livingstone and her father. It was during this visit that Mrs. Weston again related the story of the days of her life, and informed her wondering friends that Bernard Butler was her long lost son. Delicately omitting those portions of the story that reflected too severely upon her husband's family, she related, amid the tears of her sympathetic listeners, the circumstances that had led to her flight from home—Betty's faithfulness—the long search for her lost child—and, at last, the accidental reunion in the white cottage. Mr. Simson was visibly affected by the recital, and Ida was overjoyed to learn that her two most valued friends were so closely allied to each other.

There was, also, a long interview in private between Mr. Butler and his father-in-law that might have been, each seeking to bring the other over to his way of thinking. But

nothing but the link forged by the love of the dead maiden for both could ever bring these two men to discuss these subjects in friendliness. Mr. Simson, in spite of his loss by the Earl of Dane Clermont's tyranny, believed heartily in the constitution, and the connection with England, as the great safe-guard of civil and religious liberty ; while Mr. Butler's sole hope for Ireland's relief lay in Ireland herself agitating for the removal of her wrongs and for power to manage her own affairs. To Mr. Simson, this agitation meant rebe''ion, and rebellion was as the sin of witchcraft. But still, over the grave that covered to both the desire of their eyes, they did meet and reasoned together kindly, with a touch of triumphant hope on the part of Mr. Butler, with fatherly foreboding and wise cautions on the part of Mr. Simson.

"Have you any Donegal news for me?" asked Mr. Butler of Ida, as they sat in the circle round the fire, the evening after the arrival of both. "What of my old friend, Lord Dane Clermont?"

"He still waves his glorious *semper eadem*, the banner of his pride. He is the unchanged and unchangeable one. There are embarrassments on the Bruce estate, and Sir William is at home very ill, nursed by Lady Lucy. Mr. Sinclair having got into money troubles, they say, has been forced to sell out ; at all events, Donegal knows him no more as a landed proprietor."

"I knew all that news, Miss Ida," said Mr. Butler. "Sinclair borrowed money at exorbitant interest to help buy that estate. Under pressure of need, he did many things to his tenantry that would not bear the light ; but his boys had a royal faculty of spending, and the race was an unequal one—one saving, four spending."

"And the rents have not been paid lately, owing to the

advice of the Land League, it is said," continued Ida, with a mischievous glance at Mr. Butler.

"When the crops fail, Ida, the rents are impossible," said Mr. Butler, gravely. "It is hard for an empty sack to stand up. The rents were not in last year's crop. A friend was speaking to me of Mr. Sinclair's hard case—no rents, debt, and four sons brought up to do nothing. It is a hard case, I said, but if any present hardness convinces Mr. Sinclair and his sons that they were not born into the world to simply do nothing, and live on the toil of others, got by fair means or foul, it will be a great gain to them. But how is Dinah, my old adversary, who always defeated me with Scripture?"

"Oh! Dinah is in her element, taking care of the children, all but Dandy, who goes with us. She is to make her licentiate a happy man some time through the coming summer. He has received a call so near to Rath Cottage that they can live there, and he will likely keep a horse. In the meantime, aunt and she are going over to Glasgow to see Mrs. Featherstone, as we have found a place for Watty in Canada."

Mr. Simson had just received the evening paper, and was immersed in its contents, when he suddenly startled them by exclaiming:

"Lord Dane Clermont has been brutally murdered!"

The group were struck silent by the news.

"The day of reckoning has come to him," said Ida, the first to speak.

"If he had been taken away by the hand of God," said Mr. Simson, no one would have sorrowed for him; but an evil remedied by murder leaves a greater evil in its place. God be merciful to all who are concerned in this deed."

The paper was scanned for every particular of the murder, and for the account of the efforts made to bring them to justice. This awful topic shut out all others for a time.

"He was an enemy to me and mine," said Mr. Simson, "but I cannot rejoice in his death."

"I might quote your Scottish author and say, 'Although the loon was weel away, the deed was foully done,' " said Mr. Butler, "but I am sorry, very sorry for this deed. It will delay justice, and prejudice the public mind against the cause of the long-suffering people."

"If he had one hundred lives, he had surely forfeited them all," said Ida. "It is not his death, but the manner of it, I deplore. When I stood up among the hills, that wild snowy night of Mrs. Darrell's death, and saw what then was done, I wondered that a thunderbolt from God did not strike him dead on the spot. I think the vengeance of God must have permitted this blow, for it is written: 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed.' Of how many murders was this man guilty, and the law that should have defended the helpless was guilty also. Blood does not veritably need to flow to make blood-shedding—life-taking is the same thing."

"There is something awful in the thought that this one man's violent death will so shake Christendom, and the hundreds of deaths caused by the want of mercy and justice pass without a comment. The dumb suffering thousands have no voice! This man will get the voice of his order to shriek out a wail for him—not as a man, for he was universally abhorred—but as a member of a dominant caste," said Mr. Butler.

"Friends, I am overwhelmed with the thought of this crime, and the causes which lie behind it," said Mr. Sim-

son. "In all my perplexity, I have only **one** comfort :
'The Lord God omnipotent reigneth.'"

The next day Mr. Butler left for the west.

Before the ship that bore the Livingstones to Canada touched the farther shore, he was sitting, with many other "suspects," a prisoner in Kilmainham !

Mrs. Livingstone and Dinah visited Mrs. Featherstone in Glasgow. They realized how hard the upward climb is to those who are utterly ruined. When Mrs. Featherstone heard of the murder she said :

"I never thought he would die in his bed, or live out his days. I always thought some relatives of those ruined girls, or some of the sadly oppressed people, would take a wild revenge on him some day."

Making some slight purchases in a shop in Glasgow they heard some persons conversing over the murder of Lord Dane Clermont :

"What should be done," said one, "is to lay the country waste for six miles round his castle and leave neither man, woman, nor child alive. That would strike terror into the hearts of the assassins."

"You do not know what you are talking of," said Mrs. Featherstone, to the men's great astonishment. "You could not make the country around his castle any more desolate than he has made many a poor man's home. If you killed man, woman, and child in that space you would kill many who are dear to God ; but you would not strike terror into the murderers of Lord Dane Clermont. I have suffered from that man's wickedness, and I say if he had a dozen lives he had forfeited them all by his evil deeds,

although I am sorry he did not fall by God's judgment and not by man's revenge."

"It is strange," said Dinah, "the stupidity of men. This man is of the same spirit as the Duke of Cumberland, who laid waste for miles and miles around fatal Culloden, to revenge the Highlanders' rebellion in favor of the Pretender. Kill some one, no matter who, as a reprisal, is the feeling of many, who have not learned to think."

"Ah! lassie, its easy to raise the devil and hard to lay him," said Mrs. Featherstone. "It's an eerie thing to me to think of that bad man's life and his awful death."

"Aye! it is that," said Dinah. "The Days of the Life of the Earl of Dane Clermont are ended!"

When Ida and her father arrived at their home in Canada, Mrs. Murray, Patsy's mother, came to see her. She was eager to hear news from the loved Donegal hills, as well as to see Miss Ida again. She told Ida of a stranger, who was looking up land, having called at their house to make enquiries, and her great surprise to find he was her old landlord, Mr. Sinclair.

"When he recognised us, he felt ashamed, I could see it; but we did not allow him to go away till he had eaten dinner. I got him the best dinner my hands could get, and waited on him, and the boys drove him in the new buggy wherever he wanted to go. We have no spite to him at all for what he did, for though he meant harm, sure God has brought the height of good out of it," said Mrs. Murray, piously.

Our story ends—is not finished.

What will the end be? Evil is not eternal! It must

abolish itself, or be abolished. Through whatever pain, and throe, a new order of things shall be born, and the Evangel really mean, "Peace on earth, Good Will to men."

"Erin, oh ! Erin, though long in the shade,
Thy star shall shine out when the proudest shall fade."

THE END.



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